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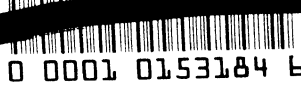


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THIS IS MEXICO



THIS IS MEXICO

By *E. Evalyn Grumbine McNally*
and
Dr. Andrew McNally

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MAPS BY VALDEMAR

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
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1947



By E. Evalyn Grumbine *and* Dr. Andrew McNally

THIS IS MEXICO

By E. Evalyn Grumbine

PATSY BREAKS INTO ADVERTISING
PATSY SUCCEEDS IN ADVERTISING
REACHING JUVENILE MARKETS

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Lithographed in the United States of America
by Richard L. Jones, New York

Dedicated to

PATRICIA MARGARET

and

ROBERT KENDRIC RUKER

of

The United States of America

and

MIGUEL, JUAN and RUBÉN

of

Mexico

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Chapter I

MEXICO'S MANY PEOPLES

“DID you say, Mike, that Pepito’s family was descended from the Aztecs?” Dr. Allen Marlowe put his arm around the shoulders of his young companion as they walked out of the Casa Grande Shop in Taxco. While waiting for Mrs. Marlowe to buy some silver jewelry, the doctor had been talking with the Mexican boy, who could speak English almost as well as his native Spanish. Dr. Marlowe and his wife had arrived in Mexico from Chicago the week before. Their guide, Tomás Gutiérrez, had driven them down from Mexico City that morning. Like all visitors to this small city, they were enchanted with Taxco, famous for its silversmiths and quaint dwellings.

Before answering Dr. Marlowe, fourteen-year-old Miguel (everybody called him Mike) sat down on the stone curb in front of the silver shop. “*Sí, señor*, I mean, yes, sir. Among the Mexican peoples there are many different Indian races whose descendants have lived here for hundreds of years. My family is descended from the Aztecs, too. They were a very sturdy race, my grandfather told me, able to endure great hardships.”

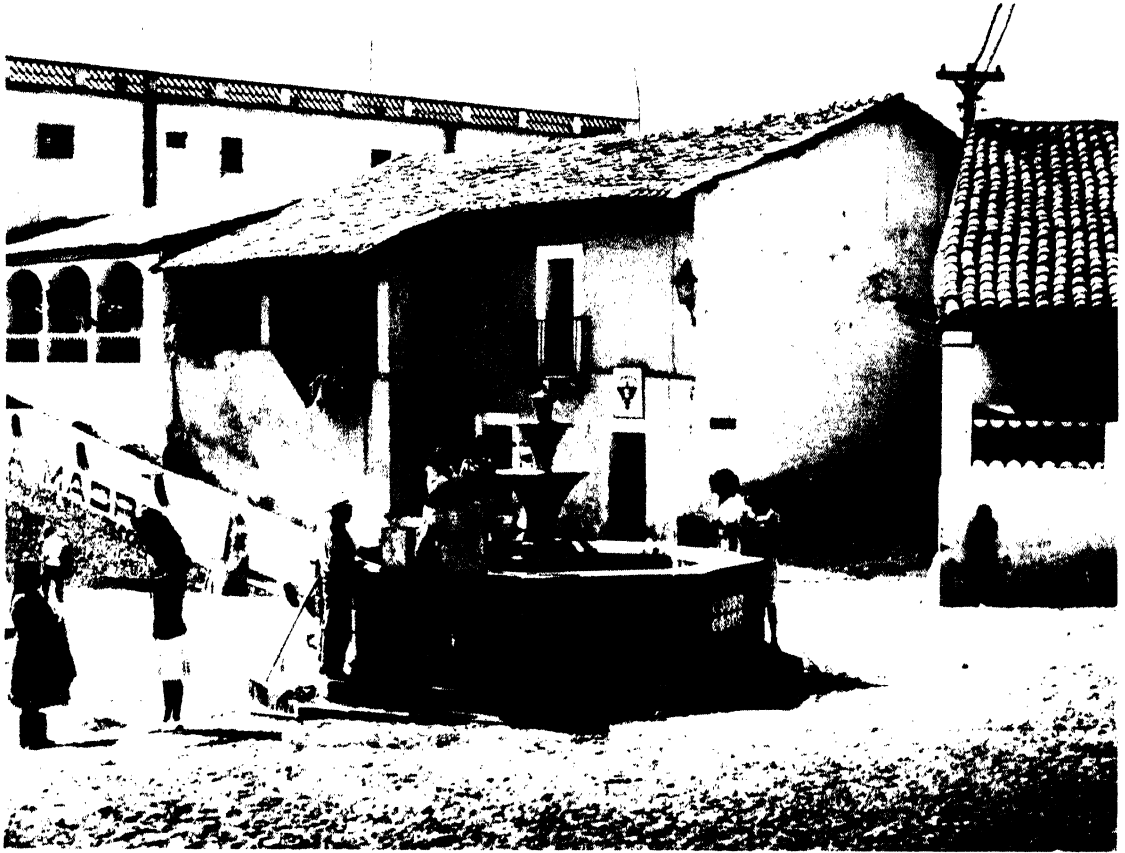
“I’m deeply interested in the Mexican people,” Dr. Marlowe said as he sat down on the curb next to Mike, “and would like to talk to you about them. Mrs. Marlowe and I want to know more about your customs and the way you live and work. We hope to take some interesting pictures during our visit, too. And that reminds me. How about the picture I was to take of you?”

“*Si usted lo quiere, señor*, oh, pardon, I mean, if you wish to do it, sir.” Mike looked up at Dr. Marlowe and smiled as he translated his Spanish into English.

By the time the Doctor had walked off a few feet in front of him and turned around to focus the camera, Mike was looking soberly into the lens. He was ready to have his picture taken. After the shutter clicked, Mike laughed.

“Now why didn’t you do that when I was taking your picture?” Dr. Marlowe reproached him gently. Then he pulled the film holder from the spring back of the heavy Speed Graphic camera and again sat down on the curb near Mike.

“But, *señor*, we Mexicans are a serious people. Life and living is a serious business for most of us,” Mike explained solemnly. Then he added hastily, “Please don’t think wrong about what I say. We enjoy living very much. We love our beautiful country



While he was waiting for Mike, Dr. Marlowe watched the Mexicans getting water at the fountain in the square at Taxco. One boy nearly fell in, head first!

and we enjoy doing the work we like to do. It is true we cannot always do the work we like. Then is when we are sad. That is what I think about when you take my picture."

Dr. Marlowe turned and faced his young companion. "You are an amazing young man. I'm beginning to learn a great deal about Mexico from talking with you. Tell me, where did you learn to speak English so well?"

"I learned it from the tourists who visit Mexico from the United States, *señor*. When I am not in school, I act as guide to some of the Americans who come to Taxco. I ask them the names of things I do not know—like the suspenders in the Casa Grande Shop. I never knew what those things were called until you told me this morning."

"You are a smart boy, Mike. I wish I knew Spanish as well as you know English. I hope I shall find time to learn it some day. Now I'm anxious to hear more about the peoples of Mexico."

"*Sí, señor doctor*. But first I will run home and bring back a picture book with many photographs of Mexican people."

While Mike was gone, Dr. Marlowe had time to observe with interest the scene around the public fountain in the square. It was a very busy place. In the brilliant sun-



In the Casa Grande Shop at Taxco, Tomás Gutiérrez, the Marlowes' guide, examined some of the Mexican curios. He liked best the hand-wrought silver work and hand-tooled leather.

shine that is typical of Mexico most of the time, people came to get water to carry to their homes. Children and women with large tin cans walked slowly over the uneven cobblestones to the fountain. Some of them carried *ollas*, the round water jugs made of pottery that Mexicans have used for centuries, just as their Indian ancestors did. Men brought burros with two huge water containers strapped to their backs. To fill them, the men unfastened the containers, leaned over the edge of the fountain and dipped them into the water. Then they replaced the cans securely on the backs of the burros. Before leaving for home, men and women always found time for a pleasant chat with some friend at the fountain. It is necessary for many of the people in Mexico to secure their water in this manner, for as yet most of the houses in small towns and villages do not have modern plumbing.

Taxco was an ancient mining center. Built on the sloping hills of a mountainous region, centuries ago, it is typical of many towns planned by the Mexicans and Spaniards after the Conquest. Most of the steep cobblestone streets are so narrow that even a single automobile often has difficulty in creeping through without scraping the walls of the plastered adobe houses that line both sides of the street. Two cars could not

possibly pass one another. Like the houses in Old Spain, those in Taxco have reddish-brown tiled roofs. And in order to preserve the charm that has endeared Taxco to Mexicans and visitors alike, the government has decreed that any new houses built must follow the style of the old, for Taxco has been declared a national monument and cannot be changed.

Breathless from running, Mike soon returned with his book. "Here you will see photographs of many different kinds of people in Mexico. According to the 1940 census, our population is about twenty million, of which more than fifty per cent are Indian, about thirty per cent are mestizo, or mixed blood, such as Spanish and Indian ancestry, and around eighteen per cent are white."

"It is true, Mike, that most Mexicans have darker skins than North Americans. They have a rich, deep brown tone to their skin, don't they?"

"Yes, they do. Very much like mine. And that makes me think of an old legend about how God made the Mexicans His favorite people. According to this legend, after God made the world, He knew that the next thing He had to do was to make the people to live in it. For this work He used an oven. When He had finished baking His first mixture, God was a little disappointed. This first batch of people were not baked quite long enough. They were too white. And so God decided to bake another batch, and allowed it to bake much longer. This time the people came out black. He had baked them in the oven too long. They were not yet the right color. Then God put in another batch and sat and watched very carefully while it baked. At exactly the right minute He took these people out of the oven and found that they were a beautiful, rich brown color, the way He wanted His people to be. These people God called Mexicans!"

Dr. Marlowe and Mike laughed together over this ancient legend about the Mexicans. Then Mike opened his book. It was full of photographs showing how the people in his country lived and worked and played. They had just finished looking at the pictures when Mrs. Marlowe and Tomás came out of the store.

"I've just seen most of the things I hope we can find on our travels in Mexico," Dr. Marlowe said, as he handed Mike's book to Mrs. Marlowe to examine.

"Do you think we will find them, Tomás?" Mrs. Marlowe asked the guide when she showed him the book.

"I think you will see even more than these pictures show," Tomás answered quickly. "Tomorrow we will return to Mexico City and from there you will be traveling to many more interesting places."

Dr. Marlowe thanked Mike for bringing his book and as he shook hands and said good-bye asked him, "Do you ever make trips away from Taxco?"

"Not yet, Doctor, but I will when I am older and can be a regular guide," Mike answered. "I have two friends in the state of Guanajuato that I would like to have you meet. If you visit San Miguel Allende, ask for Juan Ortega at the Posada de San Francisco. He acts as guide for visitors when he is not in school, just as I do. Then when you go to the city of Guanajuato, ask for Rubén at the Posada de Santa Fé. Now that he is fifteen, he is in secondary school, studying to be an automobile mechanic. If you see Juan and Rubén, will you say that I send best wishes."

"We will be glad to do that, Mike. And now we must go." Dr. Marlowe helped his wife into the car and Tomás started the motor. "We hope we will see you again."

They all waved good-bye as the guide drove slowly down the cobblestone street to the hotel where they were having lunch.

Huge bells chimed the hour in the tower of the great cathedral which faces the *Zócalo*, in Mexico City. It was nine o'clock in the morning. Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe had finished breakfast in the restaurant on the roof of the Majestic Hotel and were back in their room on the sixth floor. Wide French doors, which served as windows, opened on a narrow balcony overlooking the *Zócalo*. There was just room enough for them to step out and watch the activity below.

Standing on this balcony the night before, they had been fascinated by the never ending flow of traffic that poured into the streets around the *Zócalo*. Now they stepped out on their tiny balcony again. The Doctor and his wife tried to look in all directions at once, so that they would not miss anything that happened.

The streets around the *Zócalo*, or park, which is near the east end of the city, were filled with people. Men and women on their way to work hurried across the large square to reach the terminal where all buses load and unload. Doctor and Mrs. Marlowe had learned that there were twenty-nine different bus lines in Mexico City and all of them came to the *Zócalo*.

"Do you see what I'm looking at, Elise?" Dr. Marlowe motioned excitedly toward the eastern horizon. "If I'm not dreaming, that's the snow-capped peak of old Popocatepetl, trying to break through this early morning fog."

"You're not dreaming, Allen, and of course I see what you're looking at." Mrs. Marlowe was as excited as the Doctor. "Why, it's the first glimpse we've had of the famous Smoking Mountain. We can't see much of it, though, because of the haze surrounding the volcano."

"We'll be able to see more later in the day, if the atmosphere is clear. I think this is a wonderful spot to learn about life in Mexico City. Where do you suppose all of those boys and girls are going on that bus?" Now Dr. Marlowe was watching a crowd of young people board a bright, orange-colored bus, directly across the square.

"I understand that many boys and girls take buses or street cars from there to go to school. In this way they can get seats. Nearly every bus is full before it travels half a dozen blocks," Mrs. Marlowe answered before she stepped back into their room. "I think I'll finish packing my suitcase. Are you coming in?"

"Not yet, Elise. These street scenes fascinate me. I never tire watching the people."

Earlier in the morning, the Indians who sell food, papers and other merchandise in tiny, improvised "shops," had arranged their wares carefully. Some had small tables for displays; others placed their goods at specified spots on the sidewalk and squatted behind or at the side of them, waiting for customers. Dr. Marlowe had seen them do exactly the same things at exactly the same time, the past three mornings.

Every day, from dawn until late at night, a continuous stream of human traffic poured across the *Zócalo* and along the streets that form the square. It was interesting



his adorable brown-skinned Indian baby is a descendant of the famous Aztecs. She looks at the world with solemn black eyes, while her mother tenderly holds her.

to watch the crowds of people that surged past as traffic lights told pedestrians it was their turn to go. They represented a cross section of the different types of Mexicans—Indians, whites and mestizos.

Dr. Marlowe had been watching the steady flow of men and women crossing Madero Street as the traffic light changed from red to green for some time, when he called to his wife, "Elise, can you spare a few minutes from your packing? I want you to see something."

In a moment Mrs. Marlowe joined her husband.

"Let's see how many people walk to the *Zócalo* from this side before the next green light changes to red." Dr. Marlowe put his arm around his wife's shoulders as they stood next to the balcony railing, looking at the street. "Then we'll go down and add two more to the crowd."

First there was a businessman, then an Aztec Indian mother and baby, followed by the Indian father. Next, two Mexican girls and a large group of *trabajadores* or workmen. Just as the last of these stepped from the curb, the green light started to change and the red light halted further pedestrian traffic.

The busy executive, well-dressed in immaculately tailored suit, hurried to his office in Liverpool, the great department store on the far side of the *Zócalo*. He had driven downtown himself and parked his car in the wide street surrounding the *Zócalo*, for his chauffeur had other work to do and would come down later to drive him home.

Carrying on her back her brown-skinned baby with solemn black eyes, the Indian mother walked on slowly. The infant was wrapped in a blue *rebozo*, that indispensable garment of all Indian women. It looks like a large shawl when it is opened flat and it is used in a dozen different ways. The baby's father followed close behind. He glanced tenderly at the little one, for he loved her dearly. In Indian families, as in other Mexican families, great affection is lavished on the children.

To protect him from the hot sun, which was already warming the cool morning air, the Indian wore a wide straw *sombrero*. His sandals were made of leather, with flat, sturdy soles; his colorful *sarape* of red, blue and white wool, was thrown over the shoulder of his white tunic blouse and reached to the knees of his white trousers. He carried a large, gaily-colored mesh bag, which looked as if it were full of food. Very often Indian families leave home early in the morning for a trip to some new place to work, or to visit relatives, and take food provisions for the day along with them.

The two Mexican girls were talking rapidly in Spanish as they continued across the *Zócalo*. They were going shopping and were smartly dressed in bright colored silk print dresses, and high-heeled, toeless shoes. Each carried a large alligator handbag. One of the girls had her hair beautifully arranged on top of her head; the other wore hers in a long bob. Neither wore a hat. Women in Mexico wear hats only on special formal occasions and when traveling, for it is spring and summer, as we know them in the United States, all of the time in Mexico.

The *trabajadores* jostled and pushed each other as they hurried past other pedestrians. They were very late that morning, for the truck in which they had been riding to work broke down at the outskirts of the city. After trying for an hour to repair it,

they found that it had to be taken to a garage to have broken parts replaced. Finally, they all took a bus. Ordinarily Mexican laborers start working at seven or seven-thirty in the morning. The men laughed and joked about the lateness of the hour, for the foreman of the crew was with them. His worried expression added to their merriment.

Centuries before, on this same site where modern traffic is now controlled by *stop* and *go* lights, another civilization flourished. The ancient city of Tenochtitlán, which means place of the *nopal* (prickly pear cactus), the capital of the Aztecs, was erected where Mexico City now stands.

According to the legend that has been handed down by the Aztecs, this site on the borders of Lake Texcoco was chosen by the oracle of the ancient Mexicans. The Aztecs, or Mexicans, so-called because of their war god, Mexitli, had wandered for many years, looking for a permanent home. They had migrated to the great central plateau of Mexico from the cold north country, presumably under the direction of their oracle. He had told them not to stop and establish themselves until they found a certain sign which would indicate the spot selected by the gods especially for the Mexicans.

At last, one day in 1325 A.D., part of the tribe of Mexicans was again out searching for the chosen spot. They were tired of wandering. The marshy lands around Lake Texcoco did not seem to hold much promise but now they were determined to find a place without going farther. Suddenly they were startled by what they saw before them. A short distance ahead, a great eagle stood perched on a *nopal* growing out of a huge rock. He was strangling a serpent in his claws.

Greatly excited over this strange sign, the Mexicans hurried back to camp. They reported what they had seen to their chief. He consulted their oracle, who said that this was the sign for which they had been waiting. Here was the chosen site for the permanent home of the Mexicans.

This legend of the founding of Tenochtitlán, which later became Mexico City, capital of the Republic, is generally accepted. It has given Mexico the design for her national seal—the eagle, serpent and *nopal*.

"Just who are 'Mexicans'?" Mrs. Marlowe turned to Tomás as she asked the question. She and Dr. Marlowe were sitting on a bench in Alameda Park, about a mile west of the *Zócalo* in Mexico City. Tomás had parked the car before they went shopping, for it was much better to walk along the narrow streets downtown than to drive through the crowded one-way thoroughfares.

"I suppose I could say, 'Mexicans are Mexicans,' but I understand what you mean, Mrs. Marlowe," Tomás answered after he had sat down next to Dr. Marlowe. "In years past there have been many definitions of Mexicans. Some people called all citizens except those living in the State of Yucatán, Mexicans. The Spanish *Conquistadores* (conquerors), Cortez and Bernal Díaz, called the Aztecs whom they defeated 'Mexicans.' Others referred to citizens of Mexico City as 'Mexicans.' Still others thought only well-to-do people, or those with white blood as against Indian blood, were 'Mexicans.' But now it is almost universally understood—all people born and living in the Republic of Mexico are called 'Mexicans.' "



Heavy traffic now passes by this corner of the Zócalo in Mexico City, where in 1519, Montezuma II, King of the Aztecs, ruled over a vast empire.

"Thank you, Tomás. Your explanation is very clear," Mrs. Marlowe said.

"I've been watching the people passing by on the street," Dr. Marlowe remarked, "and I must admit that I'm puzzled. There are so many different types. Some have very white skin, some have slightly darker skin, while the skin of others varies from light to deeper shades of brown and a rich, coppery color. Are these people all Mexicans or are they visitors?"

"Except for tourists from America, Europe and other countries, the people you see are all Mexicans," Tomás explained. "When you leave Mexico City tomorrow morning, you will visit many Indian towns and villages. There you will see descendants of a number of the important races that existed in Mexico long before the Spanish conquest, in 1521. There are Aztecs in Coyoacán, Otomies in Querétaro, Tarascans in Lake Pátzcuaro, Huastecans in Ciudad Santos."

"There seems to be no end to the different people and places in Mexico," Dr. Marlowe commented.

"It is true, Doctor, that there is great variety in Mexico," Tomás agreed. "More than half of the Mexican people are Indians, but there are millions of whites and

mestizos, too. We have famous doctors, lawyers, singers, and artists. And there are many successful businessmen, large and small; *rancheros*, or farmers, who run their own farms; men and women in the country who work in the fields, planting and plowing; others in the cities who work in factories or in offices or are employed as clerks in stores, selling merchandise. Then there are thousands of Mexicans who make handicraft articles, like baskets, pottery, *sarapes* or lacquer trays."

"You know the Mexican setting, Tomás." Dr. Marlowe spoke approvingly as he stood up and held out his hand to Mrs. Marlowe.

Tomás smiled as he replied, "All registered guides in Mexico must know the facts about the country as well as its history, Doctor."

"I hope I can find some of those trays I want to buy," Mrs. Marlowe said after they had started away from the park.

"Let's go to Sanborn's. They seem to have a wondrous selection," Dr. Marlowe suggested.

And so they walked toward the beautiful old blue and white tile building on Madero Street that was now headquarters for the House of Sanborn, famous restaurant and store, founded many years before by an American, Frank Sanborn.

Travelers, whether actual or armchair, are always eager to be off on their explorations, but a brief preliminary survey of Mexico's early races will give a much better understanding of Mexico's many peoples today. The earliest race was the Mayan, which is believed to have existed before the Christian era in the south and east. Definite proof of their culture is found in the ruins at Chichen Itzá and Uxmal, in Yucatán. These buildings were constructed in 300 A.D., 600 A.D., and 900 A.D., according to the records of the archaeologists.

Modern Mayan Indians of today are peaceful, intelligent people, a mixture of old Maya and Mexican culture. They live in the states of Yucatán, Chiapas and some as far south as Guatemala and Honduras. That they may have had some affiliation with Oriental races in ancient times seems possible when you notice their clear-cut, triangular-shaped faces, high arched noses, steep foreheads and dark gold skin.

In the eighth century, some historians believe as early as 720 A.D., the Toltecs were the strongest Indian tribe and had a superior civilization. They reached the height of their culture on the central Mexican plateau in 1000 A.D. Always famous as constructors and artists, today their name is synonymous with great builders. The Toltecs are credited with erecting the great pyramids of the Sun and the Moon and other buildings among the ruins at Teotihuacán (tay-o-tee wa-cáhn), an Indian village not far from Mexico City. Through famines, wars and plagues, which continued for many years, the Toltec nation was finally destroyed in 1103.

The Chichimecas, whose name means "eagles," succeeded the Toltecs. They came from a country up north called Amaquemecan. Their civilization was partly barbarian, for, although they had a ruler, they did not practice agriculture or engage in any of the arts of civil life.

After the Chichimecas reached the ruins of the Toltec settlements, they traveled on even farther and their young king, Xolotl (sew-lów-tul), took possession of all the



Martin Rosas is a prosperous ranchero in Tancanhuitz, a tropical village in San Luis Potosí. Mrs. Rosas used handfuls of corn to persuade the pig to have her picture taken, too!

lands in his father's name. During his voyages to trace the courses of rivers he had seen, one of King Xolotl's captains found Toltec families dwelling in several places. When he learned that these people had moved away from their old homes to escape the plagues and were trying to make a bare living with very few resources, he reported this to King Xolotl. The monarch gave orders that the Chichimecas should befriend the Toltecs and these orders were carried out most generously. Many of his nobles married Toltec women. The Chichimecas were greatly rewarded for their kindness to the people who had been forced to abandon their homeland. Through contact with the industrious Toltecs, they were taught agriculture and soon had corn and fruits. They learned how to dig for metals and the art of making them into beautiful decorative objects. The ability they acquired in spinning and weaving cotton and making fabrics further improved their ways of living.

Modern Aztecs or Nahuatls, are descended from the original Aztecs, who came from the north, and from the Toltecs. Aztec Indians today are square-faced, of sturdy build and medium height.

Some archaeologists believe that the Otomí Indians originated in Mexico. It is the first Indian tribe of which there is a record. The ancient Otomies were tall, fierce and primitive; their chief occupations were hunting and fighting. Today the descendants of the Otomies are a peaceable but aloof people, mostly mixed with other races. The majority live on the central Mexican plateau, in the state of Querétaro (care-étt-ta-row) and the city of Guadalajara (gwa-da-la-hár-a).

The Tarascan Indians, in the state of Michoacán, are famous for their artistry. In the city of Uruapan, families of Mexicans descended from the early Tarascans still make the lovely lacquer trays and other articles for which they have been noted for centuries. The process is a secret one, known only to the families that hand it down from generation to generation.

Certain historians contend that the Olmecas, another ancient race, were here before the Toltecs. Nothing is actually known of their origin but ancient pictures tell that they lived in the country around the great mountain Metalcueja until they were driven away by the fierce Tlascalans, who later helped Cortez to defeat the Aztecs during his conquest of Mexico.

The Totonacos originated on the east coast of Mexico and penetrated west as far as Puebla. Their civilization predates that of the Aztecs of the Mexican highlands. Today, descendants of the Totonacos are the finest sculptors of Mexico, combining the subtlety of design of the Mayans with the vigor of the Aztecs.

One of the most primitive and "pure" Indian races in Mexico is the Tarahumara. Living in caves and stone huts, in the cold, rocky Chihuahua Mountains of northern Mexico, they make barely enough to exist. But they are stoic in their suffering and have rare dignity and charm and speak their own distinctive language, not Spanish.

The Yaquis, also in the north, are an offshoot of North American Indian tribes and appear to be closely related to the Apaches in looks and disposition. Tall, warlike and very brave, this race once existed in great numbers. Now, through inter-tribal fighting, they have been reduced to about 4,000 Indians who subsist on government grants and practice agriculture.

In the states of San Luis Potosí and Vera Cruz, the Huastecas (wah-stáke-uhs), one of the original mountain races, still live. Their numbers have greatly diminished, too, although they have active community life in villages such as Ciudad Santos, just two miles east of the Pan-American Highway, high up in the mountains.

Two other ancient tribes, the Mixtecos and Zapotecos, whose origin dates back to the third century, have been linked with the Mongols. They are slant-eyed, small in stature and have other facial characteristics similar to the Asiatics. Today they live in the state of Vera Cruz, in the eastern part of Mexico, as far north as Puebla, and south to Oaxaca (wah-há-ka) and Tehuantepec (tay-wán-ti-peck). In addition to their chief arts of making pottery and weaving *sarapes*, they are noted for the discovery of a brilliant red "*cochineal*" dye, made from an insect.

Another tribe that does wonderful work in color is the Tarascan. In addition to their lacquer work, they made exquisite mosaics. This race, too, is of mysterious origin. Hundreds of years ago they founded their capital at Tzintzuntzan (sin-sún-san), on Lake Pátzcuaro. The Tarascans of today are not very tall, but they are very agile and



In Acoatlán, Puebla, the owner of the gas station asked the Marlowes to take a picture of his happy, smiling family. "¡Perfectamente!" Grandmother cried the next year when they returned and gave her the photographs.

quick to anger. Many people believe that they are the finest looking race in Mexico. Their ancient kings were rivals of the Aztecs and had frequent wars with them. But the Tarascans were never entirely subdued, either by other Indians or by the Spanish conquerors. Tarascan artists have always been noted for doing better work than most of the artists in other tribes.

While the majority of the Indians in Mexico speak Spanish, about seventeen per cent of the population, or 3,110,000, still speak the Indian languages. Of that number, approximately forty-eight per cent, or 1,492,000, speak only their native tongue. There are some fifty-odd different Indian languages spoken throughout the Republic but ten tribes of Indians account for about 1,715,000 of the total number of 3,110,000, as follows: the Aztec or Nahuatl (nah-wátt-uhl) language is spoken by 816,000; the Maya by 285,000; the Otomí and Zapotec by 264,000 each; the Mixtec by 204,000; the Huastec, Mazatec and Totonac by 72,000 each; the Tarascan by 42,000 and the Chinantec by 30,000.

Chapter 2

WHAT THE COUNTRY LOOKS LIKE

WHEN travelers return home from Mexico and tell friends about their trip to this fascinating Latin American country, they are inclined to start their story by exclaiming enthusiastically: "Mexico is simply wonderful—why it has everything! There are mountains and deserts; volcanoes and lakes. You can find hot weather, cold weather and temperate weather, enjoy strange new fruits and vegetables and see flowers of exotic forms in exciting colors. If you want to drive, there are beautiful, broad, smooth paved highways or mountain roads so rough and rugged and narrow that there is room for only one car in many places. You may visit tiny villages and great cities; use trains, automobiles and buses; take the newest model airplanes or the oldest mode of transportation—burros!"

And that is only the beginning of what makes Mexico the thrilling, appealing place it is. Although it may sound like an exaggeration to say that a country has everything, this is literally true of Mexico. Centuries before our own country was discovered, ancient races were enjoying the sunny, warm climate that charms all visitors to Mexico. They were developing a civilization, building great stone structures, digging up gold and silver metal and precious stones and fashioning beautiful objects. These same materials still exist and are mined in many sections.

The ruins of ancient civilizations are in Mexico; the secrets of living in centuries past are hidden in tiny Indian villages, many of them still remote and untouched by modernism. When making the handicraft and art objects for which they are so famous, Mexicans today employ the same methods as those used by their ancestors. Yet the newest architecture and decorative arts, beautiful homes, modern schools and hospitals are found in the great metropolitan center, Mexico City, capital of the Republic.

Let's look at a map of this great country and see what it tells us about the *tierra* (land), which is held deep in the affections of every Mexican. When we know what the country looks like, we will be better able to understand why the people live and work as they do. For the earth's surface—the mountains, plains, rivers and lakes—determine the kind of life men shall live.

The Republic of Mexico comprises a vast area totaling about 760,000 square miles. There are twenty-seven states, a Federal District and two territories. The country is

shaped like a giant cornucopia, except for two peninsulas. At the farthest point east, three states, Yucatán, Quintana Roo and Campeche, jut out from the mainland like a great fist. In the far west, Baja California extends its long, narrow arm into the Pacific Ocean, south of our California. About sixteen hundred miles south, at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico's narrow part of her horn of plenty is only 135 miles wide. The horn becomes slightly broader at the southern border, along Guatemala and British Honduras. Coast lines are formed by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea on the east and the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of California on the west.

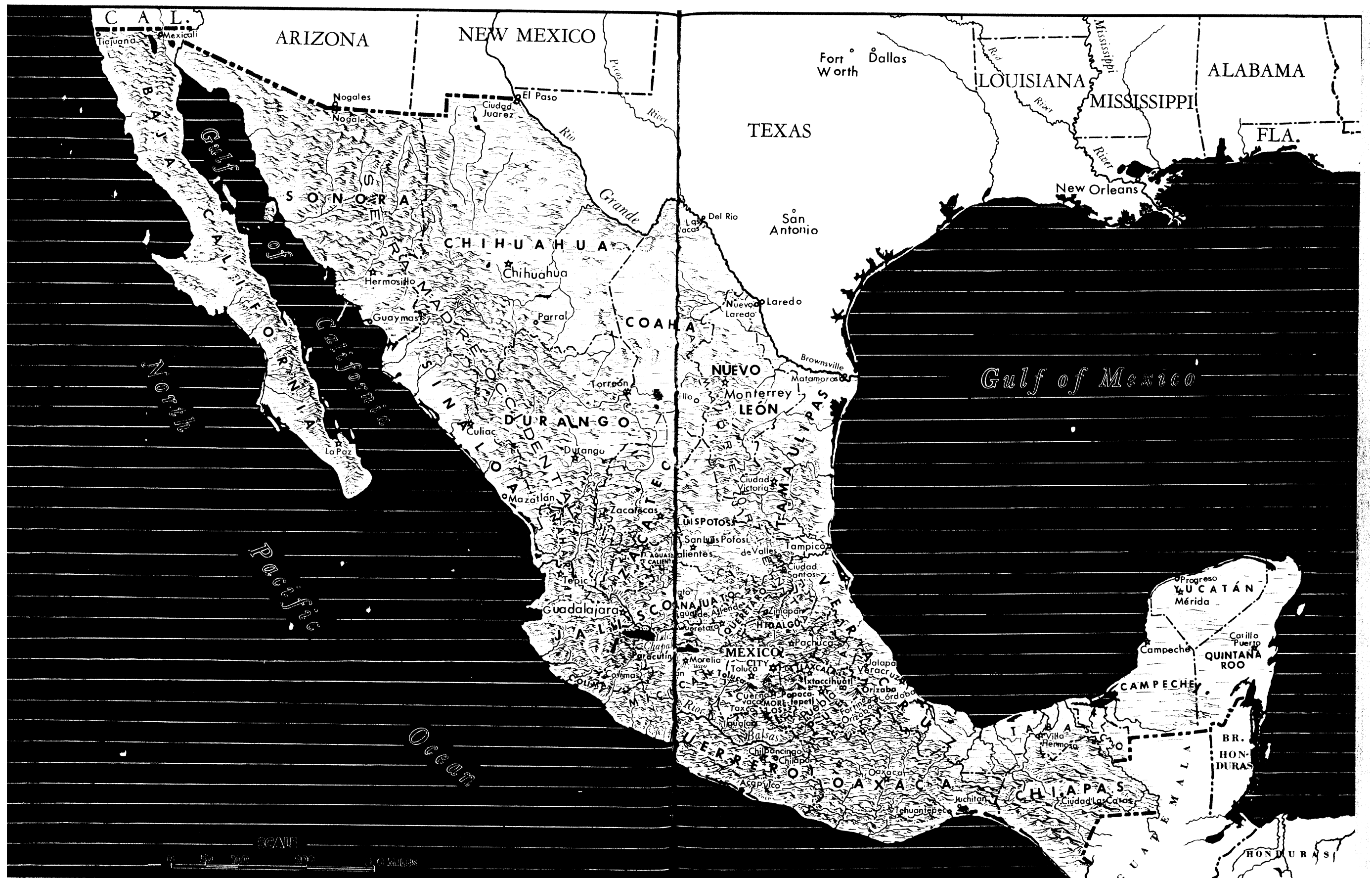
Two great mountain ranges, the *Sierra Madre Oriental* (East Mother Mountain) and the *Sierra Madre Occidental* (West Mother Mountain), run through the entire length of the country, about 1900 miles, from the northwest to the southeast. People in Mexico talk more about going "up" or "down" than they do about going "north" or "south," "east" or "west."

In such a mountainous country it is not surprising to find many volcanoes and some of the highest in the world are here. Most famous of them all, Popocatépetl (po-po-kah-táy-petal), 17,800 feet high, is located more than seventy miles east of Mexico City. It can be seen from all parts of the Valley of Mexico, from Cuernavaca, Amecameca, Puebla, Mexico City and countless small villages. Popo, as the volcano is affectionately called by the Mexicans, is a smoking volcano and has had ten major eruptions since 1519. When old Popo grumbles, smoke pours from the crater and sometimes slight earthquakes are felt in Mexico City.

North of graceful, cone-shaped Popo, and not quite as high, 16,900 feet, is Ixtaccíhuatl (eesh-ta-sée-watt-el), known as the Sleeping Lady. The rugged crags of this mountain crater look like a woman lying on her back, with head, breast and feet outlined against the brilliant blue sky.

An old legend has been handed down by the Aztecs about these two snow-capped volcanoes. The story is told of the brave Aztec warrior who went away to fight for his tribe. His sweetheart, a beautiful Indian princess, told him when he kissed her good-bye that she would always love him and would be waiting for him when he returned. He replied that he would love her through all eternity and that he would be back soon to claim her as his bride. Months went by. One year passed and then another. There was no word of the brave warrior.

The Indian princess fell ill. Nothing the medicine men could do helped her. At last she died of a broken heart. A few days later the warrior returned, happy and proud of the conquests he and the other *caciques* (chieftains) had made. When he learned that his beautiful sweetheart had died he cried out to the gods in anguish. He told them he had nothing more to live for and begged them to do something so that he would be with his beloved throughout eternity. Out of pity for him in his great sorrow and because he had been such a brave warrior, the gods promised they would grant his wish. And so the next day, people all over the land were astonished at what had happened. Rising out of the mountains were two giant volcanoes. One was the beautiful princess, Ixtaccíhuatl, lying on her back, covered with snow; the other was the brave warrior, Popocatépetl, bowed head covered with snow as he began his endless vigil, guarding the body of his beloved.





In blue dungarees and sombreros, Dr. Marlowe and his wife traveled five miles on horseback through volcanic dust, steaming lava beds, and rough mountain grades to get a picture of Parícutín erupting.

More than one hundred miles east of Popo and Ixxi (the nicknames by which the volcanoes are known), Mount Orizaba, highest of them all, rises to over 18,200 feet. Like most of the volcanoes in Mexico which have been there for centuries, it has not erupted for years. But, like the history of Mexico, which is so full of contrast and violence, nature has upheld Mexican tradition by putting on another spectacular exhibition recently in the eruption of a new volcano, Parícutín, near Uruapan, in the state of Michoacán.

The account of the eruption of the baby volcano is like another legend. But it is a true story. On February 20, 1943, a Mexican farmer, Dionisio Pulido, and his son were plowing in the fields, getting ready to plant spring corn. They were slowly guiding their ox-drawn plow over the soil when suddenly they saw a thin column of white smoke coming out of the earth. At the same time they were startled by strange, rumbling sounds beneath their feet. Frightened by what seemed to be something supernatural, man, boy and animals ran from the spot as fast as they could.

Señor Pulido hurried to the village, Parícutín, two miles from his farm, and told the priest what had happened. Then he went to a slightly larger village, Parangaricutiro, five miles away, and talked to the mayor. Everybody thought he was crazy until he led



Since February, 1942, Paricutín, Mexico's "baby volcano," has put on spectacular eruptions for natives and visitors. Scientists cannot foretell if it will ever rival in size mighty Orizaba, or romantic Popo and Ixxi.

them to the spot and they could see the phenomenon themselves. By the next day a real volcanic cone had erupted and was nearly forty feet high. In a month it had risen to more than 600 feet.

Ever since then the lusty infant Paricutín has been putting on an almost continuous Fourth of July fireworks exhibition. It is now over 1500 feet high. A great stream of lava bombs is shot out of the crater into the sky, some of them reaching a height of more than 4000 feet. A combination of gas and steam looks like giant billows of smoke pouring from the mouth. Mineralogists have estimated that 2700 tons of material are ejected every minute from the caverns below, where the magma chamber is thought to be 100 miles long, 100,000 years old. The red-hot lava and smothering gray ash that poured from the volcano for months, brought destruction and desolation to an area thirty-five miles in diameter. The village of Paricutín disappeared from sight as the villainous lava continued to spread slowly. People fled, taking with them everything that could be moved. Parangaricutiro, five miles away, was completely buried, except for the church spire, which is all that is left to show that here people once lived and worked and worshipped.

No accurate prediction has been made of how long the most publicized, analyzed and photographed volcano known to history will continue active. Other volcanoes in the neighborhood of Parícutín have erupted for only a short time.

Beginning at Laredo, Texas, and Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas (noo-áy-vo la-ráy-do, ta-ma-ue-lée-pas), the Mexican border city just across the Rio Grande River, the Pan-American Highway runs southward. It now extends almost the entire length of the Republic to Oaxaca, less than two hundred miles north of the Guatemalan border. The highway was officially opened in 1936 and is a marvelous testimony to the genius and skill of modern engineers.

Just below the border, on either side of the road, broad, flat plains are sprinkled with cactus and *mesquite*, which is the same as the gray sagebrush that covers the western plains of the United States. For more than a hundred miles, great tracts of land used for cattle raising can be seen, with only an occasional small house made of stone, with roof of tile or straw. At last the foothills of the *Sierra Madre Oriental* appear as they cut across the country from the northwest. Soon the highway starts to climb. Except for brief portions of the road that run through valleys, the climbing never ends.

A few miles beyond this first mountain range is Monterrey, 147 miles south of Laredo. It is the third largest city in Mexico, with a population of around 150,000. Smoke pours from the tall chimneys of great steel plants and other factories in this industrial city, which is often called the Pittsburgh of Mexico because of the large number of smelters in operation.

Through the valley region beyond Monterrey the finest citrus fruit orchards are located. Oranges, tangerines, grapefruit and limes load the branches of the trees. When they are not in school, sturdy little boys help their fathers to pick the fruit on the lower branches. Fragrant blossoms and fruit grow on the trees at the same time, so that they bear fruit throughout the year.

There are not many lemons grown in Mexico, but limes, which the Mexicans call *limones* (lee-món-ace), are raised and used in tremendous quantities. Tiny *limones*, medium sized *limones* or big *limones* are served at every meal except breakfast. They are used to flavor hot broth or cold broth, meat, vegetables and fish.

About three hundred miles south of Monterrey, between Valles (ví-yes) and Tamazunchale (say Thomas and Charlie fast and you will pronounce the name of this village correctly), the real Indian country begins. It is the land of the Huastecas, one of the oldest races in Mexico. Here the road runs through a jungle area where wild orchids bloom in the summer and bright green parrots chatter all day long. If you should hear a sudden screeching noise and look skyward quickly, you would glimpse a flock of small parrots flying swiftly over the tops of the trees.

Bamboo and palms, as well as many other tropical plants, grow luxuriantly. In this region most Indian huts are made of bamboo or branches, with palm-thatched roofs.

After passing through Tamazunchale, mountain climbing begins in earnest. Buses, trucks and automobiles crawl up and then coast down in low gear. They wind and un-

wind themselves around curves that twist and turn through the rocky ledges. One traveler described the trip through this most mountainous section very accurately when he said: "You have to go three miles up, then three miles around to get a quarter of a mile ahead!"

But travelers never object, for the scenery is magnificent. Some of the most beautiful panoramas of mountains and valleys to be seen anywhere in the world greet visitors in Mexico. At certain times of the day a deep purple haze covers the rocky crags of peaks in the distance. At other times dark masses loom so close it seems as if the deep ravines, which look like great cracks in the glacial formations, could be touched by reaching out across the valley.

The most surprising sights along the highway are the people, burros, goats or dogs that suddenly appear around a curve in the road. Where do they come from? There is no house or village visible up the mountainside or down the deep ravine that stretches thousands of feet below the highway. Yet, hidden behind trees and tangled brush, Mexican Indians have lived for centuries in huts which they made themselves from material found in the forests or on the mountainsides.

In certain places where the road cuts through the mountain, villages are visible. Huts with straw thatched roofs stick out from the cliffs. Many of them look like straining fruit on a giant tree.

Around each hut is the Indian family's *milpa*. This small piece of ground often consists only of thin top soil, covering the rocks. It belongs to the Indians and is used by them for the cultivation of their staple foods, *maíz y frijoles* (corn and beans) and such other vegetables and fruits as they can grow. A few chickens and a turkey or two scratch vigorously in the hard earth. During *siesta* time, those hours in the afternoon when the sun is hottest and Mexicans rest, one or more burros can usually be found near by, nibbling grass or leaves. Burros are always hungry. They never miss an opportunity to eat, even when they are supposed to be working, carrying loads of wood for home use or taking goods to market for sale.

After climbing from a few feet above sea level to a height of more than 8000 feet, the great central plateau is reached. Here Mexico City is located, at an altitude of 7350 feet. There is considerable emphasis on altitude in any discussion about the south central portion of Mexico, where half of the total population of the country is concentrated. The reasons are obvious. High altitudes have different effects on people, on their living habits, on the way things grow, on how fast coffee will boil or how slowly water will heat.

With people who usually live at an altitude of 6000 or more feet above sea level, running may have no noticeable effect here. But to those accustomed to lower altitudes, unusual exertion is extremely distressing. Hearts pound to a point of suffocation and new arrivals quickly learn that they can't run much, if at all. Also, they can't eat as much and must remember to allow at least six hours between meals so that food will digest properly.

On a map showing the paved roads, Mexico City has the appearance of the hub of a giant wheel. Like the spokes of a wheel, all but one of the main Mexican highways

radiate north, south, east and west from this metropolitan center. Guadalajara is the only other major city in the Republic which may now be reached by automobile travelers over more than one main paved road. There are two of these. One is the Tampico-Guadalajara Highway, which cuts southwest across the country from Tampico, important oil port, by way of the city of San Luis Potosí. The other is the Pacific Highway, second in importance to the Pan-American, which runs west from Mexico City, over a branch of the *Sierra Madre Occidental*, to Guadalajara. From there the Pacific Highway continues west to the coast and then north, through the Pacific Coast states of Nayarit, Sinaloa and Sonora, to Nogales, Arizona.

There are many lakes in Mexico. The two largest, which are also the most beautiful, may both be seen from the Pacific Highway. Lake Chapala, the biggest, begins east of Guadalajara and extends for eighty miles along the highway. In the fertile, agricultural state of Michoacán, Lake Pátzcuaro lies midway between the capital and the second largest city of Mexico, Guadalajara. Janitzio (ha-nít-zee-o), island home of the Tarascans, rises from the deep blue waters of Pátzcuaro. An enormous statue of the patriot-priest Morelos crowns the hill that dominates the island.

For centuries the Tarascan Indians have lived on the island of Janitzio and on the other islands and villages around the shore of this lovely lake. Fishing is important in this region and it is here that the famous little white fish are caught. They have a delicate flavor that makes them a universal favorite. Some of the Indians still use the picturesque "butterfly nets" for fishing. They dip the giant wings into the water, then scoop them up and take out their catch of wriggling small fish. Other Indians use modern fish nets, which are "set" in the water and hauled up later.

The rivers in Mexico are not important as a means of transportation, because they may be navigated for only a short distance. At low tide not more than three or four feet of water is found over the sand bars which obstruct the mouths of nearly all of the rivers that empty into the ocean.

Rocky cliffs extend along most of the western coast of Mexico, although Manzanillo Bay is an important port on the Pacific side. Following the eastern shore line, a great coastal plain borders the Gulf of Mexico from Yucatán to the Rio Grande. Vera Cruz, the largest and most important port of the country, lies on the Gulf of Mexico, 285 miles east of Mexico City. To reach this port it is necessary to cross the high peaks of the *Sierra Madre Oriental*, past Popocatepetl and Ixtacihuatl to the beautiful old colonial city of Puebla. From here two roads lead to Vera Cruz.

The southern route continues along the plateau until it reaches the edge and then drops precipitously by a series of hairpin turns to the three valley towns, Fortín, Orizaba and Córdoba, at 3000 feet altitude. Mount Orizaba dominates the towns and the valley.

Once a stronghold of the Spanish invaders on their march from Vera Cruz to Mexico City, *Fortín de las Flores* (Fortress of the Flowers) is now the horticulture show place of Mexico. Millions of orchids, gardenias, lilies and gladioli may be seen in the fields of Fortín. Gardenias grow in such abundance that the swimming pool at



The Coca-Cola sign and modern statue of Morelos contrast sharply with the seventeenth-century Spanish colonial church and narrow streets on the Island of Janitzio, Lake Pátzcuaro, home of the Tarascans.

the beautiful Hotel Ruiz Galindo is filled with fresh blossoms every day. Here guests go bathing amid a solid mass of fragrant blooms.

From the 3000 foot level of Fortín the south road descends to sea level and runs through a tropical region of banana, sugar and coffee plantations.

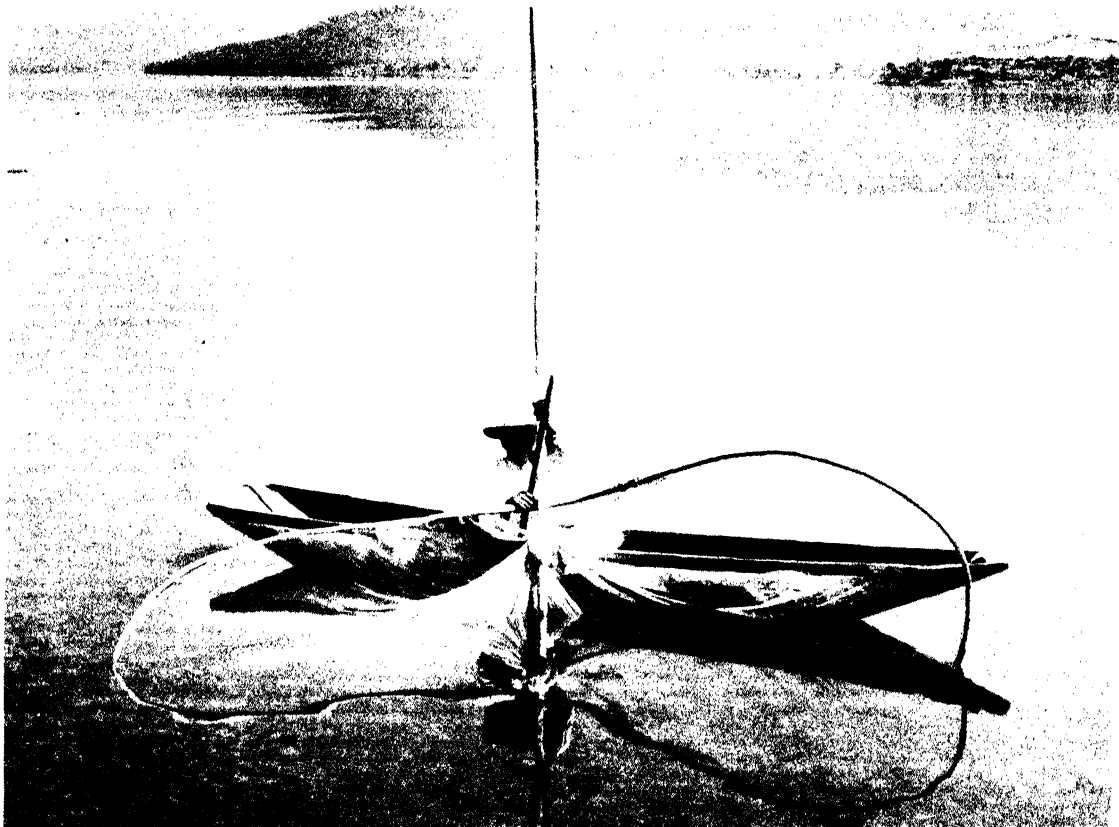
The north road passes through the mountain city of Jalapa. Here a giant tree in the market place marks the spot where Cortez tied up his horse in this city in 1519, on his westward march to Tenochtitlán, capital of the Aztec Empire, then ruled by Montezuma II.

How Hernán Cortez, with four hundred Spanish soldiers, sixteen horses and a few guns, conquered the Aztec nation and finally acquired all of Mexico as a colony for the Spanish Crown, is one of the most exciting adventure stories in history.

Rumors of fabulous wealth and a great empire in the unknown lands to the west had spurred on many adventurous explorers from Europe to endure hardship and danger in the hope of achieving great fame and acquiring a fortune for themselves, as well as new lands for their kings. In 1518 Cortez was chosen by the governor of Cuba, Diego Velazquez de León, to organize an expedition. He displayed such astonishing energy and enthusiasm that the governor feared his own power might be threatened and tried to stop him from going. He was too late, however, for when Cortez learned that Velazquez was planning to abandon his expedition, he sailed at once from Santiago de Cuba. For three months Cortez cruised around the coast of the island, picking up men to add to his crew wherever he found them. He also gathered as much material for warfare as he could.

By February, 1519, he had his force complete and set sail for Yucatán with five hundred soldiers, eleven ships, fourteen guns, and—what proved to be most important of all—sixteen horses. This is how it came about. When Cortez appeared later at the court of Montezuma, he decided that it was necessary to impress the natives with the prowess of the white men. On his orders, the Spaniards put on a demonstration. The guns were fired and the thunderous noise greatly excited the horses. They plunged wildly from one side of the great courtyard to the other and only the expert horsemanship of the riders kept them from trampling the frightened Indians. More than anything else, these strange animals convinced the superstitious natives that the white men were gods and could not be defeated.

His great daring and courage, coupled with the rare good luck that favored him, enabled Cortez to overcome seemingly impossible obstacles. After landing in Yucatán, the explorer was fortunate in securing two interpreters who greatly facilitated communication with the Aztecs. One was Jerónimo de Aguilar, a Spaniard from a previous expedition, who had been held prisoner by the Mayan Indians in Yucatán and could speak the Mayan language. He talked in Mayan to the other interpreter, a beautiful Aztec girl, *Doña* Marina or Malinche, as she was later called, who spoke both Aztec and Mayan. This girl's mother was a wicked woman who had secretly sold her child, daughter of an Aztec *cacique*, into slavery in Tabasco. With nineteen other young girls, she was given to Cortez as a tribute after his victorious battle with natives in Tabasco. *Doña* Marina soon learned to speak Spanish and became devoted to the white conqueror. Her knowledge of the Aztec tongue and her familiarity with Indian customs were of inestimable value to Cortez during the difficult months of the conquest.

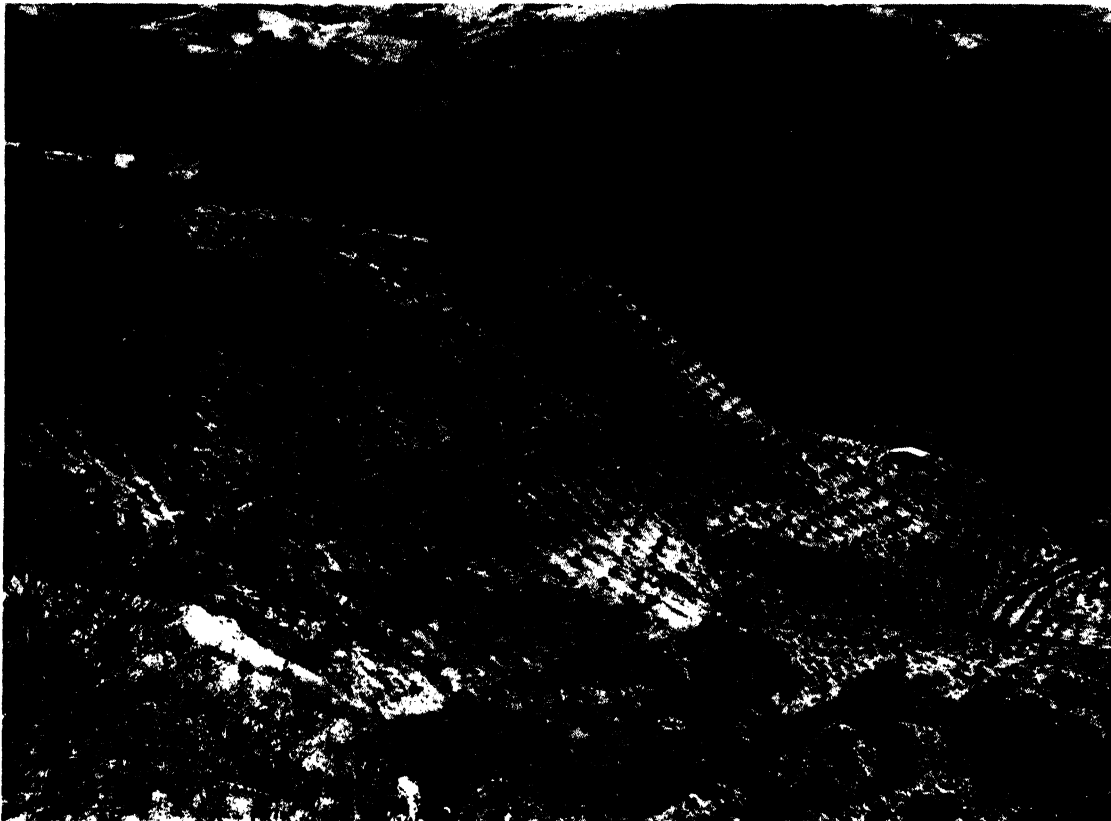


To catch the white fish in Lake Pátzcuaro, early Tarascans dipped graceful butterfly nets into the clear water. While most of these nets have been replaced by a modern variety, the Indians still use their handmade dugout canoes.

When Cortez left Yucatán, he continued his journey westward and landed on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, in April, 1519. He called this place Vera Cruz (True Cross) and established himself as captain-general of the first city to be founded in New Spain directly under the control of the Spanish Crown. King Charles V was the ruler at that time.

Swift runners who patrolled the Aztec Empire reported the activities of the white invaders to their ruler, Montezuma II. The great Aztec chief was not altogether unprepared for the invasion of the Spaniards because for many years his soothsayers had been predicting their appearance. He dispatched his best artists to the Spaniards to record their activities. This they did by painting pictures on henequen cloth and sending them back to Montezuma.

When the latter saw the pictures of Cortez he was sure that this man was the great god, Quetzalcoatl (ket-zul-quát-uhl), or one of his representatives, returned to Mexico as promised by the ancient oracles, for Cortez had fair skin, red hair and a red beard. And so, according to the legends, did the great and good Quetzalcoatl, who had been forced to leave his people but had promised to return.



All over Mexico, hillsides may be seen carefully cultivated and planted with different fruits, vegetables and grain. Here, rancheros have built their homes and are developing an orange grove.

A fortune in gold, silver and precious jewels was sent to the daring Spaniard as tribute from Montezuma before the latter was aware that Cortez planned to march to the Aztec stronghold, Tenochtitlán. Perhaps the pagan monarch felt that by showering lavish gifts on the stranger, he might dissuade him from making the perilous journey to the interior. But the sight of such great riches only spurred the invaders on. Cortez was determined to move inland.

To make sure that his followers would not turn back, Cortez scuttled his ships before leaving Vera Cruz and gave the command to go forward. When he left the "City of the True Cross," his entire force consisted of less than 500 Spaniards, fifteen horses and seven pieces of artillery. Along the way, Cortez added to the strength of his little band by conquering or making deals with the natives. When he finally reached the capital, after one of the most hazardous marches known to history, he had an army of less than 7000, including many thousand Tlascalan Indians, the worst enemies of the Aztecs. It is estimated that the population of the Aztec capital and towns in the immediate vicinity was between 250,000 and 300,000.

The Spaniards had their first glimpse of Tenochtitlán on November 8, 1520. Stand-

ing on a mountain crest, they looked across forests of cedar, oak and sycamore, stretching away before them. Beyond were yellow fields of maize and the giant *maquey*, whose tall green spikes were intermingled with orchards and flower gardens.

The Valley of Mexico was a magnificent sight to behold. In the center of the fertile plains lay the great salt lake, Texcoco, which surrounded the capital city. At the south end it was fed by two sweet water lagoons, Chalco and Xochimilco (so-chee-mé-el-co); at the northwest by two small lakes, Xaltocan (hal-tó-can) and Zumpango. Towns and hamlets clustered along the shores of the lakes, around the capital. Houses with flat tops lined the canals that cut through all parts of the city.

Like jewels sparkling in the sunlight, the city of Mexico spread out before the astonished eyes of the invading soldiers. White towers and pyramidal temples reached toward the sky.

Three causeways led into Mexico, across the waters of Lake Texcoco. These were broken at regular intervals by bridges. As the white men approached Tenochtitlán they marveled at the solid stone structures of the Aztecs. Everywhere they looked, the invaders saw evidence of a thriving population. The waters around the city were swarming with canoes, filled with Indians who gazed in amazement and awe at the glittering paraphernalia of the Spanish army.

After passing through a battlemented gateway which opened wide for the troops, Cortez and his men were met by several hundred Aztec *caciques* who welcomed them to the capital and announced the approach of Montezuma. The monarch was seated on a litter, carried on the shoulders of nobles. Cortez halted with his army as the Aztec ruler came near. Montezuma descended from the litter and received his visitor with great courtesy. When greetings had been exchanged, Montezuma's brother conducted the Spaniards to the palace that his father had built fifty years before. While they marched down the spacious avenues of the capital, throngs of Indians watched the procession. They were terrified by the horses. Never before had they seen such queer animals! They thought they were endowed with supernatural powers from their owners, the white-faced gods from the East.

In many of the Indian villages through which Cortez and his men had passed, they had seen evidences of human sacrifice. When asked about this, the Mexicans said that their priests demanded human sacrifice for their god Huichilobos (wee-chee-lów-bus), who provided them with food and the other good things of life. They explained that, in order to keep Huichilobos nourished and strong so he could bestow upon their nation what it needed, it was necessary to give him human blood. This was why they offered human hearts, taken from victims sacrificed for the purpose.

The Spaniards were appalled at such savage religious rites and at the first meeting in Montezuma's palace, Cortez spoke to the Aztec ruler about the dreadful practice. He told him that the stone idols were wicked things called devils and that there was only one true God, the one worshipped by Christians all over the world. Montezuma was respectful in his attitude toward the white man's God and allowed the Spaniards to erect an altar dedicated to the Blessed Virgin in their quarters. But he would not permit his idols to be dethroned. His priests kept him informed, Montezuma told Cortez, that the Aztec gods were becoming angry at the interference of the white men

and he could not permit further indignities, for the Mexicans believed that their gods were good to them, just as the Spaniards believed in the goodness of their one God.

While Montezuma was talking to Cortez, he asked him about his king, how his country was ruled and why the Spaniards had come to Anáhuac (the name of the ancient empire of Mexico). In explaining his motive for visiting Mexico, Cortez said that the Spaniards had heard about Montezuma and desired to see so distinguished a monarch; also, they wanted to tell him about the true faith of the Christians.

But the Spaniards' obvious desire for gold soon showed the Mexicans a second reason for the invasion of the white men. Despite the extreme generosity of Montezuma, who willingly paid great tributes in gold to the King of Spain and to Cortez and his men, the Spaniards wanted even more. They were not going to be satisfied until they had everything.

Shortly, peaceful negotiations ceased. Montezuma was held prisoner by the Spaniards after they learned that new ships from Spain, recently arrived at Villa Rica, had been attacked by Mexicans. With all but 148 of his men, Cortez left Tenochtitlán in charge of Captain Alvarado, in order to fight Narváez, one of his political enemies in Spain. The latter had arrived in Mexico with a strong force of men and many supplies to capture Cortez.

As Cortez returned from this expedition, victorious over his enemy Narváez, he found the Mexicans in revolt. He was completely dismayed when he learned what had happened. Alvarado and his soldiers were spectators at the annual May festival of the Aztec war god, during which 600 young nobles were engaged in a festive dance. Of course they were unarmed. At a certain signal Alvarado and his men rushed at their victims and killed every man, then took the precious ornaments from their bodies. After the massacre the Aztecs began a fierce assault on the Spaniards. The small garrison would have been completely annihilated if Montezuma had not appealed to his people to cease the attack for his own safety.

Cortez released Montezuma's brother, Cuitlahua, lord of Iztapalapan, to quell the revolt. He was an experienced warrior and an ambitious young prince. Instead of quieting the populace, however, he plotted against the intruders. Terrific fighting was resumed between the Aztecs and the Spaniards. It continued for weeks. On June 30, 1520, Montezuma died from a javelin wound received a few days previously from one of his subjects. He had been addressing his people at the request of Cortez, who had asked him to try to stop the rebellion. Montezuma was forty years old at the time of his death and had reigned eighteen years.

Although most of the Aztecs believed that their ruler had betrayed them to the Spaniards, their fury seemed to increase with his death. Cortez knew that retreat from the capital was imperative. He made plans for immediate escape, gave the gold and other treasure belonging to the crown to the royal officers and told the soldiers to take the rest. He warned them not to overload because of the danger of too much weight.

Late on the night of Montezuma's death, the small army marched quietly through the silent streets and along the causeway to Tacuba. Cortez hoped that their departure would not be noticed. Suddenly a woman getting water from a canal saw them and screamed an alarm. The Aztecs attacked furiously and tore up the bridges on the

causeway as fast as they could. Many Spaniards, heavily laden with gold, sank to the bottom of the lake as the bridges gave way, or were stabbed to death in the water by warriors in canoes.

After a fierce fight, Cortez and those of his band who had escaped the fury of the Aztec attack, succeeded in reaching Tacuba. Only one-quarter of the Spanish army remained. Most of the treasure, all of the baggage and the important papers of the captain-general were lost in the water.

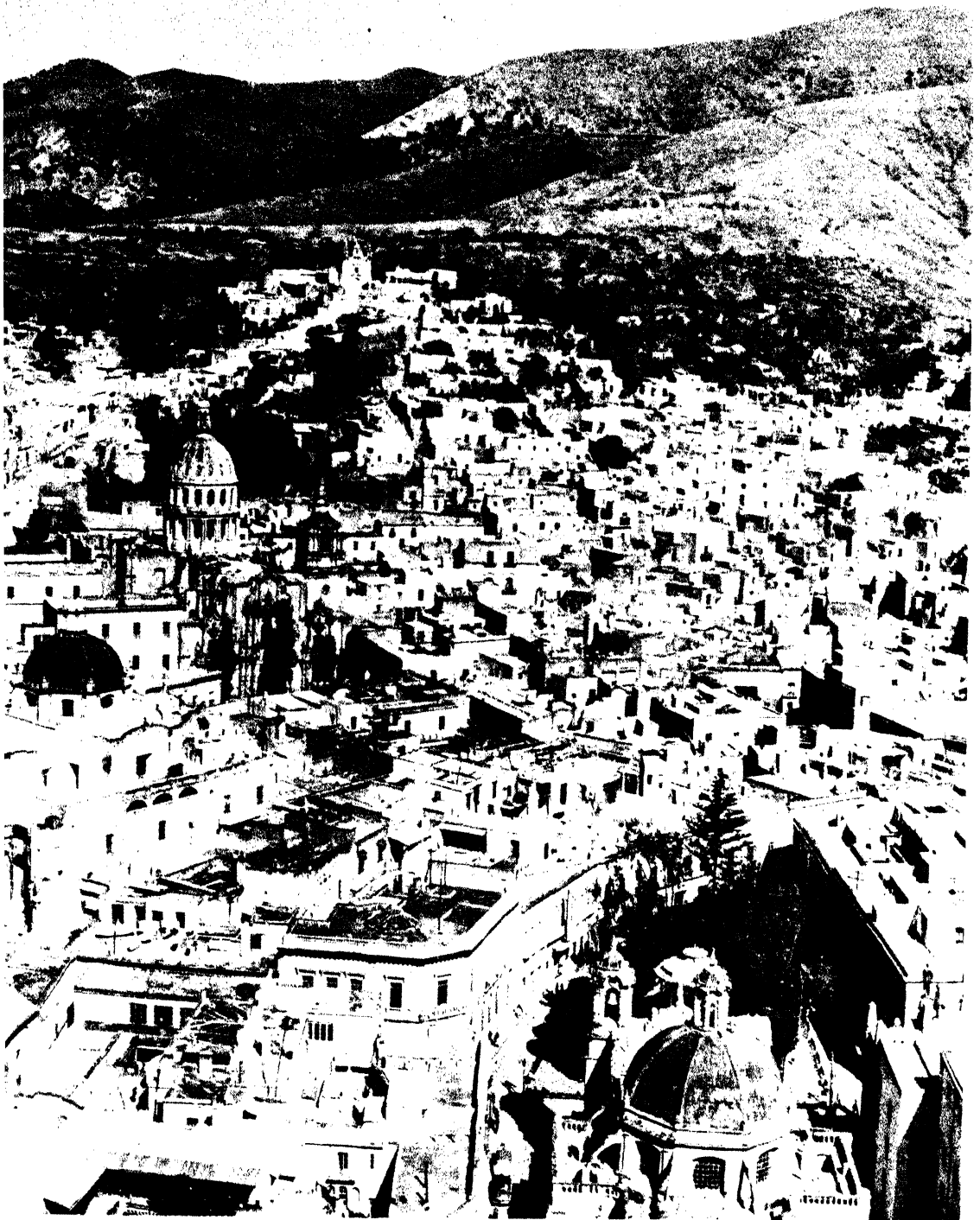
As he looked around him, vainly searching for the many familiar faces that were missing, Cortez was unable to control his emotions. Desolate, he leaned back against the huge *ahuehuete* (cypress) tree under which he was sitting. Tears streamed from his eyes as he covered his face with his hands and wept. The disaster was too dreadful to contemplate. That cloudy, drizzly night of July 1, 1520, which brought such crushing defeat to the Spaniards has been known ever since as *la noche triste*, "the sad night."

During the year that followed, Cortez, determined to crush the Aztecs, secured new forces and military supplies. In the spring of 1521, he returned to the Valley of Mexico and began to blockade and besiege the Aztec capital. After nearly three months of fierce fighting, during which time it is estimated that the Aztecs lost 200,000 men, the Spaniards at last defeated the Mexicans.

On August 13, 1521, Guatimozín, then chief of the Aztecs, surrendered to Cortez. The great explorer and adventurer had added an empire, New Spain, to the Spanish domain. More important, he had stopped forever the pagan practice of human sacrifice and introduced Christianity to the Indians of the New World. The pagan pyramids were forever destroyed. Soon the mighty Cathedral of Mexico City was to raise its spires to the sky on the same site where thousands of Indians had been sacrificed to pagan gods at the Temple of Tenochtitlán.

In reading about the life and habits of a people, some knowledge of the country's history adds to the full value and enjoyment. The story of Mexico, from the Conquest to now, is an exciting one. It is told in this book by highlighting some of the most significant and thrilling events in the lives of the men who have contributed to Mexico's growth and are largely responsible for the Mexico of today which is being presented in word and picture. You will find this part of Mexico's story in a special section at the back of the book beginning on page 177.

After Cortez and his men conquered Mexico, these epochs followed: 1—The Colonial Period, 1521–1821; 2—The War of Independence, 1810–1821; 3—The Age of Santa Ana, 1821–1855; 4—The Reform Era of Benito Juárez, 1855–1872; 5—The Regime of Dictator Porfirio Díaz, 1876–1910; 6—The Mexican Revolution, 1910–1920; and 7—The Reconstruction Period, 1920 to the present.



ugged mountains, from which billions of dollars in silver has been removed since the Conquest, round the capital city of Guanajuato. This view, taken from one of the summits, shows closely packed homes, church spires, the bandstand in the plaza and the Posada de Santa Fe, on one of the main streets.

Chapter 3

HOW MEXICAN FAMILIES LIVE

MORE than four hundred years have passed since Cortez and his soldiers invaded Mexico and conquered the Aztecs, yet much of the mystery of Mexico that surrounded its ancient civilization and bewildered the *Conquistadores* still exists. In tiny villages, in towns and in cities, the atmosphere is old. Very old.

The culture of the Aztecs and other ancient races continues unchanged in small sections of Mexico where native Indian languages are still spoken. However, evidence of the fusion of the two cultures, Spanish and Aztec, is found throughout the greater part of the Republic and has become what we know today as the culture of Mexico. To this has been added a touch of modern, for even the smallest village now has its radio.

Mexican families in suburban areas do not live in farmhouses scattered here and there along the highways. They live in villages, some small, others quite large. There are villages made up of as few as fifteen families but the average population is three hundred. When the population of a village increases to 4000, it becomes a town.

Houses in villages and small towns are usually built of substances obtained locally. Young men build their own dwellings and learn to make them from the material available. On the plateau, this may be adobe brick, mud, rough stone, wood or cut stone, with red tile roofs. In the *tierra caliente* (hot lands), bamboo, thatch, native grass, mud and wood are used, with roofs of long, thin, rough shingles or thatch.

It is surprising to find that villages change their color schemes in different regions. In Yucatán everything is white. Basketwork frames are covered with mud and then whitewashed. Jungle homes are usually green, while on the plateau there are houses of dusty gray, brown, cream color or brick red. Then there are the rainbow villages, with gay pink, blue, white and yellow houses.

The same pattern dominates the interiors of the small houses in which millions of the Mexican people live. There is a single room with one door and sometimes one window. *Petates* (straw mats) used for sleeping are rolled up and placed in one corner. In the *tierra caliente*, hammocks are generally used because of the extreme heat.

At one end of the room, a little shrine with tinsel and candles nestles against the wall. During special *fiestas*, at Christmas and at Easter, additional ornaments and many flowers are added to the decorations.



For centuries, in all parts of the Republic, Mexicans have built their homes from materials found near by. A Yucatecan, near Mérida, is shown putting on a thatched roof.

For preparing food, there is a hearth or *brasero* (charcoal stove), a *metate* (stone used for grinding corn), a griddle, a huge water pot, wooden bowls painted in gay colors, spoons and other utensils hanging on the walls. Assorted pottery and a rush fan to stir up the fire complete the kitchen equipment. A broom made of rushes and a square, tin oil-can to hold flowers or water will also be found.

Permanent, but not stationary, equipment usually includes at least two dogs, three hens and a rooster. Where the family is more prosperous, turkeys, pigs, a cow and one or two burros are added. Almost always there is a baby carried on the mother's back, a toddler holding on to her skirts and one or more older children in and around the house.

Outdoors, various small buildings are enclosed in a yard which is called a compound. The outbuildings include a storehouse for maize, small stables for livestock, a fowl house and, in certain sections, the old Aztec bathhouse. In some regions the fence for the enclosure is made of organ cactus, while in others branches of trees and rushes are used. In Michoacán, Jalisco (*ha-leés-ko*), and a few other states, thousands of stones cover the ground and, naturally, these are used to build stone fences around small *milpas*.



With quick, deft pats, Mexican girls fashion thin tortillas into saucer-like shapes. Then they toast them on a tin placed over a charcoal fire. When done, the tortillas are placed in the basket, ready to be sold in the market or eaten by the family.

(Indians' small plots of ground), as well as the great *haciendas* (ah-see-én-das), or large estates where many families work the big farms for the owners.

Both Indian and Spanish influences are found in Mexico. Aztec influences are seen in the rectangular dwellings with walls of adobe, of wattles and cornstalk or of rough stone set in mud mortar. These small huts, with their thatched roofs, dirt or stone floors, few windows, no glass and no chimneys, are being built by many Mexicans now just as they were before the conquest.

Pre-conquest kitchen equipment has also come down through the centuries unchanged. The hearth, clay griddle, huge water pot and *metate* are all as indispensable to the Mexican Indian woman of today as they were to her ancestors centuries ago.

The desire to have flowers everywhere is a direct heritage from the Aztecs. No dwelling is too small to have them growing some place. Every spring the festival of the flowers is celebrated exactly as it was when the Aztec culture flourished.

Indoors, the *petates* are placed near the cradle, or small hammock, where the baby sleeps. Often clay toys are used as ornaments, while baskets with bright designs are decorative as well as useful. The rush brooms for sweeping serve today as they did in ancient times, while the same lovely rush fans are used to stir up the fire.



he lovely Cuernavaca home of the famous art designer and critic, Fred Davis, his housekeeper cook prefer to use the beautiful Mexican tile, charcoal-burning stove, to the modern electric range on the other side of the kitchen.

Outdoors, several small buildings cluster about the main house to complete the family unit. There is a circular storehouse, six feet high, for corn on the cob, and for shelled corn, a mud-plastered vasiform granary. A fowl house takes care of the chickens and turkeys. One home in four has an Aztec *temazcul* (sweathouse). It is either a rectangular stone structure, five feet high, with two chambers or a circular building made of mud. Steam is gathered in one chamber while the person desiring treatment crawls into the other.

The foods consumed in greatest quantities are *frijoles* (free-hóle-ays), beans, *maíz* (corn), which is used to make *tortillas* (tore-tée-yus), "thin corn pancakes used as bread," and *tamales* (ta-máh-lays) "corn and meat." The recipes came straight from Aztec cooks of long ago. *Frijoles* look something like the kidney beans used by North Americans. They are cooked for hours, until soft and mushy, and are often served fried.

Other typical Indian dishes include *guajolote con mole* (gwa-ha-lów-tay kahn mo-láy), "turkey with special herb sauce," and chocolate to drink which has been beaten and frothed. Chilis are universally used for flavoring. Squash, tomatoes, wild fruits and game, native herb teas, honey, and pulque, a slightly intoxicating drink secured from the juice of the *maguay* plant, were also part of the ancient Aztec diet. All of these foods and drinks remain in the modern Indian menu.

Washing clothes in the streams, rubbing them clean on the stones along the banks, is another household custom handed down by the Indian women.

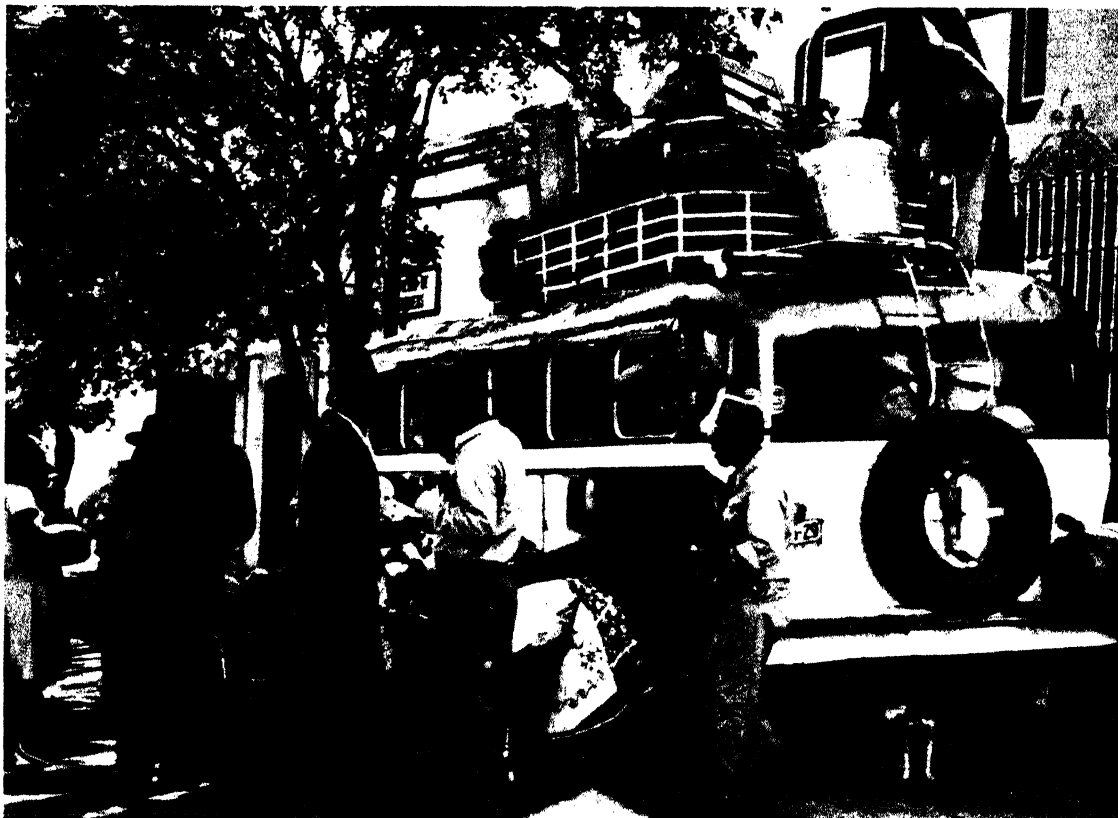
The Spanish influence is found in the red-tiled roofs seen on so many of the houses; in the charcoal-brazier which often replaces the old hearth and griddle. Steel knives, kerosene flares and candles were also introduced by Spain, as well as the household shrine, low chairs and the postcards and pictures from newspapers and magazines that are pinned on the walls.

In the more spacious houses of those prosperous families in the higher income brackets, modern conveniences are found in the china dishes, glasses, metal pans, sideboards, beds, brick floors, iron grillwork, plastered walls and hinged doors.

To the contributions from Spain, many machine-age developments have been added in recent years. Sewing machines are now used in the smallest villages to make clothes for the whole family; phonographs, radios and square tins which once held oil, may be seen all over Mexico. Electricity has replaced the old kerosene flares and candles in large centers. Modern transportation has brought trains, automobiles, buses, trucks and airplanes to handle the ever increasing travel of the Mexicans.

Any trip on a bus which does not have reserved seats is an adventure. The drivers are always accommodating and never fail to stop to pick up another passenger on the highway. Of course, the bus may be full, but that makes no difference! And if the passenger has baggage of any kind, that is carried, too.

Mexican baggage frequently proves difficult to handle, for it is not confined to suitcases or parcels. Often the Indians find it necessary to carry pigs, goats or turkeys. Getting the squirming animals on top of the bus, or if it is full up there, some place inside, makes merry confusion. Laughter and excited discussions accompany the efforts of the *ayudante* (conductor) to place the struggling livestock in a secure position so that the



While the bus stops in the shade, some of the passengers eat lunch and visit. The ayudante climbs on the roof to add another basket and see that the crate of live chickens is tied securely.

driver may continue on his way. There are no angry words, no disgruntled comments from the Mexican passengers for any inconvenience to which they may be subjected. Their patience, their gentle courtesy and desire to help each other is evident here as it is in other conditions of their living.

Truck service is maintained for transporting heavy loads for Mexicans living in small communities far from the markets. At regular stops along the main roads, Mexican families sit or stand beside the highway with great heaps of food products or handiwork ready to be taken to market for sale.

Trucks cannot travel in remote regions in the mountains, however, so the people there use the same methods of transporting goods that were used by their ancestors—their own strong backs or the backs of their burros.

Many Mexican workers use trucks as a means of transportation from their home villages to the places where they are employed. Early in the morning open platformed trucks whiz along the highways. Every inch of space aboard is occupied by dozens of Mexicans riding to work. The men often wear gay colored bandanas tied across the lower portion of their faces, for the early morning air is cold in the mountain regions.



Industrious Otomí Indian women do their washing in this stream on the outskirts of Querétaro. Little brother and his dog, small sister with her toy, daughters and grandmother, all come and watch.

They also need protection if it is necessary to travel away from the paved highways, for the gravel and dirt roads are extremely dusty in the dry season, from November to May.

Villages and towns in Mexico follow a standard pattern. Life is focused around the plaza in the center of the village. At one end of the plaza the main church stands sedately, spires reaching toward the sky. In the middle, a bandstand with raised platform waits for the weekly concert, when talented Mexican musicians play to enthusiastic audiences. Beautiful trees shade the walks surrounding the plaza. Sometimes there is a fountain or well and space for a market.

One Saturday evening, Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe left the Ancira Hotel, in Monterrey, and started toward the main plaza, just one block away.

"There seems to be something going on," Dr. Marlowe said as they approached the street crossing. "A band is playing and the sidewalks on all sides of the plaza are full of people. And they're all walking."

"That's odd! Not that people are walking," Mrs. Marlowe hastened to explain,

"but the way they are doing it. Look, Allen, those are all young people. Groups of two, three or four girls are walking on the inside in one direction, and the boys are walking on the outside of the sidewalk in the opposite direction."

"*Perdóneme, señora.*" A soft voice beside them made the Doctor and his wife turn quickly. An old man in spotless white *calzones* (pajama trousers) and wide straw *sombrero* was standing next to them. He looked up with a friendly smile. "I can tell you about the boys and girls walking, if you desire."

"We would be very grateful if you would," Mrs. Marlowe said with a smile. "We have never seen anything like this before and are very much puzzled."

"In many cities in Mexico the young people still enjoy *el paseo*, or as you say in English, 'the walk,' " the old Mexican explained. "It is an old Spanish custom, unknown to most North Americans. Long ago in Spain, parents brought their young daughters to the plaza to join *el paseo*. The girls walked around the square in one direction and the boys in the other, so that they could look at each other. Most Spanish girls and Mexican girls in wealthy families today are still carefully chaperoned and do not go out alone with boys. After walking around several times, the music stops. Then the young people stand in groups or sit on the benches. If a young man wants to walk around the plaza with a certain girl, he asks permission. Then when the music starts again, the couple rejoins the procession together. As the hour passes, more couples of boys and girls join the procession. When the music stops, *el paseo* is over for another week."

"What a charming custom! Do the boys and girls ever see each other again?" Dr. Marlowe asked.

"Yes, if they are interested in each other, friends of the young man, usually older men, take his proposal to the girl's family. If the match is approved by both families, an engagement party is given. But long ago it was different. Then the boy found out where the girl lived and began to court her. Night after night he went to the outside of her home. Sometimes he had musicians serenade her for him. Other times he just walked up and down, looking at the front windows, waiting for a sign."

"What kind of a sign?" Mrs. Marlowe wanted to know.

"A sign that the lady he had chosen for his bride would accept him as a suitor," the old Mexican continued. "When at last she drew back the shutters and smiled at him, he knew that he could make a formal call the next night. Sometimes the young man came to her window every night for months before he had any indication that the young lady would consider him."

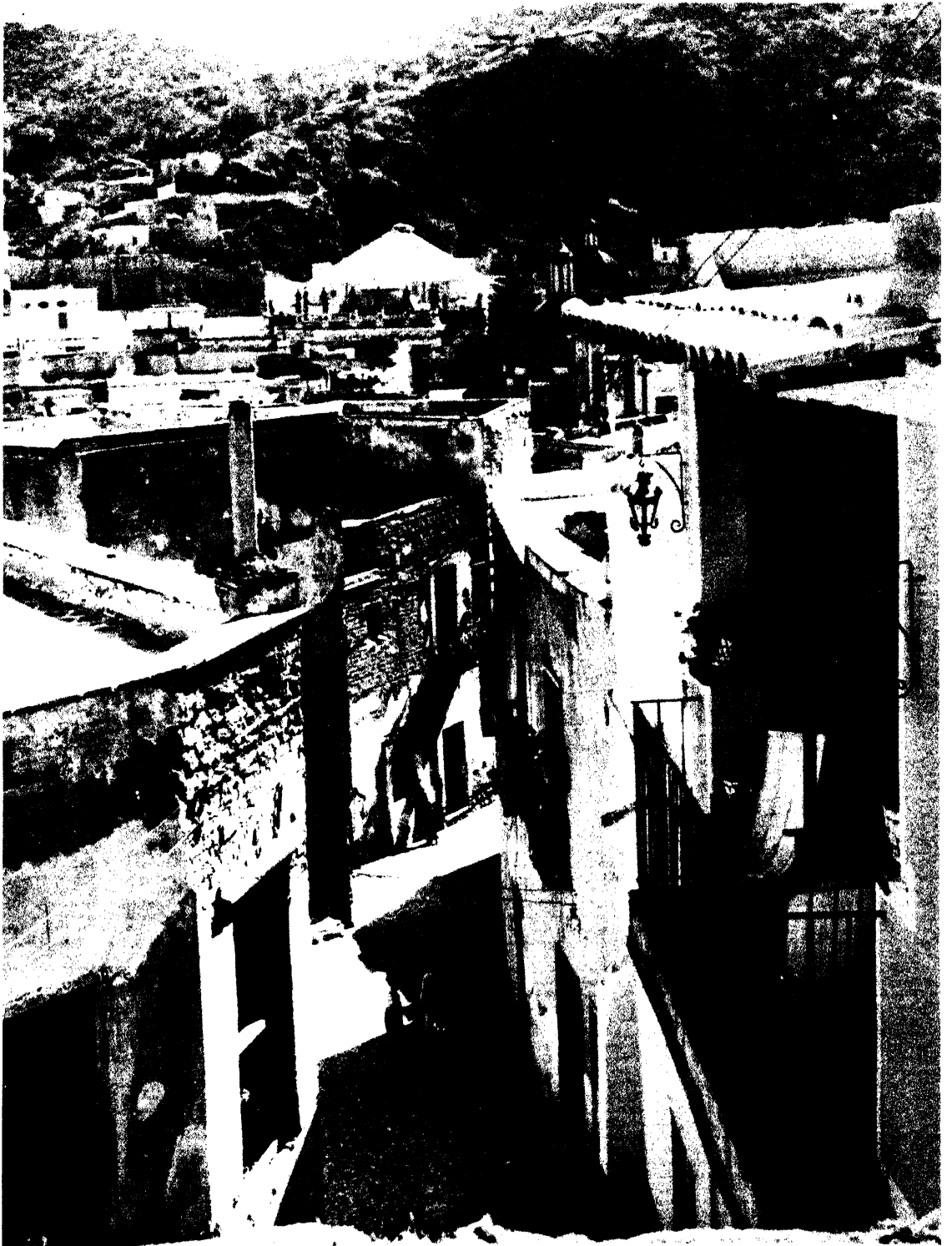
"Didn't that discourage him?" Dr. Marlowe asked.

"No, for he knew that often the girl was testing him. She wanted to find out if he really thought enough of her to come night after night without any sign that he was making progress in his courtship."

"We are greatly obliged to you for your courtesy in explaining the custom to us, *señor*," Mrs. Marlowe said as she and her husband left the plaza.

"*De nada* (it is nothing)." The old man bowed. "I was happy to be of service."

Around the plaza are grouped the most important buildings in the community. On



Looking down this narrow, cobbled stone street in Guanajuato, Spanish influences may be seen in the tiled roofs and iron grillwork. Colorful potted plants are visible on the open porches.

one side is found the *palacio municipal* or town hall, homes of wealthier families, two-story structures with balconies and glass windows, stores and sometimes a school-house. Cobblestone streets run out from the plaza in crisscross fashion and change to dirt lanes as they reach the outskirts of the town. Bunched here and there along the lanes are the compounds and houses of the poorer people, with the poorest living on the outermost edge.

In Mexico City, Guanajuato and other large cities, poor families live in large courts called *vecindades* (neighborhoods). Each family has its own room, a tiny shrine, live-stock and a small garden by the door. Community plumbing is installed, providing necessary health facilities which the law has made compulsory.

People in Mexico spend most of the day out of doors, except for the *siesta* hours in the afternoon when the sun is very hot, usually from two until four. To the casual visitor in an automobile who passes through villages large and small at this time, it appears that the community is without life. Often the streets are completely deserted, except for a dog or two lying in the middle of the road. Both sides of the roadway are lined with solid adobe walls, one story high, broken only by closed doors at regular intervals, and low windows, some with iron grillwork, and closed shutters behind them.

After spending a morning in San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, driving up one street and down another, Mrs. Marlowe finally spoke to their young guide, Juan Ortega: "Has everybody gone away? There are no people on the streets and all of the houses seem to be locked."

Juan seemed a bit surprised at the question, for he was accustomed to seeing the streets of his beloved *tierra* (birthplace or homeland) more or less deserted most of the day. But he answered politely: "No, *señora*, my people do not travel often from San Miguel Allende. Perhaps you do not know about our houses in Mexico."

"No, I don't think I do, Juan," Mrs. Marlowe spoke regretfully. "Are they very different?"

"Perhaps, *señora*. I do not know much about houses in your country. Here the people live behind the closed doors you see from the street, working on their many arts and crafts. They work in their *pacios*. Do you know what they are?"

"Why, yes, Juan, I do. People living in California and Florida and other southern states in our country have *pacios*, too. They are gardens or yards around which the house is built. Chairs and tables are placed in the patio and used by the family for serving meals or doing work or playing games."

"That is the same as in Mexico, *señora*," Juan said excitedly. "Our people spend most of the time in their *pacios* when they are at home and at the plaza, in the center of the village, when they go out to visit."

"I'm relieved to know that the people are in town. I was afraid we had come at the wrong time," Dr. Marlowe said as he stopped the car in front of the entrance to the *Posada de San Francisco*. This charming inn, where the doctor and his wife were staying, had been named after the main street on which it faced and the famous old Spanish colonial church a block away.

That night after dinner, Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe were sitting before the fireplace

in their lovely, big room, facing the plaza. Pedro, quiet, conscientious man of all work, had built a fire of dried cornhusks. They made a beautiful blaze which burned with a steady, smokeless flame. Even though the days were hot, evenings were often cool and at certain seasons of the year, some heat was needed.

Dr. Marlowe had just won another game of Gin Rummy from his wife and was dealing the cards for the next hand.

"Do you like San Miguel Allende?" Mrs. Marlowe asked the doctor as he dealt the last card.

"I certainly do, Elise. It's a beautiful little town and life here moves along slowly, smoothly and peacefully." Dr. Marlowe paused for a minute. "After one finally gets here!"

"Now, Allen, why remember that trip last night? It was rough and rugged, I know, but then the road was under construction. Driving at night under such circumstances is a bit difficult. And you wouldn't stop in Querétaro, which we could have done."

"No, you said we had reservations at the *Posada de San Francisco* and so that was our goal. Will you ever forget the spot where we stopped the car because the road seemed to disappear completely and there was no detour in sight?" Dr. Marlowe sat back in his chair and laughed heartily when he thought of the predicament they had been in the night before.

At one place in the thirty-mile road between Querétaro and San Miguel Allende, a barricade loomed before them. In the dim light no side road was visible. The doctor had stepped out of the car, walked slowly ahead, first to the left, then to the right of the detour sign, trying to find a place where the heavy gray car could pass. In the limited light from the headlamps, it was difficult to find any spot that remotely resembled a passageway. Finally he had motioned to Mrs. Marlowe to come ahead. Down a steep embankment she drove the car, one yard at a time. Then, with a roar of the motor, she stepped on the gas and shot up the steep incline, over rocks and cracks in the earth, to the road ahead.

"It was a tough ride, but we should not have been driving at night, you know. And you must admit that we did arrive—and in time for dinner, too!"

"Yes, if you can call nine o'clock in time for dinner, dear," the doctor said teasingly.

"Well, that does sound rather late, but as we have discovered, meals in Mexico are served at different hours than in the United States. *Cena* (sáy-na) (supper) is served here from seven-thirty until nine-thirty. *Desayuno* (breakfast) from eight to ten in the morning and *el almuerzo* (dinner, the largest meal) from one-thirty to three-thirty."

"Yes, I remember that mealtimes in Mexico are different from at home. And now we'll see if I can work another halt on you. But I don't think I'll be able to win this time," Dr. Marlowe said, arranging the cards in his hand.

Every morning routine living in small towns like San Miguel Allende begins with the same familiar sounds. Very early a strange "*whish, whish*," floats through the windows from the street below. Hurried investigation shows a street cleaner on the deserted walk, methodically sweeping the stone pavement with a stiff straw broom so

that the dirt and dust stirred by the wind during the night may be gathered up and taken away.

Sometime later a dog barks and is soon joined in his morning greeting by pals in the neighborhood. Then the bells start to ring as the ropes in the great church towers are pulled one by one and the musical tones peal out over the crisp morning air.

Soon the soft *clop, clop, clop, clop* of Indians' sandaled feet is heard, accompanied by the sharp *click, click, click* of burros' tiny hoofs as they meander slowly down the steep, cobblestone streets. Mexicans start working very early in the morning and their faithful little helpers, the burros, who carry heavy loads to market, begin work at the same time.

Finally come the soft voices, the polite greetings, "*Buenos días*," (bwáy-nus dée-us) "good day or good morning," of the villagers around the plaza as they pass by, going to and from the stores to start the business of another day's living. Because they buy just enough food for twenty-four hours at one time, Mexican housewives must go to the store at least once daily.

Most Mexicans living in the cities wear American style clothes. In some regions, however, native Indian costumes are still worn, while many of the clothes of the people living in villages and small towns are a combination of Indian and Spanish, or distinctly Mexican.

Typical Mexican garments are the sandals, which survive from Aztec times; the *sarapes*, adopted from the Aztec *tilmatli*, now authentically Mexican—bright colored blankets, with a hole in the middle, like a poncho. *Sarapes* are used by all men living in the plateau regions as an overcoat during the day (it is chilly early in the morning and evening) and as a blanket for sleeping at night.

The *rebozo*, also typically Mexican, is worn by Indian women to protect them from the sun, to put on the head when entering church or to carry their babies. *Rebozos* are related to the old Aztec *ayatl*, used to carry babies and burdens.

Sombreros are typically Mexican. The rainbow *panaches*, of the Toltecs and Tarascans and the hats of the Spaniards both contributed to them. These wide straw hats are indispensable, for they insure against sunstroke. All men in Mexico wear them.

Bright colored beads and earrings worn by girls and women are a direct heritage from Old Mexico and Spain.

In Mexican villages, the typical wearing apparel of men includes a plain undershirt; outer suit, consisting of blouse and *calzones* (trousers) that look like bulky pajamas, made by the women from bolts of white cotton cloth; colored vests and gaudy sashes for special occasions; sandals, *sombrero*, and a curved *machete* (mah-cháy-tay) or long-bladed knife, used in many ways in farming and working around the house. Often the men also have a suit of "store clothes," to use when they go into the city.

The women who follow the Mexican tradition wear white petticoats and cotton underclothes; a skirt that reaches to the ankles, a collarless blouse tucked into the skirt, a bright colored sash and an apron. The gay colors of skirts and blouses bespeak the individuality of the wearer. For *fiestas* and Sunday, a one-piece dress is worn.

In Yucatán, the Mayan women wear the same style clothes as their ancestors—



Mother, baby and grandmother were interested in having their picture taken with a flashlight in the kitchen of their home in Guanajuato. A rope kept the beautiful gray Persian cat from running away. The hen and rooster, also fastened with a rope, will probably end up in the stewing kettle.

white cotton dresses during the week, white silk for *fiestas* and Sunday. They are cut on the old henequen fiber pattern, a long, sack-like *huipil* (wée-peel), a blouse that looks like a tunic, on top of a long skirt. Around the hem of the skirt and the collar and short sleeves of the blouse, run strips of beautiful handmade flower embroidery in gay colors.

For the most part, the children look like miniature adults, although in cities where tourists come in great numbers, blue overalls are sold and many boys, large and small, wear them. They are not yet worn by little girls, who have pretty, dirndl style dresses. Mexicans still dislike slacks on women and will not use anything that looks like them for their little girls.

As a whole, the Mexican people are very religious and much of their life centers around the Church. After the Conquest, pagan religions were forbidden and many of the Indians were converted to the Catholic faith. *Fiestas*, which are a form of religious holiday in Mexico, are numerous and are enjoyed throughout the year. Dance dramas are a feature of some of the colorful festivals presented all over Mexico and add to the activities centered around the Church.

Since pre-conquest days, the people have enjoyed Mexican markets. No village is too remote to enable its residents to attend some market day each week. The Indians buy and sell, barter and exchange the goods that they bring. And they sit and visit with friends, for the weekly market visits and the *fiestas* of the Church are the main social activities, except in the cities.

Every year more and more schools are built by the Mexican government. In addition to the regular studies in city schools, the children in rural communities now learn useful trades. Boys are taught agriculture, also some of the manual arts, while girls learn sewing and cooking. Hygiene and health are taught universally.

Medical clinics are being established as rapidly as possible throughout the Republic. Even families living in remote spots will soon have access to all the help and advice possible from modern medical science. The old "magic cures," of the village sorceress, still practiced in some regions, will be replaced by hygienic treatment through established health clinics.

Mexico is essentially a country dominated by an agricultural-handicraft economy. It is the people's heritage through the ages, for farming and arts and crafts developed their civilization hundreds of years ago. To this, mining was added and then modern industrialization brought factory work and mass production, to satisfy the growing demand of the outside world for articles "Made in Mexico."

Although most Mexicans spend long hours each day working, they enjoy their leisure time in many ways. They are great music lovers, sing well and like playing many of the string instruments, particularly the guitar. In the evening, small groups often gather to entertain friends by singing Mexican tunes. Weekly band concerts in the plaza are always well attended.

In the larger towns and cities, movies are universally popular and everybody is enthusiastic about Mexican movie stars. Pictures may change once or twice each week and notices of coming attractions are posted on a small billboard in the plaza.

Bullfights, particularly those held in Mexico City, are probably the most popular



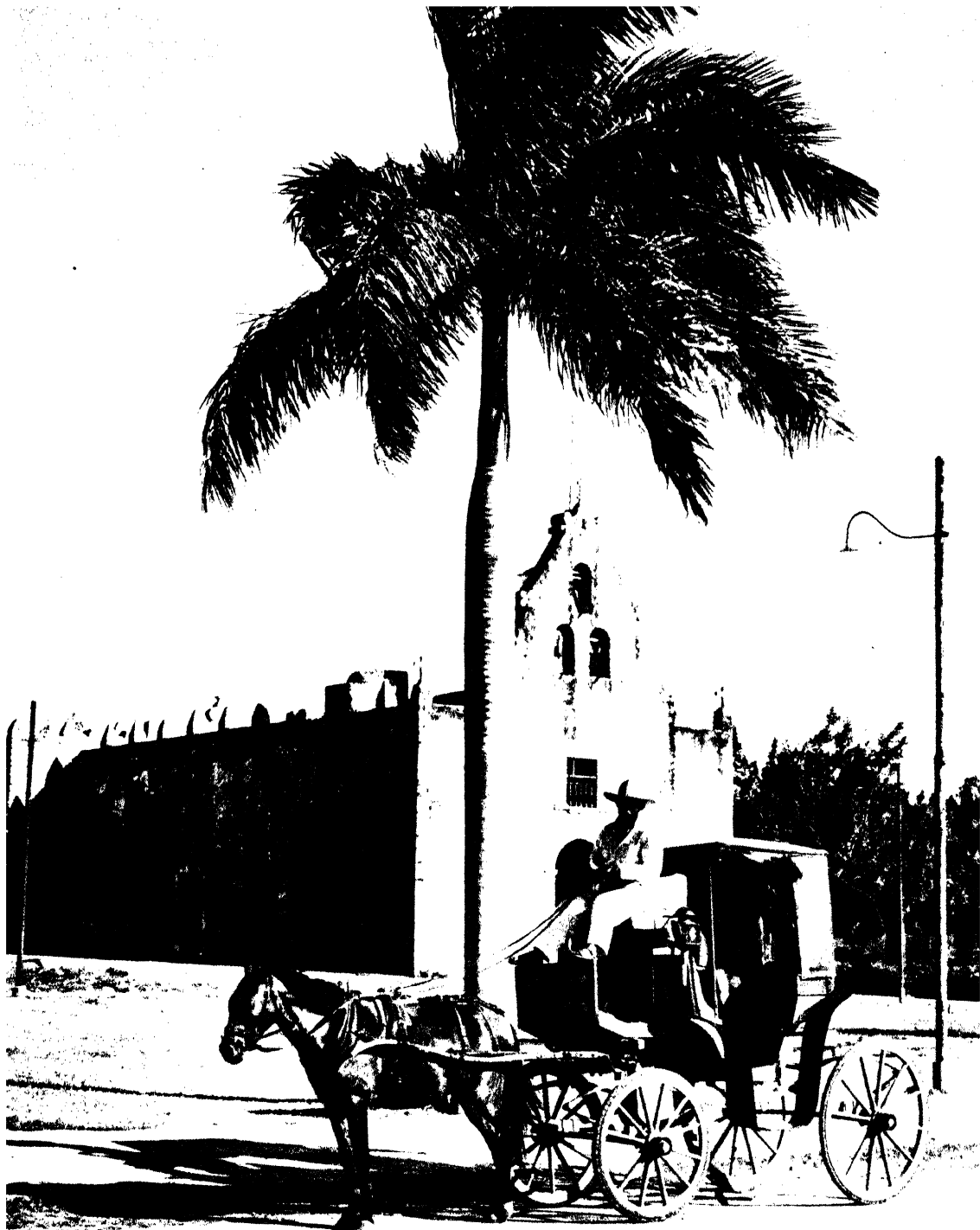
Little boys as well as big boys, men and women, daily carry water from the wells for household needs. On the way from Chichen Itzá to Mérida, Yucatán, the Marlowes stopped to take this village scene.

form of entertainment. They were introduced by the Spaniards and take place every Sunday and holiday, from November to April, the dry season.

During recent years, typical North American sports have become increasingly popular. Boys play football, baseball, basketball, tennis and rapid *fronton*, another game played with a ball, which is the national game of the Basques. Where there are pools, boys enjoy swimming. The girls do, too, but they have games of their own as well. These include jumping rope, playing jacks, and some ball games.

Mexico is oriental in feeling, not Anglo-Saxon. Its civilization is Spanish-Moorish, blended with Indian, and suits the temperament and tastes of the people in the country. The capacity of the majority of Mexicans to enjoy life without the acquisition of a great many material belongings is one of the secrets of their ability to find happiness and satisfaction in such things as a beautiful sunset, lovely flowers, the creation of something artistic. From this capacity comes also their gentleness and kindness; their ready helpfulness.

Mexicans have a carefree, detached attitude toward living which seems to release them from strong feelings of responsibility but gives them an inborn sense of politeness. Courteous words and phrases, *con permiso* (with your permission) and *por favor* (please) and *gracias* (thank you) are murmured softly by everyone. Children at play say the polite words; servants use them in speaking to each other. In the *peon's* hut, in the rich man's mansion, courtesy prevails. It is universal among the Mexican people.



A strong wind on the outskirts of Mérida rustled the great fronds of this tall Royal Palm. The cabby who drove the Marlowes around the capital of Yucatán is unconcerned about any damage to the flapping back curtain of his ancient carriage. Notice the difference in the architecture of the Yucatecan church and those in other parts of Mexico shown in the following chapter.

Chapter 4

STATELY CATHEDRALS AND HAPPY FIESTAS

PHYSICAL conquest of the land in Mexico in 1521 was followed by the spiritual conversion of the Indians. The *Conquistadores* in shining armor were accompanied by hooded friars in long tunics as they swept over the country. They found the people worshipping hundreds of different gods and goddesses. Because they were always faced with the dangers of drought, the Mexicans had deified rain, streams, clouds, and the sun which caused the plants to grow and mature. The god of rain, Tlaloc, was worshipped, also the goddess of the earth, the goddess of corn and many others. Whenever towns were conquered by the Spaniards, pagan temples and idols were replaced by the altars of the Christian God and all forms of human sacrifice were abolished.

It was not long before the Indians accepted the new doctrine. Soon they identified a local Christian saint with the local pagan god. Thus they were satisfied with the rituals of their new church.

The old churches in Mexico were designed by Spanish architects and retained Moorish characteristics of the 16th century, but the finished structures show evidence of the work of native Indians in the Aztec touches that appear. Indian legends are doubtless told in the designs and figures on the façade towers and portals. Most of the beauty and originality in the churches is found in the exteriors. This is just the reverse of the architecture of the homes, where the walls outside are plain and skill in decorating is devoted to the patio inside. An elaborate, overdone style of ornamentation was used in the earliest churches and monasteries, which look like decorated fortresses. Built up very high, their thick walls are topped with pointed stonework. The narrow, recessed windows are plain but the doorways stand ornate with carving.

Mexican churches were built to endure and they still give an impression of solidity and strength. Thousands of churches all over Mexico, erected during the 16th and 17th centuries under the direction of the Spaniards, are still being used.

Many of the church towers resemble those which are part of Mosques in Moslem, but, regardless of the architectural style followed, unexpected design appears. In one spot a belfry will be oddly placed; in another, a figure is in a quaint position, while a bit of deep stone carving surprises one elsewhere. The decorations show that the individual workman must have yielded to a whim of his own in expressing himself in some unique fashion.

Many Spaniards exploited the Indians regularly taking gold and other tribute from them. In their sincere desire to help the oppressed Indians, the priests were often able to save them from the abuses of cruel overlords.

In his missionary work in the 16th century, Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, one of the finest men sent to Mexico from Spain, protected the Indians against Spanish agents who were brutal and ignorant and would have destroyed them. He was opposed to all oppression and pleaded at the court in Spain for the helpless Indians. This great padre is revered today all over Mexico.

The state of Michoacán blesses the name of Archbishop Vasco de Quiroga, who tried so hard to undo the ruthless work of the cruel Spanish explorer, Guzmán, who tortured and slaughtered many Indians. The archbishop organized native pictorial arts and crafts and worked tirelessly to make the Tarascans of Michoacán economically secure. He also organized the Indians into cooperating economic communities and rescued many of them from the worst effects of the Conquest.

Fiestas, or religious festivals, have long been an important part of the life of the Mexicans. When a great puff of white smoke from a bursting rocket is seen floating through the air over a village it means that another fiesta has officially started. Streets and plaza and churchyard are packed with villagers and dancers and vendors and pilgrims from faraway places. The crowd moves slowly and good-naturedly. Outside the churchyard walls, the village is gaily decked for the carnival, with a merry-go-round and the canvas awnings of a hundred market stalls filling the street. The music of a modern band mixes discordantly with the strange rhythms of pre-conquest instruments, an old Aztec *huehueltl* (wee-wée-tle) drum and a *chirimía* (cheer-a-mée-a), armadillo-shell guitar. It is a scene of bewildering confusion, yet the confusion itself makes possible a better understanding of the fiesta, for all of the influences of centuries past, Aztec and European, religious and worldly, are welded together in the activities.

At the market place, booths are filled with tempting things to buy. There are *dulces* (sweets), cold drinks—usually Coca-Colas and orange crush—ices, and the savory hot foods—barbecued goat meat swimming in rich sauces and hot *tortillas* from the griddle whose tempting aroma stops many of the passers-by. Other booths display a variety of appealing merchandise. Near the church gate, long festoons of white and yellow candles hang in graceful loops; tiny silver *milagros* and medals swing from colored cords. Farther down the lane, hand-woven tablecloths and napkins are sold at one booth; gaily painted pottery is displayed in the next; *rebozos* and *sombreros* at the next.

Dancing and drama were the keynotes of the ancient religion of the Aztecs and when they entertained the Spaniards, the Mexicans used pantomime, plays, comedy and tableau to set forth the history of the people. Instead of forbidding the Mexicans to use drama and dancing in expressing their religion, the Christian priests wisely encouraged them to continue as before. These people had been trained as actors and audiences for generations and drama was the best possible way to teach them the new religion and the history of their new rulers. Church authorities were not always pleased about the use of so much drama in the church, however, and as the years went by,



This lovely old church at Tepotzlán, Morelos, was built by the Indians under the supervision of the Spaniards in the seventeenth century. It is only a few miles from Cuernavaca.

often forbade fiestas which were too hilarious and seemed sacrilegious. But the people would not give up their old dramas. The priests thought it best to be lenient and so they continue.

The dance dramas of the Indian fiestas are based on history and romance, with some variations in their patterns. One of the important patterns is found in the plays which show two fighting sides, like *Moors and Christians*, the most popular and best known of the dance dramas. In this presentation there is ample opportunity for action through the fighting and dancing, while the chorus separates the drama into parts with hymns and dancing.

Based on the story of Spain's conquest of the Moors, the scene is laid in the Holy Land. Santiago, Captain of the Christians, sends his ambassador to the Moorish king, Mahomet, to ask him to forsake his false ways and worship the one true Christian God. After a conference with Moorish warriors, the king refuses the offer of the Christian ambassador of conversion to the Christian faith, the gift of rewards and treasures, and challenges him to war. Battle is waged, the Moors are defeated, and Mahomet dies, without being converted.

Another popular dance drama is *The Conquest of Mexico*, which follows the pattern of *Moors and Christians*. Now the two fighting sides are the Spaniards and the Aztecs. Cortez is the Santiago character, Alvarado, the Christian ambassador, sent to Montezuma to threaten war if he will not profess the Christian faith. Subsequent action is the same in both dance dramas. The ambassador's approach to the palace, his talk with the guards, boasting by both sides before battle, mutual threats, the swordplay and the final conquest by the Christians.

All of the acting takes place in the churchyard, with the Christians arrayed nearest the church door and the Moors, or Aztecs, farther away. In some villages, the bare ground is used, while in others the king sits on a platform, with a canopy above him. Costuming and stage props are clever and show the great imagination of both players and audience. A kitchen chair may serve as a marble staircase whereby the king can ascend to his throne; heavy *machetes*, used as swords, are handled expertly by the players; mirrors sewed on capes and helmets flash in the sun as did the jewels of the early fighters.

Whatever the staging may be, it brings the players very close to the audience. When there is exciting action, bystanders crowd around but when the action drags, the crowd drifts away and comes back later.

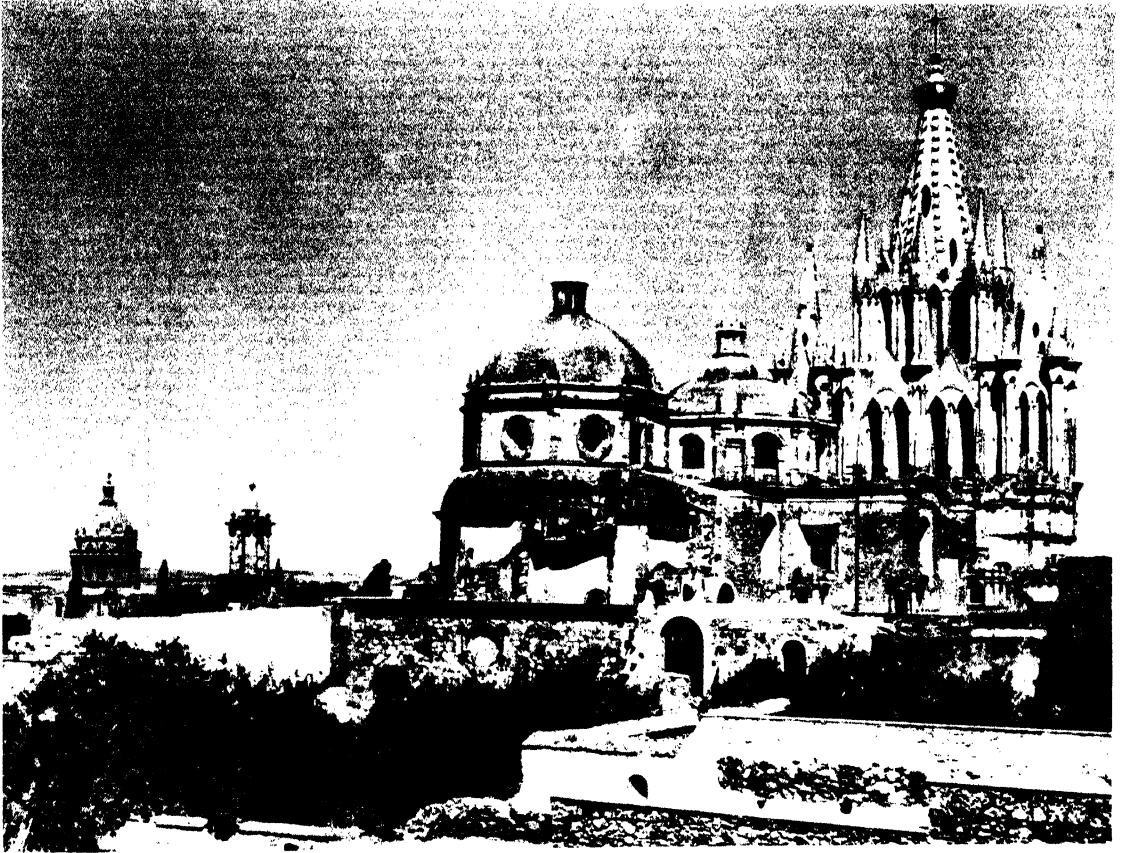
Sometimes the dancers continue all day by extending the periods of swordplay. At dusk most of the crowd is inside the church or on the way home. Very few remain to see the final overthrow of the king.

The greatest celebration of all is the Fiesta of Guadalupe, held each year on December 12th in honor of the Virgin, who according to tradition, appeared to a devout Indian named Juan Diego. On December 9, 1531, Juan, who had recently been converted to Christianity, was passing the Hill of Tepeyacac, where the ancient Aztec goddess, Tonantzin, "Mother of gods," was supposed to live. He was on his way to early Mass.

When he reached the base of the hill, now called Guadalupe, he was surprised to hear a melody of sweet music, as if great numbers of birds were singing together in harmony. He looked overhead and, to his amazement, saw a brilliant cloud. In the center stood a beautiful lady. Poor Juan was very frightened and fell to his knees. Then he heard a voice from the cloud call, "Juan." He looked up and the lady told him to go to the Bishop of Mexico and tell him that she wanted a church built on the hill in her honor.

Juan hurried to the city and told the bishop his story. But the bishop could not believe this wonderful tale from a poor, ignorant Indian and sent him away. A second time and a third time the same vision appeared to pious Juan and the same request was made. Each time Juan went back to the bishop, but still he was unable to persuade him to believe his story.

By this time, Juan was frightened and walked around the other side of the hill, to avoid the vision, for he did not have a favorable report of his visits to Mexico City to give. But the vision appeared just the same. When Juan again persisted in seeing the bishop and told him of the vision appearing on the other side of the hill, too, the prelate told Juan to ask for some sign.



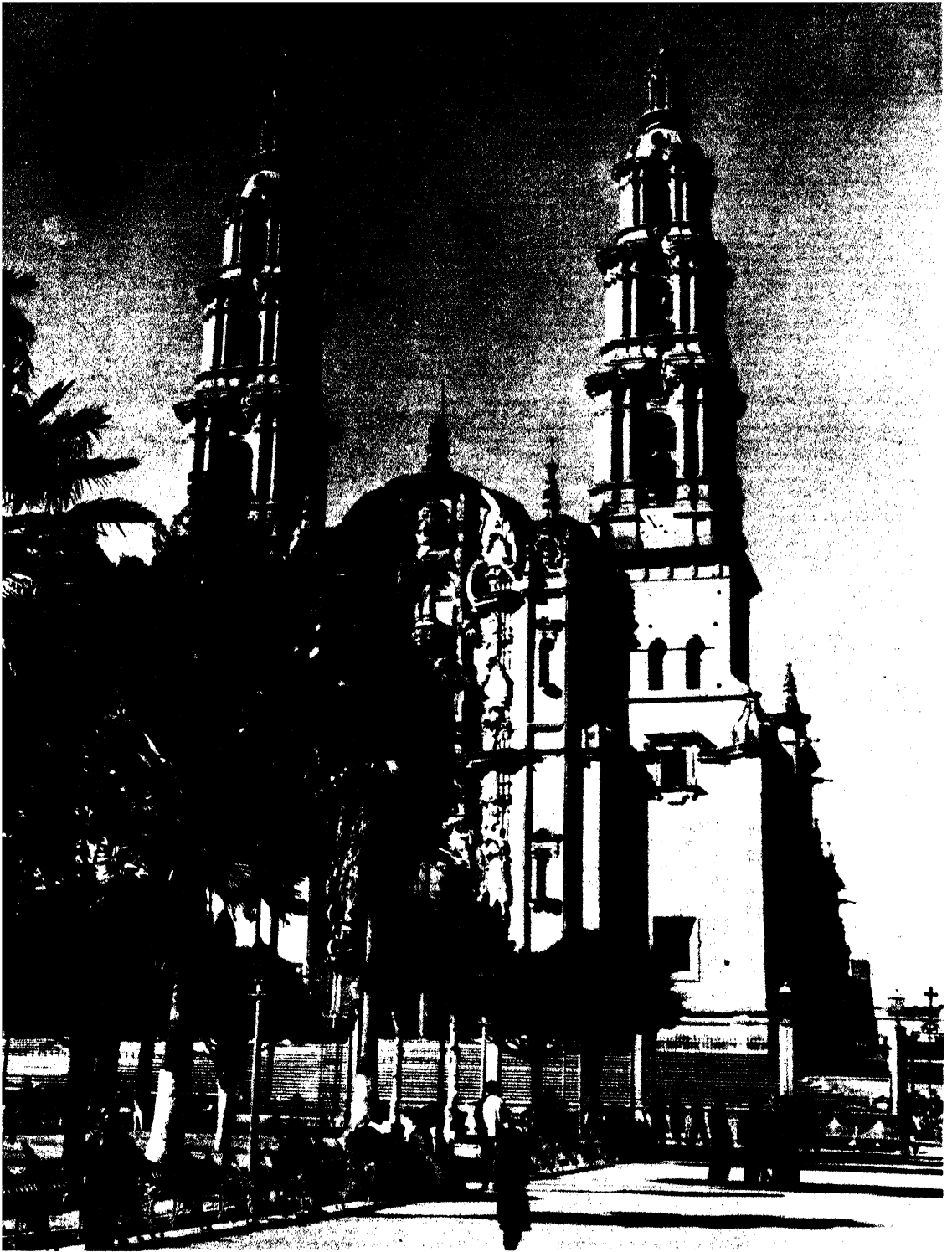
The stately, many spired Cathedral at San Miguel de Allende occupies an entire block opposite the plaza in the center of the city.

The following morning the lady appeared once more and Juan told her of the bishop's request. She instructed him to go up the hill and gather flowers from a barren spot where nothing had ever grown. As he reached the place, beautiful red roses appeared in a miraculous manner. Juan picked the lovely flowers, gathered them up in his *tilma* (cloak) and took it to the bishop. When he opened his *tilma* and spread the beautiful blossoms before the bishop, an image of the Virgin in the cloud appeared on the blanket in brilliant colors.

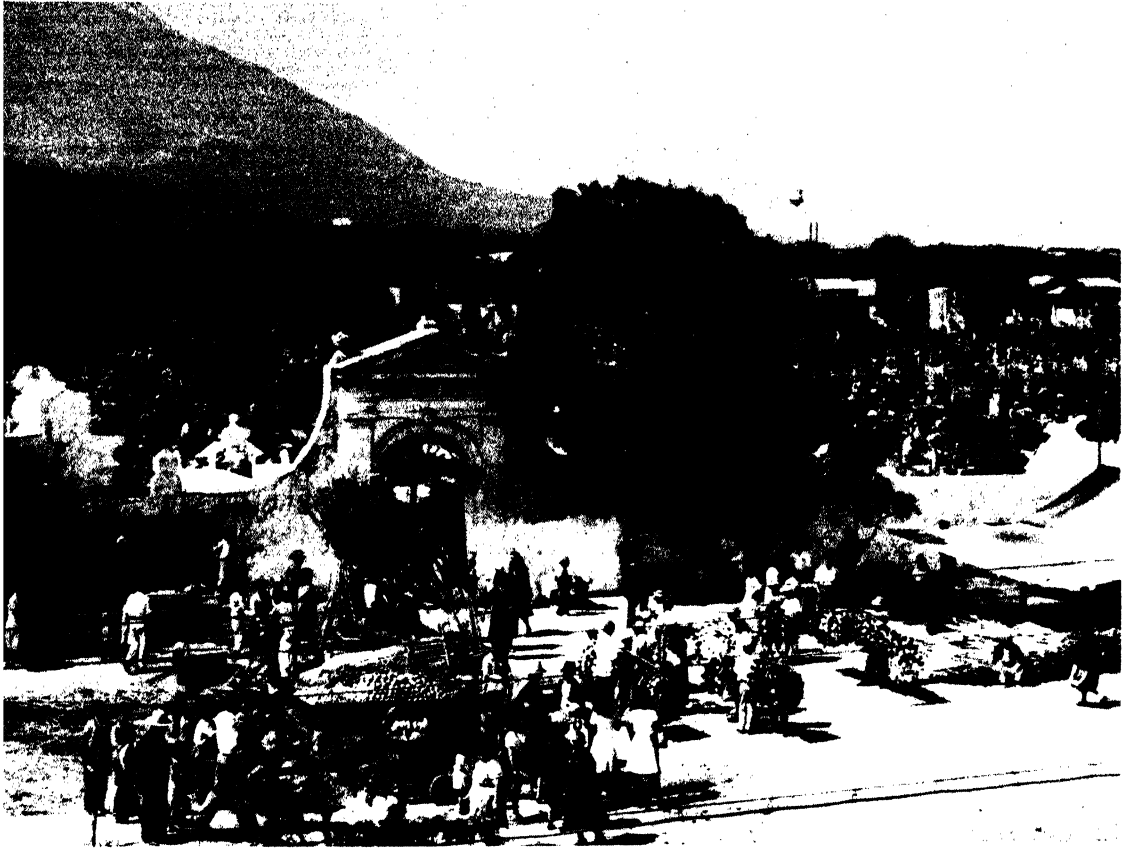
With great reverence, the bishop took the *tilma* and accepted it as an unmistakable token. He gave orders to begin building the chapel at once and when it was completed, the *tilma* was hung on the high altar, where it has remained since, except for short periods.

From this time the Indians have looked on Our Lady of Guadalupe, their special name for the Blessed Virgin, as their patron saint and protector.

The Fiesta of Guadalupe is celebrated in the suburban town of Guadalupe, three miles from Mexico City. During the fiesta, all roads leading to Guadalupe are alive with people on their way to the shrine. Many Indians tramp hundreds of miles and



spires of the cathedral-church at Lagos de Moreno are perfect examples of the beautiful Spanish colonial architecture of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.



Everybody joins in the fiesta, which is part of the celebration of the "Day of the Dead," November 1 and 2, throughout Mexico. In Monterrey, families and friends buy flowers to decorate graves.

bring their food with them. They sleep on the roads, out in the open air. Mexicans from Mexico City and other places even farther away, go to Guadalupe also, to celebrate the great fiesta.

Some years, over 100,000 people attend this fiesta. The plaza and streets around the famous Church of Guadalupe are crowded with booths where handicraft wares, images of the Virgin and candles are sold. In some of the booths, various games are in progress, while at others food and refreshments are bought from women in native costumes.

The church is so crowded it is impossible to move. Thousands of kneeling figures remain motionless, gazing with rapt attention at the picture of the Lady of Guadalupe on the high altar.

Stately cathedrals thrust giant spires skyward all over Mexico. They are a symbol of the strength and comfort that the Christian faith has brought to countless millions of rich and poor alike throughout the Republic.



Mexican artist paints colorful designs on the pottery made at the Tonalart Studios in Irapuato, Jalisco. He works happily, sitting on a low box with his materials on the ground at his feet.

Chapter 5

WHERE THE PEOPLE WORK

IT IS difficult to understand how the idea that Mexicans are lazy started. Perhaps it was due in part to the work of an artist who drew a popular picture of a Mexican with a wide *sombrero* on his head, sitting on the ground next to a huge cactus. Near by his burro is eating while he rests during the hot hours of the *siesta*. Or perhaps it originated because Mexicans disliked working for despotic overlords and wouldn't speed up production when they were forced to labor as slaves on great plantations or in mines.

Whatever the source of the idea, it is wrong. Mexicans are not lazy. They can, and do, work tirelessly for themselves.

Mexico is one of the last agricultural-handicraft nations in the world. Its culture is still essentially non-industrial, despite the fact that in recent years more machinery has been introduced in the large cities. The work-pattern of Mexico evolves around the tilling of the soil and the harvesting of crops. More than seventy per cent of the people work in agriculture part of the time.

Mexicans engage in a great variety of occupations, however. In addition to agriculture, a large percentage of the people also work in the handicraft arts. Then the mining industry gives employment to thousands of men, and so does the oil industry. Due to the growing industrialization of the cities, there is a greater demand for workers in offices, stores, and factories. And the increase in travel facilities has opened up many opportunities for jobs in transportation. There are also many Mexicans who prefer to work for themselves.

Agriculture is, of course, the most essential and the most important work of the Mexican people. The food produced is vital to life and every tillable piece of ground is cultivated, from the tropical valleys to mountain slopes over 8000 feet in altitude. Farming permits the *peones* to work on their own small *milpas* or on large *haciendas* and at the same time to engage in other activities which provide the additional income necessary to make a living.

On large ranches in northern Mexico, many cattle are raised. In other sections there is some cattle raising, as well as a considerable amount of poultry farming. Many goat herders tending their herds may be seen along the highways and also on less frequented roads, for a great deal of goat meat is consumed in Mexico.

During March and April, the end of the dry season, the fields are yellow and dusty. Agricultural work is at a standstill, except for clearing and burning away the brush. When the men in the family are not otherwise employed during these two months, they work around their houses. Roofs are fixed or replaced, if necessary; compound fences are repaired. Old ploughs are mended and used again in many households, while in others new ones are fashioned from hard wood. Some farmers have steel ploughs and tractors but as yet ownership of such modern tools is not universal. The majority of *rancheros* still use wooden ploughs drawn by a pair of oxen.

Every man contributes his share to *cuatequilt* (community work), such as cleaning the church chapels, and repairing fountains, roads or walls. Then there is always the job of replacing worn-out stones in the town laundry, which is found along the banks of the stream that runs through the village, for it is here that the women wash the family clothes, rubbing them clean on the flat stones placed conveniently by the edge of the water.

When the rains begin in May, millions of tons of water soften the hard, parched earth. Men and boys from villages and towns throughout the Republic work very hard, ploughing the fields. It is time to plant corn again. Seeding is done by hand and many farmers use pointed sticks to insert the grain into the ground, just as the Indians did centuries ago.

By June fifteenth all of the corn is planted. It is the main crop in Mexico and must be taken care of first. After the fields are ready to cultivate, the farmers use a flat hoe called a *coa*, which is strictly Mexican in origin.

During June, July, August and September, it rains every afternoon. In the morning the sun shines brilliantly and the flowers everywhere are incredibly beautiful. In the parks and in the gardens, the blossoms are a riot of gorgeous colors.

By the time December comes, the rains have stopped. In *milpas* all over the land the corn is green and tall. The greatest activity of communities throughout the Republic now begins. All other work is dropped so that the crops may be harvested. For example, in Ixmiquilpan, a small village in the state of Hidalgo, the men make colorful fiber baskets and trays to sell to tourists traveling along the Pan-American Highway. However, when the time comes to gather in the crops, even this occupation is discontinued until the harvesting is done. Everybody in the town—men, women and children—labors in the fields from dawn until dusk. Most of the corn harvesting is done without machinery. The ears are pulled from the stalks by hand and the husks slit with a broad needle of iron or wood which hangs from the wrist. Then the corn is gathered into sacks, to be loaded on burros or carried on the farmer's back to the circular storehouse in the family compound. The husks are tied into bundles, to be used later for the outside wrapping on *tamales*. A strong *machete* is employed to cut down the stalks, which are needed for fodder. Often some of the cornstalks are left as poles for growing beans.

Everywhere in Mexico the community spirit is very strong. Neighbors help each other willingly and never complain about long hours spent assisting the other fellow to harvest his crops.

The artistry that is inherent in Mexicans is apparent even in their work in agricul-



Vast fields of henequen are cultivated in many parts of Yucatán. Descendants of the Mayas cut and bundle the spikey leaves. Later, the tough fiber is made into many kinds of rope.

ture. As the corn stalks are stacked, they are placed in geometric patterns, stretching from one corner of the field to the other. Driving through the states of Michoacán, Jalisco and Querétaro, fertile fields spread out as far as the eye can see. When the harvesting is done, the broad lands look like army camps, with countless trim rows of pointed stacks, standing at attention as if they were soldiers on parade.

In January, the men finish up any late harvesting that there is to be done. The workers on coffee plantations have a very busy time then, because this is the month for picking coffee berries and drying them. No machines are used in drying, only the hot Mexican sun.

During February the sugar *haciendas* hum with activity as the *peones* harvest the sugar cane and get it ready for market.

In Yucatán, the cultivation of henequen is the most important work of the Mayas. Fibers from the henequen plant, also called sisal, are used mainly to make cord and twine. Mexico produces over half of the world supply of henequen fiber, most of it in Yucatán.



Primitive methods of farming still predominate in Mexico. This boy is plowing with a handmade wooden plow, drawn by a pair of strong oxen.

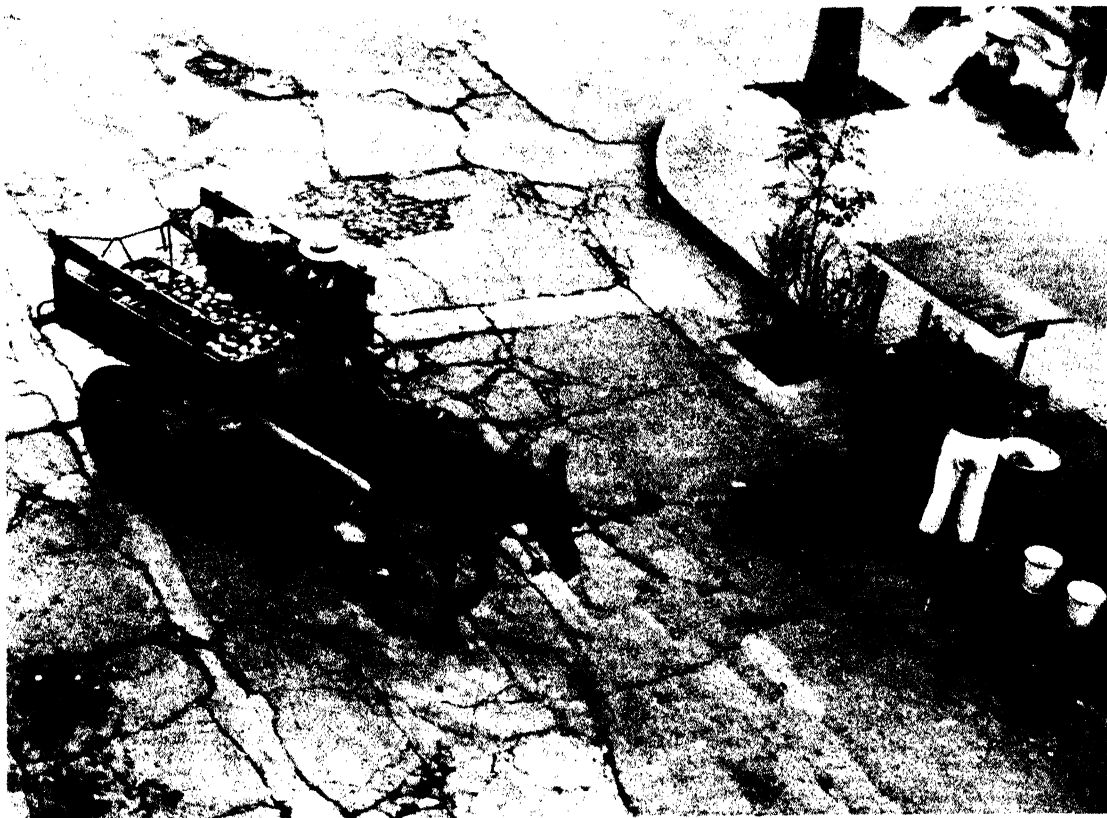
The henequen plant grows for seven years before it can be harvested. For from twenty to twenty-five years after that it bears leaves that may be cut off. Each year about twenty long, spikey leaves are chopped from the bottom of the plant. Indians who do this work are paid at so many *pesos* (Mexican dollar worth about twenty cents in United States currency) per thousand. Skillful natives can cut as many as 5000 leaves in eight hours, although many of them work only five or six hours, because of the intense heat, and cut around 3000 a day. After the henequen leaves are removed from the plant, they are fastened into bundles of fifty and left on the field to be picked up later on by other workers in mule drawn cars.

When the Indians are not harvesting the leaves, they are cultivating the ground where the plants grow. For this work they are paid for the number of "*mecates*" (from the Aztec *mecatl*) they hoe. This is a unit of measure, twenty by twenty meters, which is used by the Yucatecans in the same way that an acre is used as a measure of land in the United States.

Agricultural products are grown throughout the entire year in the plateau region of Mexico. These foods include maize, beans, chick peas, squash and peppers, all of which



With skillful fingers, artist craftsmen model figures of horses and other animals from the black clay found in the vicinity of Guadalajara, Jalisco.



From the balcony of her room in the Gran Hotel, Querétaro, Elise Marlowe took this early morning picture of the orange vendor. He steered his horse toward the curb when the man selling orange juice said he needed more fruit.

are cultivated for sale in local markets. In certain sections, great maguey plantations dominate the agricultural scene. More than a hundred items are made from this plant, which, contrary to the belief of most people, is not a cactus. It is like the century plant in the United States, although it does not conform to the tradition of blooming only once in one hundred years.

Among the products made from the maguey plant are *pulque*, *mescal* and *tequila*, the three national Mexican drinks obtained from the juice and leaves. *Ixtli*, or maguey fiber, is used to make some of the hammocks in the *tierra caliente*. Attractive bags are also woven of *ixtli*, while the longest fibers are used to make baskets and rope. The leaves are used for cattle feed, too.

In the tropical sections of Mexico, great money interests dominate the production of bananas, rubber, sugar, and coffee. Here thousands of *peones* work in the large *haciendas*, cultivating these crops for export.

Next to agriculture, the handicraft arts are most important to the people of Mexico and millions of them devote part or all of their time to doing craftwork. Mexicans are



Before the Christmas holidays especially, women sell attractive toys and novelties to put in the Piñata. This vendor was on the grounds at Chapultepec Castle, in Mexico City.



"El maestro," the master craftsman, has taught his young helpers how to make sturdy reed chairs in a workroom in his home at Coyoacan, D.F.

instinctively artistic. Young and old, rich and poor, the inherent artistry of their ancestors is apparent in their silver work, carving and weaving. The Indians have a deep feeling for beauty, as is evident in the exquisite designs which they create in their decorations on pottery and in basket making. And they have a natural aptitude for color combinations that should never be challenged.

While there are many modern factories similar to those in the United States, the majority of factories in Mexico are very different. Due to the warm climate, it is possible to do a great deal of work out of doors or in small workshops arranged around the *patios* of these unusual "factories." Most of the buildings were once large homes or monasteries, constructed in the rambling colonial style prevalent during the Spanish occupation. Occasionally some remodeling has been done to fit the requirements of factory work, but essentially the structures remain the same.

In Tlaquepaque, a small village about three miles from Guadalajara, noted for its earthenware, there are several pottery factories. Display rooms for the finished work are arranged on two sides of a large *patio*. At the far end of this, Indian artists sit on the ground, molding unique clay animals or vases or plates. Beautiful flowers and



When the Marlowes brought back this photograph of his family to the owner of El Crucero restaurant and store, he laughed and said to his wife: "What a lazy one is our son. Just look at his hands!"

lovely old shade trees line the walks along the *patio*. At the end of one walk there is a yard where other Indian artists sit singly or in small groups of two or three, painting attractive designs on the pottery after it has been fired.

In towns and villages, as well as in the great metropolitan center, Mexico City, thousands of natives are running small businesses of their own. To have a simple street vendor job seems more desirable to many Mexicans than to work in the factories or mines for somebody else. Street vendors, the men and women who sell merchandise to the public from little stalls on the sidewalks or from trays which they carry themselves, may be found all over the Republic. They offer for sale silver jewelry, leather goods, Mexican curios, including tiny glass miniatures, fruits and vegetables, candy or handmade objects such as *sarapes*, pottery and baskets.

"Direct from the manufacturer to the consumer," is the slogan of the women who make and sell food on street corners. They set up their tiny charcoal *braseros* on the sidewalk near the curb or on a small stand, and place a flat tin and small pan, filled with meat cut up in small pieces, on top to heat. Then they slip a thin, round *tortilla* on the smooth, greased surface of the tin. When the *tortilla* has browned to just the



any girls in Guadalajara learn to make huaraches. The city is famous for its pretty girls and is one of the largest centers for producing leather shoes.



Although this handsome Mexican in Ciudad Victoria is known as "el maestro" for making exquisite handmade leather goods, his proudest possession is the shiny, new machine that runs electrically.

right color, a small amount of meat is scooped up from the pan and placed on top of the *tortilla*. Sometimes a spoonful of chopped chili and vegetables is added. Then the *tortilla* is deftly rolled around the mixture. Without further delay, the piping hot *enchilada*, one of the favorite dishes of Mexico, is ready for the hungry customer waiting at the curb or on the sidewalk.

There are storekeepers selling every imaginable variety of merchandise, in addition to such staple items as food and drugs. One storeman may specialize in handling articles made of straw, including *sombreros*, brooms and *petates*. Another will deal in leather goods, featuring *huaraches* (wah-ráh-chees), belts, billfolds and handbags.

The larger towns and cities have department stores that handle a complete line of household necessities. And of course there are always the Indian markets, with food, flowers, wearing apparel and handmade items for sale.

In addition to the street vendors and storekeepers who sell retail merchandise, some men and women have small shops where they make garments or jewelry to sell wholesale. Others render services, such as repairing shoes, or fixing furniture.

One of the most interesting workmen in Mexico is a fine saddle maker in Ciudad



Señor Juan E. Noguez Becceril, Director of the Gertrudis Bocanegra Library, at Pátzcuaro, keeps adding new juvenile books and encourages boys and girls to spend more time reading in the library.

Victoria. He is the “maestro,” or master, greatly admired by his associates, who respect his ability and fine workmanship. Despite the fact that he is an excellent craftsman and does beautiful handtooled leather work, today his most prized possession is the shiny new power sewing machine which he now uses in some of his work.

While the greatest percentage of the Mexican people are engaged in some type of manual labor, craft work or their own business, there are many professional workers, including doctors, lawyers, artists, writers, teachers and others absorbed in educational activities.

One of the finest librarians in the country works tirelessly in the *Biblioteca Pública Federal “Gertrudis Bocanegra,”* in the city of Pátzcuaro, Michoacán. He particularly welcomes and encourages young readers and is always adding to his list of books for boys and girls of all ages, for he firmly believes that by helping to educate the youth of Mexico he is helping to make his country grow and prosper.

And through their personal efforts, people all over Mexico are doing their part to make their country greater because of their diligence and industry.

Chapter 6

WHY ARTS AND CRAFTS ARE IMPORTANT

MEXICANS have always loved to create beautiful art and craft objects, and there have been many legends in the folklore of Mexico about men and women who were skilled in making things. One of the favorite stories told is about a man who made toys in his spare time. This is the way the tale has been handed down from generation to generation:

Once there lived a little hunchback named Rafael, whose home was in a tiny Mexican village in the mountains. Although he was poor and chopped wood to make a living for his family, he was kindhearted and gay.

Rafael worked very hard, but he sang Mexican tunes from morning until night as he swung his axe in the forest. All of the children loved him, for when he came home in the late afternoon, he was always ready to play games with them. And at night he was never happier than when he was making some new toy to give to them. From the clay that he mixed himself, Rafael created all kinds of toy animals—pigs with funny curled tails and pointed ears, leopards with big black spots or birds with long bills.

"If only I could spend more time on these toys for the children," Rafael said to his wife one night, "then I would be absolutely content."

"Perhaps some day you can," his wife said. But she didn't really think that would ever happen.

Rafael's neighbor, José, who had also been a poor *peon*, suddenly became rich. People whispered that José had been a highway robber and they didn't like him because all he did with his money was to get drunk and then go home and beat his wife.

Late one afternoon, as Rafael was chopping down a tree, he was hit by a falling limb. The blow knocked him unconscious. When he regained consciousness it was very late and the moon was shining. He propped himself up on his elbow and rubbed his head. Suddenly he sat up, for he heard voices. Not far from him he could see a crowd of tiny elves, dancing in the moonlight. They were singing over and over: *Lunes, martes miércoles-tres*; the Spanish words for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, three.

"Well, why don't you sing the rest?" Rafael asked.

"We can't, because we don't know it," the little creatures sighed.

"It goes like this: *Jueves, viernes, sábado-seis*," Rafael told them.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," the elves cried. And they tumbled about and jumped in glee over learning the rest of the song. After singing the rhyme again and again, they finally stopped and whispered together. Then they hopped over to where Rafael was sitting on the ground. "Rafael, we want to pay you for your goodness," they said. "We are going to take off your hump."

Nobody knew how it happened, but when Rafael stood up a few minutes later, his hump was gone. He was a straight, strong man. With grateful thanks, Rafael said good-bye to his little friends. But before he left the elves gave him a huge bag of gold, nearly as big as the old hump on his back had been. After thanking them again, Rafael walked home in the moonlight with his precious burden.

"Why, Rafael, what has happened to you?" his wife asked anxiously when he reached home.

Rafael told her the story of his adventures in the woods. When the townspeople heard it they insisted that the falling tree was responsible for getting rid of his hump.

With the treasure from the elves, Rafael bought a fine new house for his family and started a toy shop. Now he knew that for the rest of his life he could do what he loved best. That was to make beautiful toys for the children.

His disagreeable neighbor, José, thought Rafael had received his wealth by robbing somebody. He didn't think that honesty and industry ever brought rewards. He was so envious he kept on questioning Rafael's wife until finally he learned the story. At first he disbelieved it.

"Dwarfs!" he exclaimed scornfully. "There are no creatures like that in Mexico. And yet, I remember hearing that a dwarf built the Soothsayer's House in Uxmal, Yucatán, in one night. Maybe there is some truth to the tale. If so, I'll win my share of elfin gold."

The next night, José went to the woods and pretended to sleep. Soon the elves came out to dance, this time singing:

*Lunes, martes, miércoles-tres;
Jueves, viernes, sábado-seis.*

"Why don't you finish your verse?" José asked, sitting up.

"How?" the elves cried.

"*Domingo-siete*," (Sunday-seven) was the answer.

The elves tried the last line. "Why, it doesn't rhyme," they shrieked. "*Tres*," (trace) "*seis*," (sayce) "*siete*," (see-étt-tay) "You've spoiled everything." And the elves jumped on José, pounded him and pulled his hair. When they saw that he was the mean robber who had caused such unhappiness in his village, they punished him some more by putting Rafael's old hump on his back. He had to wear it ever after.

Since that time, all over Mexico, people who rudely interrupt, or who make foolish remarks in company, are quieted by saying, "*Domingo-siete*."

This legend about the Mexican toymaker may not all be true. But it is true in one respect—Rafael's love of making beautiful things that give happiness and pleasure—for this is the way most Mexicans feel about handicrafts.



Left: A sarape maker of Teotitlán works on the loom in his home. Right: Rafael, buyer at Sanborn's, models the sarape Elise Marlowe bought for her husband.

Since the days before the Spanish Conquest, the arts and crafts of the Mexicans have been a vital part of their life. The ancient Mayas, Toltecs, Aztecs and other native Indians had highly developed craft industries. Old civilizations in Mexico produced marvelous craftsmen who wove beautiful textiles, made distinguished pieces of unglazed pottery and lacquer ware, created exquisite feather robes, and fashioned silver and gold work of delicate designs. These craftsmen also made turquoise masks of intricate mosaic patterns, carved objects of bone and obsidian, painted handsome frescoes, did wood carving, trimmed many garments with fine handmade embroidery and sculptured huge stone figures. To all of this, the Spaniards added the arts of glass-making, glazed pottery, iron and leather-working.

Most inhabitants of countries where agriculture is the most important means of earning a living engage in craft work of some kind. There are many days between planting and weeding, cultivating and harvesting. And then there is a long period between gathering up the crops and the time to plant again. There is ample time to make handcraft articles carefully and finish them beautifully, despite other necessary duties around the home and in the community.

During and after the chaotic period of the Conquest, native life was disrupted and many of the old arts decayed. Some, such as the iridescent feather mosaics and fine gold work, disappeared entirely. In their efforts to rehabilitate the Indians, some of the Spanish priests encouraged existing crafts and introduced glazed majolica ware, glass blowing and wrought-iron work.



With agile fingers, this expert potter fashions a lovely vase in the Rugério pottery works at Puebla. His feet keep the potters wheel spinning rapidly and whirls the form on the table top.

Pottery, weaving and lacquer were the most important pre-conquest wares. The craft industries were organized by villages and towns, each one having one or more specialties. Community spirit has always been very strong in Mexico and since the time of the ancient civilizations, families in some villages have worked as a group to make handcraft products. In others, many families combine to produce together.

The day before they left San Miguel Allende, the Marlowes wanted to visit one of the families in the town that made pottery, so Juan took them to see how friends of his, the Romeros, did their work.

When they arrived, *Señor* and *Señora* Romero, Josefino, who was nine, and Arturo, who was twelve, were out in their *patio*, carefully packing the reddish-brown clay bowls they had made for market.

"Do you actually make those beautiful pieces yourselves?" Mrs. Marlowe asked.

"*Sí, señora.*" A pleased smile slowly spread over *Señora* Romero's face. "Yes, we do."

"Could you tell us how you do it?" Dr. Marlowe suggested as he walked across the *patio* with Juan.



This industrious worker carefully dips the pottery chickens into a bright orange liquid, which puts on a brilliant glaze after firing.

"Sí, sí, señor." Señor Romero stopped his work and obligingly went over next to Dr. Marlowe. "Con gusto." (with pleasure)

"Isn't this the clay you use?" Juan asked, pointing to a wet lump on the ground.

"Yes, Juan, it was ground by Señora Romero on her *metate*. This afternoon I will shape bowls with it," Señor Romero answered.

"Then what happens?" Mrs. Marlowe wanted to know.

"When I finish molding, Arturo and Josefina dry the pieces in the sun and then bake the unglazed pottery, the kind without a glossy finish, in a very hot oven, for several hours," Señor Romero explained. "Then it is done, unless we add a few decorations, which are put on, and then the earthenware is baked again. But there are two other kinds of Mexican pottery, one is polished and the other glazed."

"What happens to them?" Dr. Marlowe asked.

"Decorations are put on the polished and glazed pottery after it has been slightly baked. Señora Romero designs the flowers and leaves, and I paint the animals." Señor Romero spoke modestly, for he did not think it was anything unusual that he and his family were able to make beautiful, artistic objects. "When we have finished decorating the bowls, they are fired again to fix the colors."



A young apprentice learns how to burnish exquisite silver pieces so that the precious metal will have a brilliant polish.

"Then are they finished?" Mrs. Marlowe looked admiringly at the pieces *Señora* Romero was packing.

"Oh, no," Arturo and Josefina spoke together softly, for like most Mexican children, they were extremely polite and never rudely interrupted their elders. "After the pottery has cooled, Josefina and I begin to polish," Arturo explained. "We rub until our arms are very tired, and then we do it some more."

"Yes, our children are very good workers," *Señora* Romero spoke in the same modest manner as her husband, "they know that one of the big secrets in pottery-making is fine finishing."

Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe thanked the Romero family for their interesting visit and then Juan took them back to the hotel.

The pottery made in Puebla is very famous. This city, capital of the state of the same name, was established by the Spaniards in the 16th century. Priests who were interested in furthering the arts and crafts of the Indians found some excellent potters in the Puebla region, which had once been occupied by Toltecs. They taught them how



Young Mexican girls learn the art of hand-decorating fine lacquer trays in small shops in Uruapan.

to copy the form and color of the famous Spanish *Talavera de la Reina* pottery, which had a white glazed background with blue designs. The Mexican product was inferior because the Indian artists were not good imitators. They were too original for that.

After Mexican independence was won from Spain in 1821, the potters rebelled. They began to change the Spanish *Talavera* by adding colors and different designs. Since then the *Talavera de Puebla* pottery has been created by Mexican artists and it is now famous, even outside of Mexico. Many different forms are made: dinner sets, vases, flowerpots, huge jars and tiles. *Talavera* tiles are probably the most famous single item made, for the churches in the region are noted for their tile domes in all colors but mainly those in the white, blue and yellow of the *Talavera*.

Some historians believe that weaving was practiced in Mexico by Indians known as the Archaics, who, it is estimated, lived there thousands of years.

In ancient times, the Indians used horizontal looms, with one end of the warp tied to a post and the other end fastened on a belt which encircled the weaver's waist. Although Mexican Indian weavers used the upright loom and the spinning wheel, which the Spaniards brought to their country, they have never abandoned their own loom and way of spinning.

For centuries all cloth made in Mexico had been handwoven and colored with natural dyes. After the first large textile mills were established, at the end of the 19th century, however, the Indians began to use machine-made cottons. But they still weave by hand nearly everything in wool, as well as a great deal of cotton, so that today weaving is one of the most important and widespread of the craft arts.

Families that are skilled in weaving work in much the same manner as do the pottery makers. Different members are responsible for various parts of the work. At the age of five or six, children begin to learn the trade of their parents by carding and spinning the wool. By the time they are nine or ten years old, they start working on the looms.

Sarapes, worn by all Mexican Indian men and boys, are the most important handmade articles in the country. Made of wool, they are woven everywhere by men who usually work on upright looms. No two *sarapes* are ever exactly the same in design, for the individuality of the weaver is always expressed before the garment is finished. Similarity of design in certain regions, however, makes it possible for the connoisseur to recognize the region from which a *sarape* comes.

Teotitlán del Valle, a tiny village near Oaxaca City, supplies lightweight, loosely woven *sarapes*, with conventional animal designs on soft gray wool and a white and black striped border; others have pleasing blue and black designs on white backgrounds.

Only a few of the exquisite, fine *sarapes* made in Saltillo more than one hundred years ago are available now. Most of those remaining are hidden away in family chests. Saltillo *sarapes* were the most famous ever made and nothing so fine can be had any more, although there are many beautiful ones still created by artist craftsmen. The tremendous tourist demand for handwoven articles, in addition to the local needs, makes it impossible for the weavers today to spend enough time on one article to produce anything like the old Saltillo *sarapes*.

In addition to the all-important garment for men, other articles woven for the use of Mexicans include the *rebozos*, *bolsas* (wool bags), *fajas* (sashes), and hand-woven cloth.

Chilapa, a little town in Guerrero, is known as the village of blue-cloth hills. Here great quantities of the country's handmade *rebozos* are fashioned. At the outskirts of the village the first signs of the industry appear. Here the yarn is stretched tight between two iron spikes for two hundred yards, bordering the cobbled streets. Farther along, men card the wool. Then the yarn is raised on poles and dried.

The sounds of the handlooms come from every house in Chilapa. Men with hands dyed a deep blue walk up and down the streets. All of the hills surrounding the town are covered by long strips of blue cloth, *rebozos*, drying in the sun. The cloth is invariably dark blue, with tiny designs of white or light blue. When they are dry, men pick up the *rebozos*, fold and pile them together to be shipped away on *camiones* (trucks), or burros.

Chilapa is an example of a perfect craft town, dependent on its one ware. It is mildly prosperous, as are most craft towns where the art of the people is maintained and demand for their output is sustained in outside markets.

If industrialization brings mass production of this article in textile factories, the

market for Chilapa's handmade product will dwindle and perhaps eventually disappear. Then the townspeople will be faced with a serious problem of making some new article that cannot easily be manufactured by machines. It would be difficult to create a new craft here when for generations families have handed down the process and equipment for making *rebozos* only.

In addition to articles woven of wool and cotton, the Mexicans also make quite a few of palm, reed and fiber. *Petates*, the straw mats used by most Indians for sleeping, are made wherever *tule*, a coarse reed, and palms grow. Most of these are the size of a double bed, although some are made smaller, some larger, while others are in strips, like floor runners. None of them are very expensive, but the ones made from the palms growing in Oaxaca, Puebla and Guerrero, decorated in colorful geometrical designs, cost more than those coarsely woven of *tule*.

Various kinds of baskets are also made of this reed. They are always useful, while the nested baskets and purses are amusing, too, for eight or ten of them, from a very small size to a capacious one, fit inside each other.

Tule is also used by the Indians to make interesting little, and big toys of animals, birds, soldiers and other objects which children enjoy.

Sombreros are worn by men all over Mexico. They are hand woven of palm in countless sizes and shapes. Like *sarapes*, they are made everywhere and everywhere they are different, for again the individuality of the workers in various regions is expressed. In some places the crowns are high and pointed, the brims wide; in others, crowns are low and flat, brims narrow. Oaxaca is noted for its *sombreros* and other fine ones come from Yucatán, Tabasco, and Chiapas.

Basket making is one of the oldest of Mexican handicrafts. Natural color palm is used and the baskets are fashioned in all sizes, some with covers, some without. For decoration, part of the palm is dyed different bright colors and worked into interesting designs, many purely geometric, others of animals and figures.

There are regional differences in baskets, too. The Toluca basket market is one of the largest and best known in Mexico. Baskets from Santa Ana and other small villages near Toluca are distinguished by their gay designs in many bright colors. Nearly every tourist returning from a trip to Mexico brings home at least one Mexican Indian basket.

Fiber from the low, squat variety of the maguey plant has a number of important uses. A handful of it, called *estropajo*, is used for scrubbing and cleaning, and sometimes for a wash cloth. The Otomí Indians of Hidalgo weave *ayates* (carrying clothes) of maguey fiber on horizontal looms. *Ixtli* (maguey fiber), is also spun and made into rope and string.

In Yucatán, henequen fiber, or sisal, is used for handicrafts. Among the many attractive articles made are tiny coin purses, handbags and table mats.

Before the Conquest, gold was the metal used most by the Indians. They made exquisite gold jewelry and other objects by the different processes of casting, filigree, hammering and polishing. They also used some silver and copper but no other metal,

for these three were the only ones known then. Since the discovery of the famous Monte Albán Jewels, in the ruins at Monte Albán, a few miles from Oaxaca City, goldsmiths have been copying many of the ancient designs in rings, necklaces and earrings. Today, Mérida, Yucatán, is noted for its filigree work in gold and silver, while goldsmiths of Iguala and Acapulco, in Guerrero, are also making some gold jewelry.

In the market at Pátzcuaro, Michoacán, hand-hammered copper kettles of all sizes are found. They are made by the Indians in Santa Clara del Cobre, a pre-conquest copper center near Pátzcuaro.

Carving is another pre-conquest art still practiced quite extensively. Beautiful altars are carved from stone and onyx. *Metates* of stone in the same form as those cut out before the Conquest continue to be made and used all over Mexico. A stone *molcajete* (mortar) is employed to grind the maize to make *tortilla* dough on the *metate*.

Onyx is mined in several states, including Puebla. Artists in the capital city carve many onyx novelties, such as inkwells, animal paperweights, and beads.

Wood carving is also quite extensive. Wooden chocolate beaters, *molinillo* (mo-lee-née-yo), used to stir this popular beverage, spoons, combs, and boxes are among the beautiful things carved. Animals and figures, too, are sculptured.

While shell is used for a number of novelties, such as combs, earrings, and trays, horn objects are very scarce. The horns of young bulls are needed to make the rare chessmen, desk pieces, graceful birds and other lovely articles that some of the Indians still carve.

As you know, the reason that certain handcrafts or industries are carried on in particular regions is because the necessary raw materials are available in the vicinity. Baskets are made where *tule* and palm grow; red pottery where red clay is found. Lacquer work, started by the Tarascans centuries ago in Uruapan, Michoacán, is still going on there, for the light wood needed for *bateas* (large trays) and other pieces grows near the town. The earth furnishes the necessary ingredients for making different colors and the Tarascans discovered that they could extract oils from the *chía* seed and from a worm called *gie*, mix it with the lacquer and make it hard, unbreakable and waterproof. No other lacquer has this quality, although Olinala, important art center of Guerrero, where lacquer ware is also made, has most of the raw materials that are found in the state of Michoacán.

Through a secret process for hardening the material, unusual wax articles of great beauty are made. The finest come from the studios of *Señor Hidalgo*, in Mexico City. *Señor Hidalgo* is a talented artist who creates in wax many exquisite figures of people and animals. He makes miniatures less than two inches high, as well as large horses or whole human families, with their household objects and animals included. The colors used for decorating do not run or change and the wax never becomes soft.

Primitive peoples have always used masks. The ancient Mexicans wore them during festivals and special dances, but since there are fewer of these dances today, the Indians do not use masks as frequently as did their ancestors. Great quantities of them are made, however, and they are still worn at festive celebrations.



Enterprising young Mexicans display the colorful baskets made by the Indians to sell in the famous Toluca market.



Señor Hidalgo, famous artist and wax sculptor of Mexico City, puts the finishing touches on a beautiful black wax horse.

Mexican artists fashion masks of tin, paper, clay, leather, cloth, paste, wood, and lacquer. Genuine hair and teeth are often used to make them seem more realistic, and they are always painted in bright colors, often on a black background.

Musicians all over Mexico play on homemade instruments. *Maestros* everywhere make *jaranjas* (small stringed guitars), *guitarrones* (large guitars), harps and violins. There are a few places that specialize in the art of making musical instruments. Paracho, Michoacán, a small village off the Pacific Highway between Mexico City and Guadalajara, is especially noted for its attractive guitars.

Among the pre-conquest type of instruments still used are the two Aztec drums—the *huehueltl*, a tall, round upright drum, and the *teponaxtli*, a round horizontal one. *Chirimías*, flutes of clay or reed, some in the modern, some in the primitive scale, also continue in favor. These ancient type instruments produce strange, exotic music and are played at religious festivals.

The Spaniards introduced gunpowder and fireworks to the Mexicans. Fireworks appealed to the imagination of the Indians and they have eagerly adopted them as an important part of their religious festivals.

Artist fireworks-makers may be found everywhere. They are extremely clever and create ornate pieces of all descriptions. Portraits of historical personages are made to burn on the eve of September 16th, Mexico's Independence Day, while castles, sometimes a hundred feet tall, are the most elaborate and intricate of all the fireworks pieces. Flowers and birds, crosses, crowns and saints are reproduced and each is placed so that it will go off separately and win the undivided admiration that it deserves.

Handcrafts in Mexico today are separated into three classes. First are the things made by a householder for his own use. The results are often quaint, and some of them are crude, but many of them are devices needed in daily living. Homemade articles include furniture, saddles, bowls, baskets, metal work, tile, and pottery. Second are the articles which Indians make for exchange in their own village markets. These represent popular arts in their best and purest form. Objects of this type are usually made by a village specializing in a particular ware, such as *rebozos*, and the people in a village like Chilapa, for example, expect different articles or food from other villages in exchange for their goods. Third, the wares made for urban demand and the tourist trade. Some of these articles are beautiful and desirable. Others are ugly and not worth owning.

Several years ago there was a tendency to debase the local craftwork in Mexico. That is why undesirable articles were produced. Fortunately, new forces have been working constructively to stimulate the fine work of Mexico's creative artists. Men like Fred Davis of Mexico City, a noted art collector and designer of exquisite jewelry, have been spending their time and money to revive the art of making much of the precious native Mexican craftwork that has been gradually disappearing.

Industrialization and modern methods of production have a tendency to destroy the creative work of the true artist. Millions of Mexicans are still engaged in individual craftwork, however, and this important part of their lives cannot easily be extinguished.

Beautiful art work and fine handcrafts will continue in Mexico through her many talented artist creators.



Chapter 7

MEXICAN MARKETS

IT WAS early morning. The heavy gray car wound around the base of the mountains on the rough road between San Miguel Allende and Guanajuato. Then it started to climb. Up the narrow incline it crawled slowly until it reached the summit, thousands of feet above the valley, when it began to go down again. Dr. Marlowe was at the wheel and his wife was sitting next to him. The scenery was magnificent and Mrs. Marlowe was glad that the trip had to be made slowly.

Driving was difficult because the road was not only rough but it was not wide enough for another car to pass in most places. When a truck driver from Guanajuato saw the gray car approaching, he obligingly backed up to a wide spot in the road so that Dr. Marlowe had no difficulty in getting by.

"*Muchas gracias, señor,*" Dr. Marlowe called when they passed the truck.

"*De nada, señor,*" came the polite response as the driver waved good-bye and continued on his way.

After driving for many miles, the Marlowes saw a small village nestled at the base of a hill across the valley. Animals and people were walking along the road leading away from the little community. Women carrying babies in *rebozos* on their backs, sat on slow-moving burros. Some of the Indian men bore crates filled with pieces of pottery, while others led burros loaded down with the colorful wares.

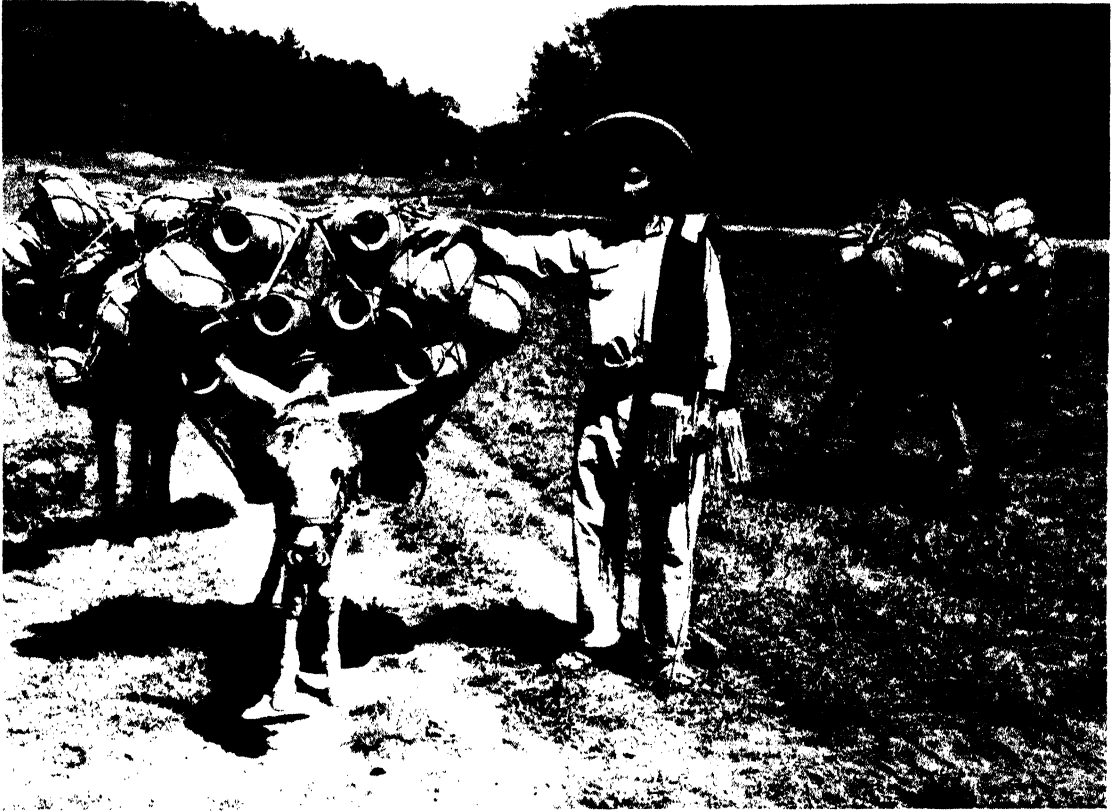
"Where do you suppose they are going?" Dr. Marlowe asked, after they had watched the procession for several minutes as they drove along.

"All signs point to the market in Guanajuato," Mrs. Marlowe answered.

"I haven't seen a sign since we left the Pan-American Highway, Elise. What signs are you talking about?"

"Not road signs, Allen. I mean that a procession of Indians walking on the road early in the morning, going toward Guanajuato and carrying pottery, is a sure sign that today is market day in the city."

"Of course, now I remember that the manager of the *Posada de San Francisco*, in San Miguel Allende, said last night we would reach Guanajuato on market day," Dr. Marlowe said, then put on the brakes to slow down the car at a particularly rough spot in the road.



On the way to Mexican markets, burros carry loads of pottery and other articles to be sold by their owners.

"Look, Allen!" Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed suddenly as they rounded a curve. "There is an Indian ahead of us, going to market. Those two big jars he's carrying would look beautiful on our porch, one on either side of the door."

"So they would, Elise. We'll buy them—that is, if the Indian can understand any English." Dr. Marlowe stopped the car, got out and walked a few yards ahead, where he overtook the Indian.

"*¿Buenos días, señor, comprende usted inglés?*" (Good morning, sir, do you understand English?)

The Indian stopped and turned around when he heard Dr. Marlowe's voice and answered politely: "*Sí, señor, comprendo un poco.*" (Yes, sir, I understand a little.)

"That's fine," Dr. Marlowe said. "Then we can do some business together. We like those jars of yours and wish to buy them. How much do you want for them?"

"Oh, *señor*, I am so sorry." The Indian spoke slowly. "The jars, they are not to sell here. They go to Guanajuato, to market day to sell."

"Yes, I know, but I'd like to buy them now and then you won't need to go all the way to the market."

The Indian looked up at the Doctor. "Maybe the *Señor* does not understand. If I

sell my pottery now, I have nothing to take to market. What would I do all day with nothing to sell? On market day I must go to my regular place, like my ancestors did. I need my goods to sell."

"I understand," Dr. Marlowe said and started to walk back to the car. "Maybe we can buy the jars at the market."

"*Sí, sí, señor. Hasta luego.*" (Yes, yes, sir. Until then, or good-bye.) The Indian stepped to the side of the narrow road and waited while the car drove on. Mrs. Marlowe called "*Adiós*," and waved as they passed by.

"That's the first time anybody has refused to sell me something I wanted to buy because he wanted to have something still to sell," Dr. Marlowe remarked with a grin.

"It does seem strange, but then we have found out that the philosophy of Mexican Indians is very different from that of North Americans," Mrs. Marlowe said. "The fun of going to market is obviously more important to the Indians than just selling goods to somebody."

"You must be right, Elise," Dr. Marlowe responded. Then he slowed the car and stopped for a moment. "Isn't that El Monte, the famous silver mine, down there in that valley?"

"It certainly is, Allen. And that means that we aren't very far from Guanajuato, for El Monte is only a few miles from the city."

A little while later, when Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe reached the *Posada de Santa Fe* in Guanajuato, a smiling Mexican boy of about fifteen years opened the door of their car after they had stopped in front of the hotel. He wore dark blue overalls, sturdy black shoes and a man's felt hat. His merry black eyes twinkled as he looked up at the Doctor.

"You are the *Señor* Doctor Marlowe, I think. I am Rubén. My friend Mike, in Taxco, wrote that you were coming to visit Guanajuato this month and would drive a big gray car. If you need a guide, I would like to serve you."

"That's fine, Rubén. Mrs. Marlowe and I hoped that we would find you here. We'll have a porter take the bags to our room and will be ready to go very soon."

Before long the Marlowes and their young guide started for the market. During their stay in Taxco and Cuernavaca, and then San Miguel Allende, the Doctor and his wife had become rather accustomed to driving through steep, narrow, cobblestone streets. But they had never seen anything like Guanajuato. Here, many of the streets were so narrow, that pedestrians had to walk one behind the other. The only traffic was an occasional single file of burros that clicked over the rough cobbles, while their master shooed them from behind. People living in facing houses could lean out of their windows and shake hands across the street.

On the way to the large plaza, where general market was held, the visitors stopped to look at the permanent pottery market. Heaps of earthenware were piled on both sides of the street, which was much wider than many they had observed in Cuernavaca. Near the sidewalk they discovered small sets of dishes, bowls and vases.

Mrs. Marlowe picked one of them up and exclaimed in delight, "How charming! I must buy some of these."

"*Para los niños*" (for the children), Rubén explained.



Rubén and his friends picked up bowls and pitchers from the display in the pottery market in Guanajuato to have their picture taken by Mrs. Marlowe.

"Yes, of course, but they're miniatures, too! I have never seen anything lovelier than these tiny glazed pieces in green and blue and brown." And so before she went on, Mrs. Marlowe bought several sets of small dishes, while Rubén and two friends whom he had met at the market, walked around with Dr. Marlowe.

Farther down the street were baking dishes of reddish brown, sets of *ollas* that fit into each other, colorful bowls, pitchers and vases. Only pottery was sold in this market, except for the baskets which might be bought for carrying the earthenware purchased.

Late that afternoon, after they had looked at leather goods, toys, glassware and *sarapes*, the Marlowes reached the pottery section of the general market.

"Elise, am I right in thinking—" Dr. Marlowe didn't have time to finish.

"Our beautiful blue jars, Allen. Here they are!" Mrs. Marlowe hurried ahead. A few feet farther on, placidly enjoying his conversation with a friend, was the Indian they had passed on the mountain road early that morning.

When Dr. Marlowe joined his wife, the Indian looked up and smiled shyly. "*Buenas tardes* (good afternoon), *señor y señora*. You are here."

"Yes, and we see you still have those lovely jars. Will you sell them to us now?"

"*Sí, señor, con gusto*" (yes, sir, with pleasure).

Dr. Marlowe paid the amount the Indian asked. It seemed a very small sum for such beautiful work, but the Mexican appeared to be very happy about the transaction.

"*Vaya con Dios*" (may God be with you). The Indian bowed gracefully when the Marlowes left his *puesto* (stand), carrying the big blue pieces of pottery.

"*Adiós,*" Mrs. Marlowe called cordially as they left. "Our Indian friend loves Mexican markets—and so do I!" she told her husband with zest.

Mercados (markets) have been an important part of Mexican life since pre-conquest times. During the Aztec period, from 1325 to 1521, each man was compelled to go to market, which was held every fifth day. This compulsory "holiday" was celebrated with games and a festival and the ancient Mexicans enjoyed market day just as much as do their descendants today.

While there have been some changes since the first markets were held in Mexico centuries ago, they are essentially the same and take place in every village, town and city at least once each week. They are always on the same day of the week in each town but different regions hold them on various days. Market day in Toluca, Michoacán, is on Friday, while in Acotlán, Oaxaca, it is on Sunday.

Some towns, like Cuernavaca and Tepoztlán, hold markets more than once a week, while larger cities have them daily. And whenever there is a religious or national festival, it is an occasion for another.

Mexico has three types of markets. One kind fills the plaza, and the streets on all sides of the square are crowded with vendors who display their wares either on the stone sidewalks, or on counters in small booths. Others are on side streets, while permanent markets are held indoors, in buildings.

In outdoor markets, to keep off the sun, vendors set up poles, then pull large pieces of coarse cloth over them. They look like huge white umbrellas or open tents, and, together with the dark-skinned people, give a decidedly oriental appearance to the scene.

Square-buildings that cover half a block, or more, house the indoor markets. Inside, the booths are set up in long rows. Floors are of stone, wood, or just plain earth, which has been worn smooth by countless sandaled feet walking back and forth.

Mexicans take great pride in the arrangement of the merchandise they sell in the markets. There are no baskets packed full of vegetables for the customer to pick over. Instead, small heaps of peppers or onions or potatoes are neatly arrayed on mats, newspaper or burlap. Each pile is priced according to the quality, some selling for as little as two *centavos* (cents) for a pile while others are five *centavos*, ten *centavos*, or more.

In some of the stalls at the Guanajuato market, the women display their vegetables on a low platform, covered with burlap, which is raised about six inches from the stone floor. Back of them, counters contain open bins of *frijoles* and *maíz*. Sometimes there are jars filled with candy and cookies, too.

Following the custom of centuries ago, the people always take the same positions in the market month after month, year after year. In Oaxaca, all merchants from



Women vendors sit and wait for customers in this indoor market at Guanajuato. Neat piles of onions and peppers appear in the front, while bins of beans and jars of candy are visible in the background.



Sunday is market day in Tancanhuitz. Natives from remote spots in the mountains surrounding the village come early and stay late to enjoy buying and visiting with friends.

Mitla sit together and those from Tule form another group, for the vendors from each village arrange their booths together.

They pay the town authorities a small fee for the use of the space they need to display their wares. Generation after generation, girls and boys grow up at their mother's or grandmother's booth and start to learn the business while they are toddling around.

On Saturday, the roads leading to Oaxaca, where a large weekly market is held, are dotted with people and animals. Early in the morning, long processions of Indians begin to come in from the country. Along the highway and the narrow roads running from villages tucked away in the mountains, men, women and children are walking and riding to market.

Some of the women carry live turkeys that screech shrilly, as only turkeys can. Children ride on burros, clutching chickens and small packages of wares. Many of the men have huge crates of pottery on their backs, hanging from a strong leather strap wound around the forehead in pre-conquest style. Others transport great rolls of *petates*.



Rupito gets up early on market day to cut meat so that he will have enough ready for his customers. Every part of an animal is used, including the head.

During the early morning hours, before the sun has warmed the chilly air, the men wear heavy *sarapes*, which drop over their shoulders from a slit at the neck. Wide *sombreros* cover their straight black hair. A few of the women wear the long, full-skirted dresses of the Zapotecs, while others have modern cotton prints. All of them wear *rebozos* wrapped around head, shoulders and back.

When they reach the market, the Indians spread their mats around the edge of the plaza. Then they arrange their pottery according to the size and color of the pieces. Those who are selling *petates* roll them up and stand a few in the back of the booth, while others are laid out flat, to show the attractive colored designs. Soon the Indians are ready for business.

The chief butcher in the market is Rupito. With his keen knives he cuts through the tough, fresh meat as if he were a surgeon. As is the case with other butchers in Mexico, he has a great deal of work to do, for the meat there is never divided into cuts like steaks and chops. Rupito dissects the different layers of tissue and when he finishes cutting, the long, flat pieces look like the jerked meat in western United States. Since there is very little modern refrigeration, except in the large cities, Rupito must hang

the great, ragged slabs of meat from hooks in his outdoor market. When his customers come to buy, he sells them a whole filet or a single tendon. If they want bone or fat, they buy it separately, and pay different prices for each.

Indians tramp for days and days to great festival markets, such as the festival of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which lasts nearly a week. Groups travel together, carrying their *petates*, a *brasero* to make a charcoal fire, *ollas*, for water and soup, and the necessary utensils for cooking. Food is purchased along the way. When they arrive, families set up housekeeping on the streets and live as happily as though they were at home.

Great confusion and a variety of noises greet Mexicans in the large city markets. Turkeys scream, chickens cackle, goats bleat, and pigs grunt as the livestock voices disapproval of its crowded quarters. Dogs bark, and birds in cages add their twitterings to the tumult.

A bewildering array of merchandise is on display. Local products, others from the surrounding regions, and those from the world outside are shown in great quantities.

There are mounds of golden mangoes, bunches of red and yellow bananas of all sizes, shiny, green avocados, which are great favorites, and pyramids of nuts to tempt the buyer. At some time during the day, most of the *peones* stop at the food booths, where delicious soup, hot *tamales*, tasty *enchiladas*, crisp *tortillas*, and a heap of steaming *frijoles* from a huge earthenware bowl may be purchased for a few *centavos*. Booths selling *pan dulce* (sweet bread or rolls), candy and ice cream are also very popular.

Household necessities, charcoal and firewood, are weighed on a scale in front of a stall, while bars of yellow and white soap, made in the town, are always in demand. Miscellaneous items, like screws and reclaimed nails, are spread on a counter in a fan-like design. Here, also, are locks, lamps, bolts, bottles and candles, grouped by colors and sizes, and a few *braseros*, made of half a square oil can.

Indian women always examine the handicraft goods which come from the region surrounding the town where the market is held. They can find practically all of the popular craftwares, including pottery, baskets, *sarapes* and *sombreros*; also, leather goods, glassware, silver work, *petates*, and lacquer ware. An assortment of masks, toys, musical instruments, fireworks, tin and iron work completes the display.

When the *ranchero* and his family come down to the market from their mountain home, they find a wide selection of factory goods brought from far distant places. Most of the machine-made *rebozos* and ready-made clothes seem out of place in the displays of beautiful handmade articles. Sometimes the Indians are tempted to buy the canned and bottled groceries but usually such things are much too expensive. Gaudy, cheap jewelry does not have the appeal that most manufacturers expect. The cutlery and hardware department provides really useful items, however, for modern farm implements, such as steel plows, are included.

Everybody enjoys the markets. The Indians go there to trade, to sell and to buy, and to visit with old friends. Perhaps they will make some new ones, too. The social aspects of life in the market place, exchanging the news of the day, or lingering over the bargaining when they buy something, mean as much, or more, to the Indians than the money they receive from selling their merchandise.

Generally one person could easily take care of the business in a market booth, but



Every foot of space in this narrow, crowded market street in Cuernavaca, is used by small merchants to display a great variety of goods.

nearly always there are two or more people to wait on customers. It's much more fun that way, for then there is always somebody to talk things over with.

On special market days, or when there are festivals, the enjoyment is continued into the evening. After the religious plays, like *Moors and Christians*, are over, gorgeous fireworks are set off at night. When the last piece has finished sending its bright, colorful rockets skyward, everybody is tired, but happy, from the excitement.

Chapter 8

CHILDREN OF MEXICO

BOYS and girls in Mexico have many of the same sports that are enjoyed by young people in the United States. They go swimming and horseback riding and play baseball, football, and basketball. Of course, they also delight in watching typical Mexican sports, like the bullfight and *pelota* matches, a Spanish-Basque game played with a small ball on a court, which is as fast as a championship tennis match.

A great part of the fun which the children of Mexico have, however, is in the festivals celebrated all over their country. There is nothing quite so exciting to Mexican boys and girls as the gay fiestas which occur every month in the year. The most thrilling time of all is during the *Posada*, which lasts for nine nights before Christmas.

Shortly before Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe reached Taxco, in late December, Mike, Juan, and Rubén had celebrated these holidays in Mexico City. Mike's prosperous uncle, Carlos Rodríguez, a businessman in the capital, had invited his young nephew and two friends for a visit. He had sent his chauffeur in his car to pick up the boys a few days before December sixteenth, when the festivities began.

Just being in Mexico City is stimulating enough to the young people who live in smaller towns, but spending the Christmas season there is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Mike's cousins, Armando, a boy of twelve, and Lupita and Carmen, girls of fifteen and sixteen, were delighted to welcome their young guests. Their mother, Mike's Aunt Rosa, was equally pleased. Families in Mexico are never happier than when the house is full of relatives and everybody is having a good time.

On the young visitors' first day in Mexico City, Aunt Rosa announced that they were all going to market to buy the presents and goodies needed for the festivities. Uncle Carlos had already purchased the *Piñata*, a huge, oval-shaped clay jar that was to be filled with gifts for the big surprise during the *Posada* party. In Mexico, children have the *Piñata* instead of a Christmas tree.

"First we must buy the decoration for the *Piñata*," Aunt Rosa said when they had reached the market and stopped at a booth filled with big paper figures. The boys and girls carefully examined the gigantic shapes. There were any number of grotesque animals, grinning monkeys, colorful parrots, roosters, ballet girls and airplanes. It was difficult to choose from among the gay assortment.



Pretty little Margarita has dimpled cheeks and black, curly hair. She is nearly lost in the big wooden chair but is unconcerned as long as she has her dolly.

"I think we will let Juan pick the decoration to cover the *Piñata*," Aunt Rosa decided. She turned to her youngest guest. "What one will it be, Juan?"

"It is hard to know which is best, Aunt Rosa," Juan answered as he hovered over the display. "I like them all. But I think the green and red parrot is my favorite."

"Then we will take it," Aunt Rosa declared and paid the Indian, who was waiting pleasantly for them to decide. Pepito was at the market every year to sell his fiesta decorations. He always spoke softly and was patient and obliging, for he enjoyed taking good care of his customers.

Next they found the candy booth. *Que dulces tan maravillosos!* (what wonderful candy!) Rubén exclaimed when they stopped to look at the mounds of tempting chocolates and candied fruits.

"May I help to choose, *Mamacita?*" (endearing term for mother) Carmen asked.

"Yes, of course, *querida.*" (dear)

And so Carmen eagerly advised her mother in the buying of generous handfuls of goodies and peanuts. When they had finished making their purchases, they gave them



During recess these three small school girls sat on top of a low wall on the grounds of a private school in Mexico City to have their picture taken.

to the Indian maid, Nasária, who walked behind with a big basket for carrying the many packages. Mike, Rubén and Juan would gladly have taken the bundles. But in well-to-do families like the Rodríguez household, young people, and even little children, never did anything for themselves. There were always many servants to wait on them.

Last and most exciting of all was picking out the gifts to be placed inside the *Piñata*. Everybody joined in the selection. There were toys and trinkets of many kinds—small, pink clay pig banks, with flowers painted on them; whistles, and tin and reed rattles. The girls exclaimed in delight when they saw the miniature hats, animals, and bags made of straw, while the tiny burros made of toothpicks and wood, and wee wax figures of *peones* with loads on their backs, appealed to the boys.

Aunt Rosa bought dozens of gifts, then gave them to Nasária to add to her basket, which was rapidly becoming full.

"Now that we have finished our shopping, Mike, I want to talk to you about the fiesta plans," Aunt Rosa said after their last purchase was made. "I will need your help in making arrangements for the *Posada*, as well as that of your cousins who are, of course, familiar with all of the old customs and activities. But these may be a little



Early morning sunlight cast interesting shadows while three young boys waited for the library at Pátzcuaro to open.

different from those to which you, Juan and Rubén are accustomed."

Mike listened as his aunt explained how they celebrated the *Posada* in Mexico City.

Posadas are the Mexicans' own unique way of celebrating Christmas. The activities are a mixture of old Spanish customs—the *Piñata* jar filled with small treasures and candy, Midnight Mass and supper—with the Mexicans' idea of commemorating the anniversary of the journey made by Mary and Joseph from Nazareth to Bethlehem.

In Spanish, *Posada* means "inn," or "lodging." Guests at a *Posada* enact the story of how Mary and Joseph, weary from their travels, asked for shelter nine nights without success, until at last they found room in a stable in Bethlehem.

The *Posada* parties are neighborly affairs, given by friends and relatives at different homes for nine successive nights before Christmas. They are a heartfelt mixture of the religious meaning of Christmas and fun, which includes singing and dancing and eating.

When December twenty-fourth arrived, everybody at the Rodríguez house was waiting for the last *Posada* to begin for they had been chosen to end the nine-day fiesta.



CHILDREN OF MEXICO

- a. A young Maya girl in Yucatán helps her mother by taking care of baby brother.*
- b. These boys and girls in tropical Valles don't play hard because it's too hot.*
- c. Two little girls and their baby brother, living in Guanajuato, can't decide whether or not they want to have their picture taken.*
- d. A young Yucatecan carries a heavy load of straw to help in building his new house. His friends stop to talk while he rests.*





e. Three friends ride their burros along a mountain road in the traditional Mexican manner—near the burro's tail!



f. This baby girl and her brother live in a house in Guanajuato which has American-made iron beds, together with many Mexican furnishings.

g. Little sister and brother were on their way to get kettles full of water near the station at Saltillo, Nuevo León, when Mrs. Marlowe got off the train and took their picture near a giant nopal cactus.

h. On their way home from school, girls and boys stop to catch their breath as they climb the rough, narrow cobblestone streets of Guanajuato.



Excitement prevailed as the last tasks were completed, hanging the *Piñata*, now full of goodies and treasures, and decorating the rooms with beautiful flowers, especially the gorgeous red *Noche Buena* (poinsettia). Mike, Juan and Rubén looked on, wide-eyed. They had never been so excited before.

Finally the guests arrived. Each one was welcomed by the family and all of the relatives living in the big house. These included the grandparents, an uncle and two aunts. In Mexico it is customary for many relatives to live together. Mike's young cousins received their friends with the same grace and charming manners as did their elders.

Everybody was finally ushered into the high-ceilinged living room, with its polished stone floor. Excited murmurs of pleasure were heard as the guests admired the gay red and green parrot Juan had selected to cover the *Piñata*. Juan and Margarita, a young friend of Armando's, were chosen to carry the small platform on which were placed little figures of Mary on a burro, Joseph, and a beautiful angel.

Rubén helped Carmen to pass out the lighted candles, which each one carried. Now the party formed in a procession, led by Margarita and Juan, and walked through the house and then around the *patio*, singing. At each door they stopped and knocked. Mike had been asked to take the part of Joseph and he sang the verses begging for admittance. But there was no answering invitation to enter until they reached the chosen door. Here, in the room beyond, Rubén, representing the innkeeper, at first refused entrance. However, when Joseph sang that Mary was seeking shelter, the door was opened and everyone was admitted. Then there were songs of rejoicing and a few prayers were chanted as the images of Mary and Joseph were carefully placed on the improvised altar waiting for them. Now the religious ceremonies were over and the merriment was about to begin.

At last it was time for the *Piñata*! Because she was the youngest, Margarita was the first one to be blindfolded and given a long stick with which to whack the jar. Big as it was, she could not easily hit it, for others in the party had spun the little girl around to confuse her. She was unable to break the jar in the three turns allowed. And so Juan tried. He couldn't do it either. Neither could Lupita or Carmen. Finally, on his last swing, Mike succeeded in knocking the *Piñata* hard enough to break it, which scattered the contents on the floor. What a scramble followed! Soon there wasn't a single goody or treasure left. Excited and happy, the children and grown-ups were now ready for the delicious supper waiting for them. After that there was dancing for the older boys and girls. Before twelve o'clock festivities stopped, for almost everybody went to Midnight Mass.

Mike and his friends and the Rodríguez children did not expect any presents on Christmas Day, for they had been receiving them for nine nights. But Aunt Rosa had a gift waiting for each one of the young people on Christmas morning, too.

In Mexico, they also celebrate the coming of the Three Wise Men, seeking the newborn King and bringing Him rich gifts. That is why, on the day of the Magi, January sixth, Mexican children leave their shoes out on the balconies to be filled with toys. Many of them try to stay awake all night to see the Wise Men bringing them gifts.



Left: Enrique and his dog are great pals. They take long walks together in the mountain forests near home. Right: Consuelo and Ricardo live in the tropics near Acapulco. They posed for this picture in the shade of a huge banana palm in their yard.

just as little boys and girls in the United States attempt to wait up to see Santa Claus. But they never do!

When the Christmas celebrations were over, Mike, Rubén and Juan were driven back to their own homes by Uncle Carlos' chauffeur. Each boy wrote to Uncle Carlos and Aunt Rosa after reaching home that it had been the most thrilling experience of their lives.

While the *Posada* is observed all over Mexico, it is not possible, of course, for poorer families to have such elaborate festivities as the gay entertainment at the Rodríguez house in Mexico City. However, almost everybody has some sort of special celebration and, no matter how simple it may be, the children have a very happy time.

After the Christmas holidays are over, boys and girls in Mexico resume their regular activities. They go to school, of course, but this does not interfere with their sharing in the many festivities and national holidays that take place. There are fiestas that children particularly enjoy, some of these planned especially for them.

January seventeenth, the feast of San Antonio Abad, the saint who guards domestic animals, is mainly observed by families living in villages and small towns. All of the animals belonging to the household are brought to church. Burros are draped with garlands of roses, instead of the burdens they usually carry; oxen are loaded with blossoms. Children bring their dogs, baby burros, birds in cages, calves and even monkeys, all decorated with flowers, until the churchyard is filled. Then the priest blesses them.

In May, the month of the Blessed Virgin, little girls are most active. Every evening they may be seen going to church, ethereal and fragile-looking in their white dresses and veils, carrying tiny bouquets. Even in remote villages, where little girls do not have pretty white dresses and shoes, many of them walk through the streets in the late afternoon during May, wearing white veils and carrying flowers.

While the fiestas and holidays provide lots of fun, the everyday home life of children in well-to-do families is very pleasant. Houses are spacious, though often cold in the plateau region, for only a few furnaces have been installed there. However, Mexicans are accustomed to the varying temperature of the day and night, and they can always find a warm spot during the day in the sunshiny *patio*, which is full of flowers every month in the year.

Beginning with the first phrases they hear from their *nanas* (nursemaids), Mexican children learn to be polite. All young people are trained to treat their older relatives with respect and to greet acquaintances courteously. Children are taught early to be gracious, which explains why Mexicans have such charming manners.

When they are growing up, girls and boys spend a great deal of time at home. The whole family, including the father, enjoys a leisurely meal of many courses in the middle of the day.

Mexican mothers give their children much love and attention and are ready to listen to the problems that arise in their daily work at school or play. Youngsters always find their mother waiting to welcome them when they come in, for her interests are centered in her children, her husband and matters concerning her home and her church.

Mexican fathers are definitely the head of the family and keep their daughters under quite rigid control. Young men are also under their fathers' control until they have their own homes.

Of the many festivities held at home, children like best their "name-day" parties. At baptism, Mexican boys and girls receive many names, one of which is a saint's name. The festival day of that saint then becomes the child's "name-day" and its celebration is more important than that of the real birthday. Members of the family and godparents give many lovely presents and there is a fine party.

On national holidays, like *Dieciséis de septiembre* (September sixteenth, the Mexican's Fourth of July, which celebrates the day Father Hidalgo started the independence movement), and *Cinco de mayo* (May fifth, when the Mexicans beat the French at the first battle of Puebla), there are many picnics and other outdoor activities. In smaller places most of the fun is centered around the plaza, while in Mexico City, Chapultepec Park is the favorite spot for boys and girls to play. Here children share boat rides on the little lake or enjoy watching the baseball games. They are thrilled,



When they are not in school, young Mexican boys work industriously to help swell the family income by selling papers, delivering packages for stores and any other jobs they can find.

too, by the handsome *charros* (gentlemen cowboys, who are superb horsemen), who ride by on their sleek black horses, dressed in beautiful, elaborately-trimmed leather jackets and trousers, and wide felt *sombreros*.

Boys in the less prosperous Mexican families start working when they are very young, to help swell the family income. When they are not in school, they spend their free hours trying to earn as many *centavos* as they can. Sometimes they even receive *pesos* for their work. At the market place there are often *señoras* who want their baskets carried; in the plaza there is usually a demand for bootblacks, since dust in the dry season and mud in the rainy season calls for a daily polishing of shoes.

In small towns, many visitors want young guides to show them around and boys like Mike, Juan, and Rubén make regular trips to the hotels, looking for business. Some boys work at garages, learning to be mechanics, while others are employed in silver shops, where they begin as apprentices.

Girls are not usually out on the streets as boys are, although in towns along the Pan-American Highway, like Zimapán, little girls, too, try to earn money by selling fruit to tourists.

Children living in villages in remote places work from the time they are very small. They begin at five or six years of age to help their parents. Little girls cheerfully carry the babies or *ollas*. They learn to grind corn on the *metate* and then pat it into *tortillas*. When their mothers go to the stream to wash the clothes, they help to slap and scrub the soiled garments against the flat stones.

Small boys work with their fathers in the fields. They assist in planting and harvesting and learn to take care of the giant maguey plants. Many of them herd goats, or drive burros to the market.

There is very little fun in the lives of village children, except on market days, when they are happy from dawn until dark. Although they take turns watching the booths when their parents are busy elsewhere, they can spend most of the time roaming around, looking at the enchanting toys and playing with other boys and girls. There is always an added thrill whenever a fiesta is celebrated on a market day.

In Mexico, children have always lived quite differently from their neighbors in North America. But today, transportation and communication have brought many modern ideas in dress, in work and in play to the young people of Latin-American countries.



Playing games, with teacher taking part, is an important feature of recreational activities at private schools.

Chapter 9

WHEN BOYS AND GIRLS ARE AT SCHOOL

DURING their stay in Guanajuato, Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe had talked to Rubén's teacher about visiting an Indian rural school on their way to Mexico City. The principal, *Señor López*, had been very helpful and told them of one near Irapuato, a city south of Guanajuato. *Señor López* explained that he had watched the progress of this *escuela rural* (rural school) with particular interest because the teacher, *Señor García*, was a friend of his. *Señor López* then gave the Marlowes a note of introduction to *Señor García*.

When they left Guanajuato, Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe drove west, toward Silao (seé-lo) until they reached a forked place in the road, where it joined the highway to Irapuato. There they turned south. While the riding from Guanajuato had been a bit rough, the road was hard and the doctor had no trouble making fairly good time. To his dismay, however, he found that the road to Irapuato was under construction. There were no detour signs, which meant that cars were allowed to pass, but from their experience driving from Querétaro to San Miguel Allende, the doctor and his wife were a little dubious of what might happen. However, they could not change their route now, unless they wanted to go to Mexico City by way of Guadalajara, which would add several hundred miles of driving and throw them off their schedule.

"*Hombres trabajando*" (men working), Dr. Marlowe said after passing the first sign. "And there they are. Dozens of them."

"*Reparándose*" (road under construction). Mrs. Marlowe couldn't suppress a giggle when she read the sign. She remembered so well how worried her husband had been on the thirty-mile drive the night they reached the *Posada de San Francisco* at nine o'clock. Men always took the business of caring for a car more seriously than women, and Dr. Marlowe was very particular about the condition of their automobile and avoided bad roads if it was at all possible.

For a few miles nothing went wrong. Then Dr. Marlowe noticed a peculiar grinding sound, as the machine swung back and forth in the soft dirt. Driving had become more difficult with each mile, for the car was heating up from the slow speed and Dr. Marlowe thought that particles of gravel were being thrown up under the clutch.

"I'm worried, Elise," he said finally. "The clutch is slipping. It's no wonder, for this earth is almost as loose as the sand on our beach at home."

"If we get into trouble, it's our own fault. That huge *reparándose* sign gave us warning. But I think we're at the end of this bad stretch," Mrs. Marlowe spoke hopefully as she peered ahead. "Look, Allen, you're almost out of it. There's a steep incline just in front of us and then the paved road begins again. There are men working on it."

"That's fine, if—," Dr. Marlowe didn't finish his sentence. They had started up the incline when the motor chugged and coughed from overheating. Then the clutch began to slip. In a few seconds the car stopped going forward and slid back to level ground. Apparently the thick dust from the soft dirt had finally impaired the clutch.

Mrs. Marlowe got out and climbed to where a Mexican was standing on the side of the road. He was the foreman of the road crew.

"*Qué pasa?*" (what has happened), the Mexican asked politely.

"*Comprende inglés?*" Mrs. Marlowe spoke hopefully, for she knew that in the emergency her Spanish would be woefully inadequate.

"*Un poco,*" the man answered.

"Good! Then maybe you can help us. Our automobile won't go up the hill. Is there a garage near, or how can we get our car up here?"

"There is a garage in Irapuato, two miles away. It would take much time to go and get somebody from there. Toni, come here." One of the men dropped his work and walked over to the foreman, who spoke rapidly in Spanish.

A big truck filled with workers had just whizzed down the incline. Whether they are driving on straight roads, or curved ones, smooth pavement or rough gravel, Mexicans never drive slowly. Toni spoke to the truck driver, who called to the men, and they all jumped down and ran over to the gray car.

Mrs. Marlowe went back to tell her husband what the foreman had said. By this time the workers had surrounded the automobile. They looked ahead to see how far the car would need to be pushed to get up the incline. It was impossible to use the truck to propel it from behind because the loose dirt was too deep. Toni asked Dr. Marlowe and the truck driver if they had a strong chain which could be attached to the back of the truck and then fastened on the front of the gray machine to pull it up the incline. Unfortunately there was no chain available.

After a short, excited discussion, all of the *trabajadores* crowded around the car. Mrs. Marlowe gasped in surprise when she realized that the gang of twenty workers were going to try to push the heavy automobile up the hill themselves.

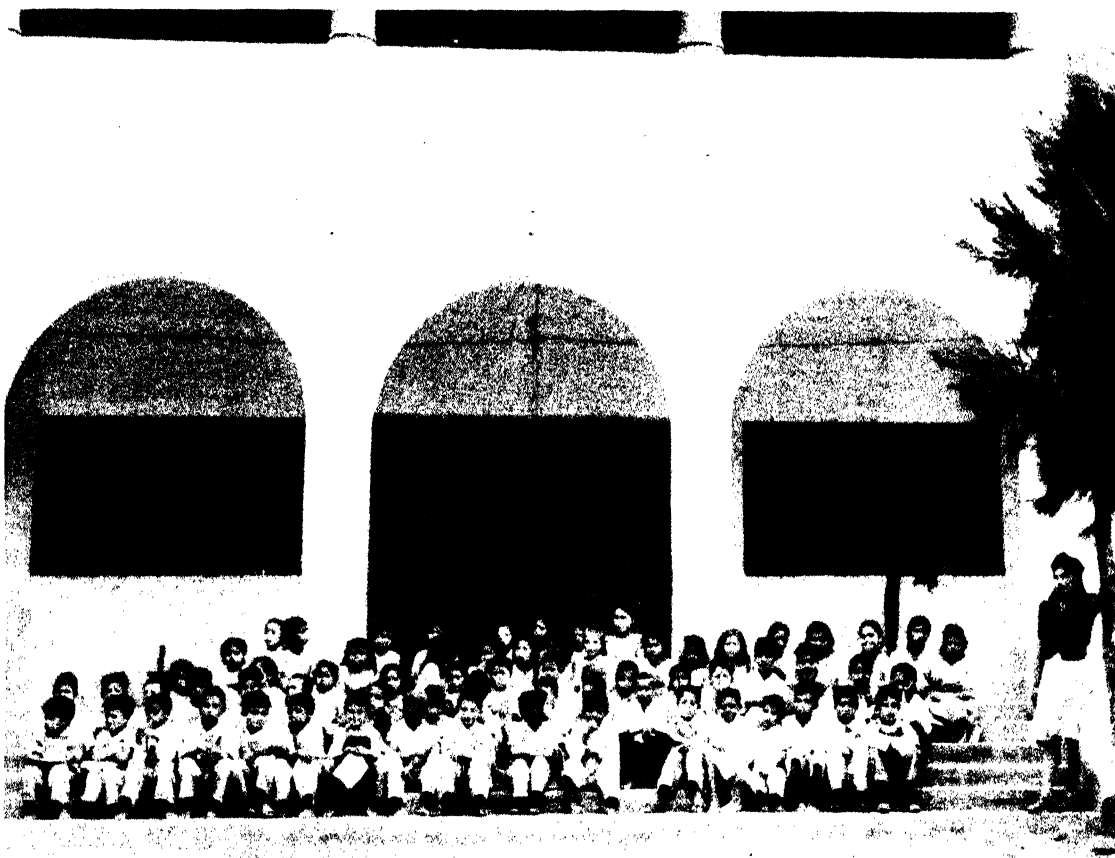
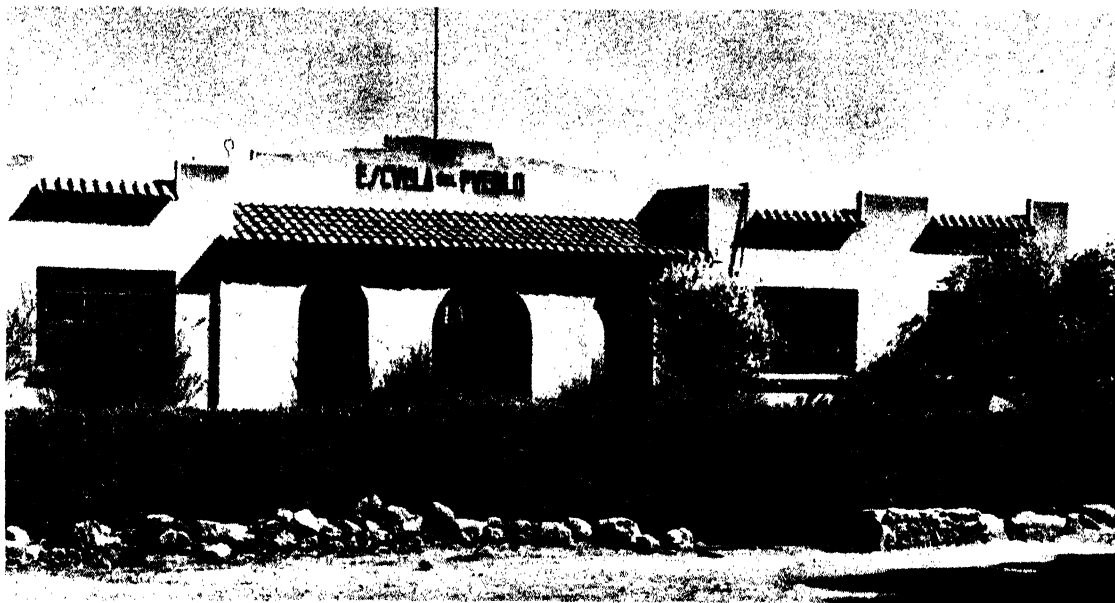
"*¡Hola!*" shouted a tall, broad-shouldered Mexican. "*Todos juntos*" (everybody together).

"*Como no, Manuel, y tú también*" (that's right, Manuel, and you with us). The men laughed heartily at the response of a stocky young fellow who had taken his place near the rear bumper, and then gripped the steel bar in his strong hands, waiting for the signal to push.

Manuel joined in the laughter, then grasped one of the doorhandles to steady himself.

"*Ahí, ahora*" (there, now), one of the men at the back cried out, and then everybody gave a mighty shove.

"They'll never be able to do it," Dr. Marlowe, at the wheel, groaned as the heavy



Rural schools like the one near Saltillo (above) and Tuxpan, Michoacán (below), are being built throughout Mexico as fast as funds and teachers are available.

automobile slid back after the valiant attempt of the men to get it up over the incline.

But the Mexican *trabajadores* were not so easily discouraged.

"*Otra vez*," they shouted in unison.

Just as the men were about to push once more with all their strength, Manuel slipped and before he realized what had happened, had slid down the soft embankment, lost his balance and fell. When his companions saw him sitting at the bottom of the hill with a dazed look on his face, they forgot about the Marlowes' predicament momentarily. With a loud whoop, a large number of the workers ran down to Manuel, pulled him to his feet, and then carried him on their shoulders back to his place by the door-handle. After a great deal of merriment and good-natured joking at Manuel's expense over his mishap, the men settled down to the serious business of getting the car up the hill.

"*Otra vez*" (once more), they all shouted.

Then twenty husky Mexicans pushed with all their might and the heavy car slowly moved upward. Finally the men began to cheer. They had succeeded in pushing the big automobile onto the smooth pavement ahead.

Dr. Marlowe stopped the car and got out. He pulled his wallet from his pocket and took out twenty *pesos*. He handed the bill to Toni, who had directed the men from the truck. But Toni shook his head and refused to take the money.

"But we would like to give you something for helping us," Dr. Marlowe insisted.

"No, no, *señor*," Toni shook his head, "*de nada, de nada.*"

"*Muchas, muchas gracias*," Dr. Marlowe said when he realized that the Mexicans would not accept pay for the assistance so gladly given. Then he walked back to the car, slid into his seat under the wheel, and waved good-bye to the group of *trabajadores* who were waiting for the *americanos* to leave before going back to their work.

The road ahead was paved and the doctor had no trouble in reaching the village school near Salamanca, a few miles east of Irapuato. The *escuela rural* was a small, one-story, white-washed structure, with a red tile roof and wide porch in front. Flowers were growing near the doorway and in back of the building the visitors caught a glimpse of a vegetable garden and several trees.

Señor García was teaching arithmetic when Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe stepped into the one-room schoolhouse and apologized for intruding. The teacher greeted them cordially, then read the note from his friend, *Señor* López.

It was almost time for morning recess, so *Señor* García dismissed the students and they went out into the yard. There were boys and girls from seven to fourteen years of age.

The doctor and his wife sat down by the teacher's desk. "We understand you have built up a fine school in this community, *Señor* García. Will you tell us something about the work you are doing?" Dr. Marlowe asked.

"It will be a pleasure. Many of our rural schools are quite primitive," *Señor* García answered, waving his hand toward the rough white-washed walls. "But you will understand why when I tell you that they are built by the villagers themselves. The children begin their learning when they help to make the road to the schoolhouse, through the hard, stone-covered earth, and assist with the construction of the building. After that



In this tiny classroom in a rural school, Dr. Marlowe could not stand far enough away to take this picture without cutting off the top of the teacher's head!

is done, the boys and girls plant flowers and a garden, where only cactus had grown before. Then I teach them the rudimentary subjects—reading, writing and arithmetic. We also have classes in singing and painting, which all students greatly enjoy. But the practical aids to better living, which are learned in addition to the regular school studies, are just as important.”

“You stress these outside activities, *Señor García*,” Dr. Marlowe said. “What do they include?”

“As many useful enterprises as we can give the children. As you probably know, during the early days of the Colonial Period, from about 1521 to 1821, many good priests, interested in the welfare of their Indian charges, established schools and began to teach the natives. But their work was limited and only a comparatively small number of Indians could be educated.” *Señor García* paused for a moment, then continued. “As a result, the education of the big Indian population in Mexico was largely neglected until as recently as 1920, after the end of the Mexican Revolution. Since then, we have been building schools and providing teachers as rapidly as possible.”

“Won’t you tell us about some of the activity projects?” Mrs. Marlowe urged.

"Yes, gladly. From the beginning, we teach the children to do things for themselves. The girls learn how to be wives and mothers, for that will be the occupation of most of them. They are taught about health hygiene, and how to make soap and kitchen utensils, such as brushes and brooms from *ixtli*, the cactus fiber which is found in abundance around here. Among their workshop projects, the boys learn to construct tubs for bathing the babies and small children, so that the streams and puddles won't be used for that purpose. Then the boys are taught about increasing crops through enriching the soil. They grasp the fundamentals quickly and take this information home to their fathers, who are beginning to use it to secure more produce from the land they cultivate."

"Do you have other teachers to help you?" Mrs. Marlowe then inquired.

"Only when a group of specialists from Mexico City, called a 'mission,' hold an institute for rural teachers in our community," *Señor* García explained. "These people come for about three months and the instructors include an educator who specializes in rural education, experts in agriculture and home industries, a social worker, preferably a nurse, who helps with vaccinating and teaching the fundamentals of health hygiene, and a physical education teacher. In their equipment is a library, a victrola and a radio receiving apparatus."

"That's splendid!" Dr. Marlowe enthused. "You rural schoolteachers are certainly making a real contribution to society by helping to improve the living conditions of millions of Mexican Indians. You deserve a great deal of praise."

"We love our work," *Señor* García said modestly. "The Indians may have faults, but they have many virtues, too—in their amazing physical and mental endurance, in their wonderful patience, quietness and artistic temperament."

"If we didn't have such a long drive ahead of us, we'd love to stay and learn more about your work. It's fascinating. We have greatly enjoyed our brief visit with you," Mrs. Marlowe said as she and her husband stood up to go.

"*De nada*. I was happy to have you and the Doctor stop, *Señora* Marlowe," the teacher said. "But before you leave, if you can spare a few minutes more, I'd like to show you both the children's garden and livestock."

Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe went out the door with *Señor* García. In one corner of the yard some of the children were playing basketball on a court which, the teacher explained, they had made themselves. Little girls were jumping rope and playing jacks in another part of the playground, while many of the older boys and girls were in back of the schoolhouse, working in the garden and caring for the chickens which they had raised.

When they reached the backyard, Dr. Marlowe exclaimed, "What a fine variety of vegetables! Did the children grow them?"

"Yes, they did, Doctor. And when full-grown, we divide the vegetables and I show the Indian mothers how to use the different kinds of greens and explain how important it is to give children vegetables in addition to just *tortillas* and *frijoles*."

"What are those boys doing with the boxes over near the trees?" Mrs. Marlowe asked.

"They are taking care of the beehive which we acquired last year. Those are mul-



In many private schools, both American and Mexican teachers instruct students. Spanish and English are written on the blackboard.

berry trees near the hives, for we have also started a silkworm colony. The small building beyond is for our livestock. We raise chickens and, since our school has been successful, we now have a pig and a goat. Next week we expect to add some turkeys."

"It's really amazing, how much you accomplish," Dr. Marlowe commented as they all walked back to the road where the car was parked.

"There are not enough hours to do all that I desire," *Señor* García said. "The children love their school activities so much that they don't want to go home. They come early in the morning and stay late in the afternoon."

"These boys and girls seem so eager to learn all that they can," Mrs. Marlowe commented as she stopped to shake hands with the teacher before stepping into the automobile.

"That is true, *Señora* Marlowe. It is why we need more and more teachers in Mexico. Even now we have many more schools built than can be used, due to the scarcity of instructors." *Señor* García waved good-bye as Dr. Marlowe shifted into gear and started down the road.

"I wouldn't have missed seeing that Indian school for anything," Mrs. Marlowe

leaned out of the open window and looked back at the lettering on the white-washed building. " '*Casa del Pueblo*,' that means, 'House of the people.' The children make it just that, for it is the center of interest and activity in the community."

Dr. Marlowe nodded in agreement. "While you were talking to those boys about their beehive, *Señor* García reminded me that, although it is only since 1920 that rural education in Mexico has shown any progress, boys and girls of prosperous Mexican families have always had adequate schooling, for they went to private schools or were sent to Europe or the United States to study. Now, in addition to the Indian schools, other village schools are being established for the *mestizos*, who are rapidly growing into a substantial middle-class, which Mexico lacked until after 1920." With this added bit of information, Dr. Marlowe turned east on the road that would take them to the Pacific Highway and then to Mexico City.

It may seem strange to students in the United States that all boys and girls in Mexico do not go to school. But, even if they want to, many can't, for as yet there are not enough schools. During the Colonial Period, 1521-1821, there were comparatively few schools for the Indians and it was mostly the children in well-to-do families who received a really adequate education. When Benito Juárez became president in 1857, he wanted to educate the Indians more and began to establish additional schools for them. But the turmoil of the times kept him from making much progress.

During the regime of Porfirio Díaz (pour-feár-yo dée-ahs), 1867-1910, nearly ninety per cent of the population could not read or write. Dictator Díaz called a noted Swiss educator, Enrique Rebsamen, to Jalapa, Vera Cruz, at the end of the 19th century, to start the first real training school for teachers in Mexico. It was not until 1914, however, four years after the Revolution started, that any great progress in education was made. Then President Carranza placed Andrés Ozuna in control of education and the problem of rural schools began to be discussed.

In 1921, President Obregón appointed José Vasconcelos Minister of Education. This brilliant man began the work of educating the millions of Mexicans who never before had been given the opportunity to study and to learn. He brought famous educators from all North and South American countries to help. Moisés Sáenz, a noted doctor of philosophy from Columbia University, New York, was made Director of Education in 1922. For more than a decade he worked tirelessly to establish the educational program in force today. Now there are thousands of federal, state and city schools. *Señor* Ramirez was placed in charge of federal rural education, which includes both Indian and village schools, and he is largely responsible for the marvelous progress made in building up Indian schools such as the one where *Señor* García teaches.

By 1935, illiteracy in Mexico had dropped from the 1892 high of close to ninety per cent to around sixty per cent.

No discussion of education in Mexico would be complete without including the name of Felipe Carrillo of Yucatán. This great leader came of a middle-class Spanish family in Mérida. But he was lovingly called "Felipe," by the Mayan Indians whom he championed. Carrillo was a spirited man of great vigor who inspired love and confidence through his marvelous personality. After he became governor of Yucatán, at the



Pupils of the morning session at the Felipe Carrillo Puerto School, in Mérida, Yucatán, have just been dismissed from classes.

end of the Revolution, "Felipe" and the men in his government, began to establish schools and cooperative stores all over Yucatán. The Mayans were not only taught to read and to write, but how to manage their village affairs.

Yucatán was making great progress during the 1920s, advancing rapidly from its primitive state, when a counter revolution broke out and Carrillo was assassinated. Many schools were destroyed but most of them have now been restored and educational work resumed. One of the splendid tributes to the memory of a great patriot is the magnificent modern school in Mérida, *Centro Educacional Felipe Carrillo Puerto*.

In addition to elementary education in towns and cities, older boys and girls attend junior high and high schools, but these are called secondary schools in Mexico. Manual arts are stressed. Sewing, cooking and health hygiene are among the important subjects studied by girls, while boys continue to learn more about farming, woodworking and other useful handicrafts.

Large, regional agricultural schools are being systematically established throughout Mexico. Here boys from twelve to twenty years old study scientific farming and cattle raising. The theories learned are put into practical use in the modern farms which surround the buildings where classes meet.

Commercial schools are becoming more popular. In the *Instituto Comercial de Querétaro*, young people master the technique of operating a typewriter and learn to take shorthand rapidly, thus fitting themselves for work as stenographers and secretaries. Positions of this kind are increasing as the industrialization of the cities in Mexico progresses.

While it is not customary in Mexico for co-education classes to be held in schools, except in kindergarten, boys and girls, both, attend commercial school classes.

Carmen Rodríguez and her friends study painting, dancing and music at one of the cultural schools in Mexico City. Most boys in well-to-do families attend the colleges of medicine or law. While in North America many young men expect to go into business when they finish their schooling, Mexican youths are much more interested in politics and law and the ambition of the great majority is to secure a government position.

Girls and boys whose parents are prosperous go to fine private schools, many of which are housed in modern buildings containing excellent equipment. In one of these schools, in a suburb near Mexico City, classes are taught in Spanish and English, for the benefit of both Mexican and North American students. There is a large "foreign colony" in Mexico City, where families of ambassadors and diplomats from other countries live.

The American Embassy is just one of the North American organizations that employ many United States citizens who make their homes in Mexico City. It is important that the children of "foreign" families learn to speak Spanish, and, on the other hand, educated Mexicans today believe that learning English is imperative. That is why classes in many private schools are taught in Spanish during the morning, and afternoon sessions are in English. Often there are two instructors in one classroom, one Mexican and one North American.

Subjects in the curriculum include, besides languages, science and the social studies. Learning arithmetic is stressed in Mexico, beginning with the elementary grades in all rural, city, public or private schools.

Recreation periods in Mexican schools are similar to "recess" in schools in the United States, and are spent out-of-doors, on the playground. The younger children join in supervised play activities, while the older ones choose group games, such as soft ball or basketball, which is extremely popular throughout Mexico.

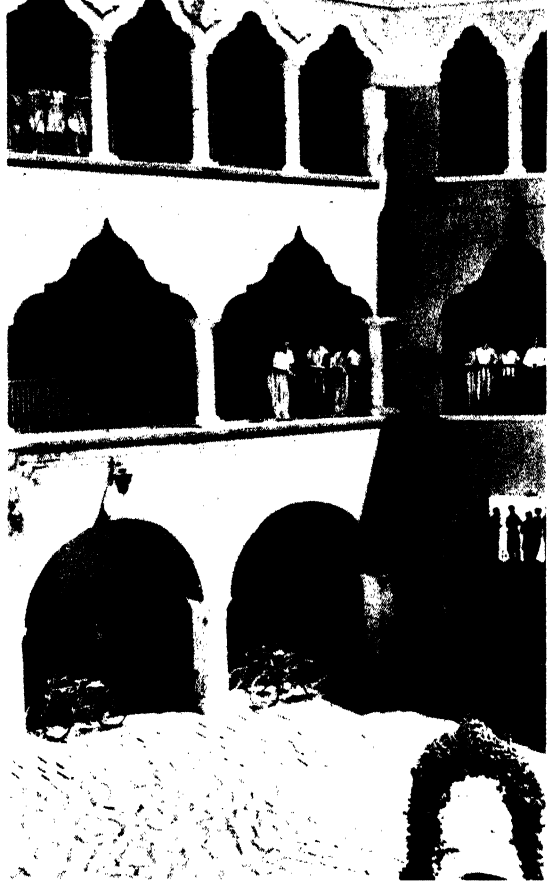
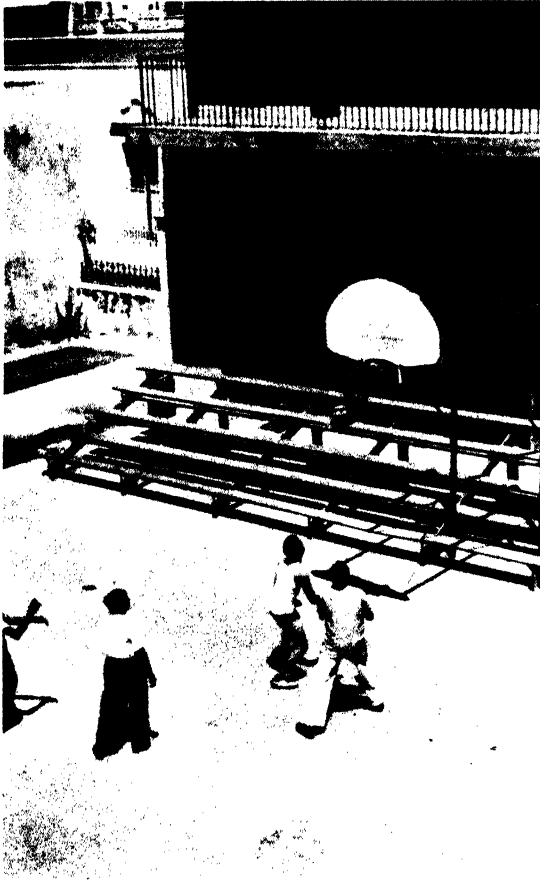
The boys at the University of Yucatán, in Mérida, have a splendid basketball court in the backyard of the college ground. There is no campus here, as in most universities in the United States, only the cement floored *patio* in the center of the building, where students "park" their bicycles while attending classes.

Even the great National University in Mexico City, the largest in the country, with over 20,000 students, has no campus life, for the various colleges are housed in different buildings all over the city. During the summer-school session, many exchange students from the United States study at the National University.

Schoolchildren in the plateau regions vacation during December and January, the



Ambitious boys and girls learn typewriting, stenography, bookkeeping and other business subjects in this fine commercial school in Querétaro.



Left: The camera shutter clicked just as the player "made a basket" in Yucatán. Right: Between classes at the University of Mérida, students chat together or dash across the street for something frio (cold) to drink.

coldest months of the year. That is because no heat is provided in school buildings and it would be uncomfortable for boys and girls to sit and study.

Despite the progress which has been made in education in Mexico since the Revolution, school leaders often become discouraged over the insufficient funds from the government. With such a limited budget, they find it difficult to carry out the cultural program planned by the great educators, José Vasconcelos and Moisés Sáenz. Nevertheless, rural and agricultural schools are increasing. So are the open air painting schools which stimulate the inborn artistic talents of Mexicans.

Indian parents are sending their children to the local *Casa del Pueblo*, for the education which they themselves were unable to secure. Boys from *mestizo* and *creole* Mexican families are learning scientific farming and cattle raising at the great agricultural schools. The most important task of education in Mexico is being carried on in the continued development of the fine qualities of a mixed race, of their skill in hand-crafts, their deep feeling for beauty and their strong love of the land.

Chapter 10

ANIMALS AND PLANTS

“THIS is the first real Mexican garden we’ve seen, *Señora* Rodríguez. What a riot of color! It’s magnificent,” Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed enthusiastically as she and Dr. Marlowe sat down on the blue and white tile bench that snuggled close to one wall of the Rodríguez house. Like most Mexican city homes, this one was built around a *patio*, but instead of just one, it rambled around three enclosures that were connected by arched openings. Purple *bougambilla* was climbing over the roof in one corner of the first *patio*, huge poinsettias flaunted bright crimson heads on a bush fifteen feet high in another, and great white calla lilies bowed gracefully from a row of deep blue jars in between.

Upon returning to Mexico City, the Marlowes had found a note from their young friend Mike, suggesting that they stop and visit his Aunt Rosa, who would, he had written, be pleased to show them her lovely *patio* gardens. They had gladly followed this suggestion and had telephoned *Señora* Rodríguez the previous afternoon. Mike’s aunt had urged the Marlowe’s to call whenever it was convenient for them.

It was very warm in the mid-morning Mexican sunshine, which bathed two sides of the *patio* with hot golden light. In the shady portion, it was extremely cool. This great variance in temperature, due to sun and shade, is typical of semi-tropical and tropical countries like southern Mexico.

“*Me gusta mucho mi jardín*” (I like my garden very much), *Señora* Rodríguez said, seating herself between her guests. “All Mexicans love flowers, which means they also love gardens. Long before the Conquest, the Aztecs had many kinds. They called their general gardens, *xochitl*, meaning ‘flower place,’ although fruits and shrubs were also grown. *Patio* gardens, similar to ours, found among the ancient’s ruling class, were known as *xochitecpancalli*, or ‘enclosed palace of flowers.’ Another type that remains very popular in Mexico we term a walled, or closed garden. The Aztecs named them *xochitepanyos*. Today, the Indians still cultivate their small plots of ground, called then, as now, *xochichinamcalli*, which means ‘place of flowers enclosed by a reed hedge.’ ”

“Did the Aztecs have the same flowers and fruits in ancient times as you do now?” Dr. Marlowe asked.

"Yes, Doctor, countless varieties of plants and flowers that are prized today were grown in pre-conquest times," *Señora Rodríguez* answered. "Our *Flor de Noche Buena* (Christmas Eve Flower) or poinsettia, in flaming red, white and shades of pink was a favorite in Anáhuac. This flower was taken from our country to yours by Joel R. Poinsett, the United States Minister to Mexico, in 1828, and named for him. Dahlias, zinnias, amaryllis, marigolds and many species of orchids were extensively cultivated by the subjects of Montezuma II.

"Orchards, too, have been tilled since early times, when wild cherries, hog plums and guava trees added variety to the plentiful fruits at the courts of the ancients. As you probably know, the avocado, called by the Aztecs *ahuacatl*, and changed by the Spaniards to *aguacate*, has been grown for centuries. It has always been a favorite with Mexicans and in recent years was introduced into Florida and California, where I understand it now flourishes."

"It's fascinating to learn all this about the plants of the early Aztecs. I never knew before that the poinsettia is a Mexican flower named after a United States Minister to Mexico!" Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed. "Your lovely *patios* are arranged differently, aren't they? This one is covered with tiles and through that arch to our right, I can see cobblestone paths leading to a fountain. Mexican gardens are not like those in the United States, are they? You have so many potted plants."

"*Es verdad*" (that is true). Our gardens do not usually have grassy lawns and flower beds like yours. When I visited in New York last autumn for the first time, I was as surprised at what I saw out on Long Island as you are at my potted plants and tiles. There were no 'ground-cover' flowers, which literally cover the earth so that the soil is barely visible, like those violets planted solidly under the rose bushes across from us. And I didn't see any wild orchids growing around hooded gates. That is what I mean by 'hooded gates,' " *Señora Rodríguez* nodded toward the top of an open doorway where a small shelter, roofed with reddish brown tile, projected a couple of feet from the wall. It was supported by brackets of iron that matched the ornamental iron doors that led from one of the living rooms into the *patio*.

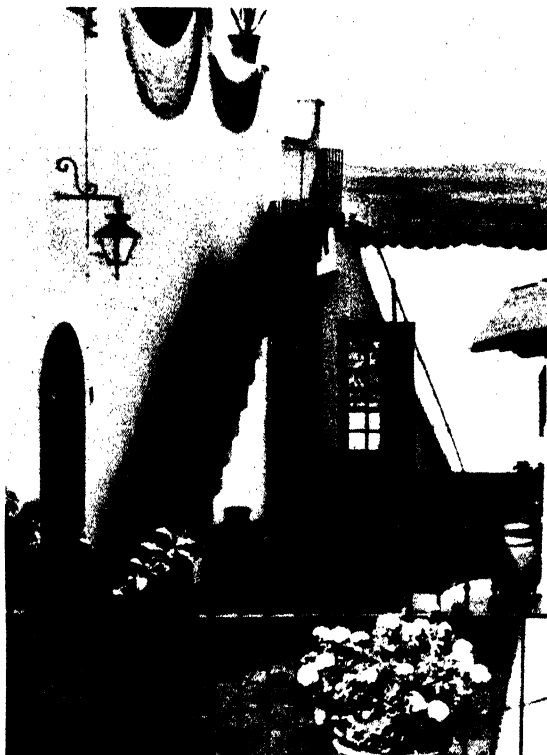
Directly across from the bench where *Señora Rodríguez* and the Marlowes were sitting, giant water lilies floated in a large, round pool, rimmed with blue and white tiles. Long, scarlet fuchsia blossoms drooped from their stems on the bushy potted plants, arranged around the lily pond in canary yellow jars.

"Those plants circling the pool look like fuchsia," Dr. Marlowe remarked as they all rose and started to walk toward the arched opening into the next *patio*.

"That's what they are, Doctor," *Señora Rodríguez* said. "And Mexican *fuchsia* boasts more than sixty species."

Patio gardens, such as those in the *Rodríguez* home, are the most distinctive type of Mexican gardens. All of the living rooms in the spacious house are on the ground floor and open onto the *patios*. Arched doorways, leading from one garden to another, are often covered with flaming red hibiscus or purple wisteria. The plants from which the vines stem grow through circular holes cut in the tile covering, as do the orange and papaya trees that line the walks.

The Marlowes discovered that the gardens were not all built upon the same level,



Left: The top of the steps in the patio of Dr. Winslow's lovely home in San Miguel de Allende may be used as a mirador. Right: Colorful potted plants are placed on the steps and walks of this "more than one level" patio garden.

for they had to walk down three stone steps from one *patio* into the next one. In this enclosure, the gardener, José, was tending the plants and shrubs. Four cobblestone paths led to the center, where water splashed in a fountain built of the famous blue and white tile of the Talavera-Puebla pottery makers. Many pots of *tagetes* (marigolds), one of the most popular and universally used of native Mexican flowers, were placed around the low rim of the fountain bowl. Vivid heads of orange, dark red and yellow blossoms made a striking contrast with the tiles and sparkling water.

"Is that a look-out built over there in the corner on top of the wall?" Mrs. Marlowe inquired when they entered the second garden.

"It is called a *mirador*, which means 'observatory,'" *Señora* Rodríguez explained. "As you can see, it is a sort of balcony, open on four sides and roofed with tile. *Miradores* were supposedly introduced by the Spaniards and belong to the Spanish colonial era, but the ancients built much the same kind of tower from which to view their estates."

"Are they always erected on top of garden walls, *Señora* Rodríguez?" Dr. Marlowe asked.

"No, Doctor, frequently *miradores* are constructed on the flat roofs of houses and are now an accepted part of a Mexican garden. But they always have an outdoor stair-

way, usually made of tile, like ours, with a handrail of wrought iron. Vines, similar to that white wisteria you see climbing over all sides of the *mirador*, are used for ornamentation."

"Is that still another garden beyond the arch ahead?" There was a note of surprise in Mrs. Marlowe's voice as she asked the question.

"Yes, and it is not like either one of those you have seen. There is that tall Royal Palm tree in the center. From here you can see the graceful fronds (palm leaves) waving high above the walls. The ground in the middle is covered with pebbles and in there we have another type of garden. We'll go and look at it." *Señora* Rodríguez led her guests down the cobblestone path, lined with trees which shaded the walk, past the fountain, and through the archway.

The pebbles made a soft, crunching sound as they strolled around the third *patio* and looked at the flowers and plants that fringed the pebbled center. About three feet from the walls of the house, calla lilies and many varieties of cacti were planted in the black soil, which was barely visible through the low, "ground-cover" flowers with bright orange blossoms. Deep blue tile, shaped like a half-pipe, edged the garden.

"Our visit through your beautiful *patios* certainly has been an inspiration. Now I want to learn more about Mexican plants," Dr. Marlowe said to *Señora* Rodríguez as they walked back into the house.

"This afternoon I'm going to the American Bookstore to buy a book about Mexican flowers and plants," Mrs. Marlowe announced.

She and the Doctor thanked *Señora* Rodríguez warmly for her hospitality.

"*De nada*, it was my pleasure," the *Señora* said softly as she smiled and shook hands with her departing guests.

"Mike's Aunt Rosa is a charming, gracious person, just like all of the Mexicans we have met," Mrs. Marlowe said to her husband as they drove back to the María Cristina Hotel, where they were now stopping. This hotel with its lovely flower garden was located in a quiet residential section. It had an entirely different atmosphere from the Majestic Hotel, opposite the busy *Zócalo*.

Late the next afternoon, Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe were driving east through the *zona tórrida* to Vera Cruz.

Around Orizaba, in the *tierra caliente*, trees, shrubs and flowers grow luxuriantly and some of the vegetation was astonishingly tall.

In the tropical forests of Mexico, certain foliage plants measure nearly fifteen feet, with leaf blades more than a yard long. Some leaves have scalloped edges, others are colored pink, yellow or purple and one giant variety is black, with crimson splotches.

It is difficult to think of any flowering plant, tame or wild, that does not flourish in southern Mexico. While they were driving, the Marlowes saw crimson camellias, pink geraniums, bronze chrysanthemums, rose azaleas, waxy begonias, fragrant gardenias, scarlet poppies, and scores of other exotic blooms.

Along the road could be seen the giant *Nuez de coco* (noo-éss-day cóco), the valuable coconut palm which furnishes both oil and food. High up in the air, a cluster of nuts hung suspended on short stems, under an umbrella of spreading palms.



Left: Great bunches of white flowers hang from the top of giant yucca palms more than ten feet high. Natives eat the flowers, sold in Indian markets. Right: Papaya trees have umbrella-shaped tops which shade the fruit clustered around the trunk.

The branches of huge magnolia and oak trees were often draped with festoons of gray moss. On the ground around them, giant ferns grew taller than a man. Mountain slopes looked like gardens, with clusters of bamboos, mimosas and yuccas everywhere.

Tall Indian laurel and palm trees lined the *paseos* of the parks in the villages through which the Doctor and his wife passed. Above white garden walls, flaming red poinsettias waved scarlet heads against the brilliant blue sky.

Chico Zapote, one of the most renowned plants in the world, grows wild in the *tierra caliente*. From it, the thick juice, *chicli* (chicle), is extracted to make millions of sticks of chewing gum.

Miles of the tropical lowlands are devoted to banana culture, raising sugar-cane, and growing coffee beans. Here, also, thrive vanilla beans, rubber, rice, indigo and the cacao-bean which produces cocoa.

"I guess my plant book must be right," Mrs. Marlowe said after she had almost exhausted herself exclaiming over the beauties of the flowers and plants they had been seeing on all sides as they drove along. "It says that more than 5000 species of flowers grow in Mexico, from the glorious orchids of the *zona t rrida* to the spectacular blos-



Cattle enjoy the juicy, prickly leaves of the nopal. Along the road between San Miguel de Allende and Guanajuato, this bull stopped eating just after Dr. Marlowe took his picture!

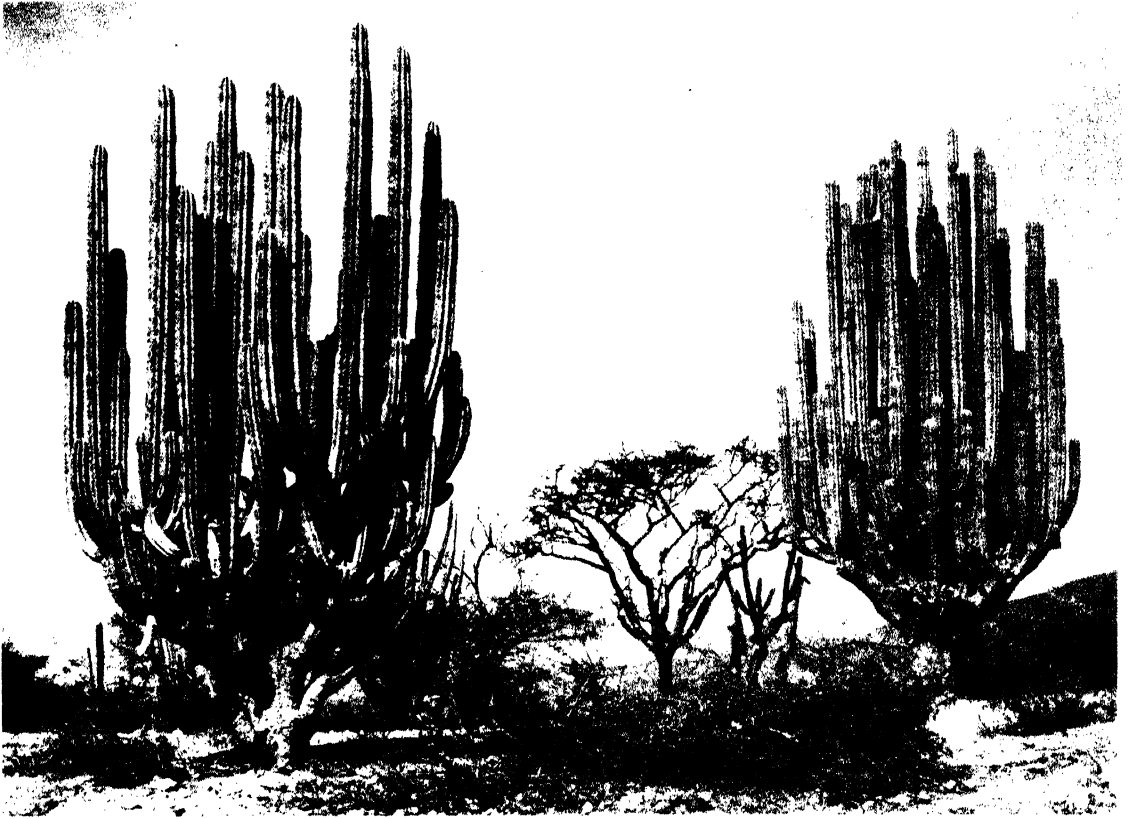
soms of the cacti of the *tierra templada* (temperate land). Do you want to hear more about what I've been learning from my new book?"

"I certainly do, Elise," Dr. Marlowe answered.

"Well, I discovered that there are 1300 varieties of cacti, of which the *nopal*, or prickly pear, is the most common, but the candle stick and pipe organ cacti are plentiful, too. The latter is found in the *tierra caliente*. Then there are the yucca palms, which have great clusters of white flowers that look like grapes and are sold in the markets as food. As for the different species of woody plants, trees and shrubs, they reach the astonishing total of 5700. More than eighty-five species of pine are found in Mexico, as are a number of unusual trees. Shall I tell you about some of them, Allen?"

"Yes, indeed, if you must," Dr. Marlowe teased. "I suppose you need an audience to help you to appreciate your new book fully!"

"Now, Allen, you know you will enjoy learning more of the flowers and plants of Mexico, too. A little while ago I read about *El Arbol Grande de Tule* (the great tree of Tule), one of the wonders of the plant world, which grows in a churchyard in the village of Tule, Oaxaca. It is probably the oldest living tree on this continent and is simply gigantic, for it has a circumference of more than 160 feet and is almost 200 feet



Giant organ cactus is found on the windswept highlands of the Central Plateau. Multiple clusters of spiny, ribbed branches grow from a thick parent stem.

high. *El Arbol Grande* is an *ahuchuate* (ah-wah-wée-tee) or Mexican bald cypress, still healthy and vigorous."

"*El Tule* must be amazing. Perhaps we'll see it when we visit the ruins at Mitla and Monte Albán in Oaxaca after we return from Yucatán. Have you run across anything else of special interest?"

"Yes, I'll tell you what I've learned about the growth of vegetation and how the ancients made paper, and then it's my turn to drive. In Mexico, as in other countries, cloud belts, average rainfall and prevailing winds, according to locality, largely control the size of vegetation. For example, in a cloud belt, a plant growing ten feet high was found on a mountain side at 10,500 feet altitude. The same species, below the cloud belt, grew only thirty-six inches at an altitude of 6900 feet.

"Of course you remember that tree with the white bark and exceptionally beautiful foliage. It is called *ficus petiolaris*. Today, gum or rubber is obtained from it, but the ancients used the bark to make paper. The bark was washed with lye water, then rinsed in clear water, boiled and split into strips. These were carefully laid on planks and the women beat them flat and thin with a stone until at last they had a sheet of paper."

"That sounds like the description of some sort of papyrus, Elise."

"So it does. And now that's enough studying for today. It's only about fifty miles to Vera Cruz and I'll drive the rest of the way," Mrs. Marlowe said as she closed her book and the Doctor stopped the car on the side of the road.

Some of the most famous gardens in the world are the *chinampas*, or "floating gardens" of Xochimilco (sew-chee-meél-ko). They are hundreds of years old, but are not actually "floating gardens," as the Aztec name signifies. The term has come down through the ages from the time of the ancient King of Azcapotzalco. During his reign in Anáhuac, between A.D. 1350 and 1390, the king demanded a tribute from one of his subject tribes, the Chinampenecas: "I want a raft on top of which are planted all native vegetables," he ordered. "Bring it by water to Azcapotzalco."

Legend tells us that the Chinampenecas were terrified at the command, but with the help of their tribal god, built a huge raft and were able to deliver a floating raft garden full of vegetables and flowers to the king.

Natives of the village of Xochimilco, where the "floating gardens" originated, have many attractive small boats profusely decorated with flowers. They offer to take visitors on a boating tour along the ditches and inlets that stretch for miles in all directions. The water is from five to ten feet deep, and almost black in color, due to the decomposition of vegetable matter. Every inch of the fertile soil along these narrow canals is cultivated to produce the vegetables and flowers that supply Mexico City markets today, just as Tenochtitlán was supplied centuries ago.

Today the "floating gardens" are not really "floating," as they were when the ancients built them on rafts. Only the vegetables and flowers grown are movable now, for the gardens are stationary.

Descendants of the pre-conquest farmers, called "*chinampa* people," take their produce to the capital daily. A boy or girl stands on the prow of a small, narrow pointed boat, and silently poles it along the Viga Canal, through miles of meadows and swamps, right into the southern part of Mexico City, where the Indians live. Occasionally this boat stops and some member of the family sprinkles water on the fragrant gardenias, deep purple stock, or dark red beets to keep them fresh.

No markets in the universe have a greater variety of produce than those in the capital of the Republic. Flower stalls are buried under heaps of colored blossoms so that passersby have a hard time deciding which to buy. Pink sweet peas, orange marigolds, scarlet poppies, purple violets, yellow chrysanthemums, or roses of all colors tempt young and old, for everybody loves flowers.

One of the vegetables usually found in the food basket of a Mexican housewife is the tomato, which is actually a native Mexican plant. *Jitomate* (hé-toh-máh-tay) is what the Spaniards called it, and *xic-tomatl* was the Aztec name. Probably the "home town" of this vegetable is *Tomatlán* ("where tomatoes grow"), an ancient Nahuatl *pueblo* near Manzanillo, on the Pacific coast. Early in the 16th century, the French took the tomato to Europe and named it *pomme d'amour* (love apple). Americans adopted it after 1830, when they discovered its many nutritious food values.

Other vegetables displayed which are consumed in great quantities by Mexicans are *apio* (celery), *chícharos* (green peas), *quimbombó* (okra), *espinaca* (spinach),



In the gardens at Xochimilco today, natives cultivate the fruit and vegetables, just as the Chinampas did centuries ago.

zanahorias (carrots), *col* (cabbage), *lechuga* (lettuce), *cebollas* (onions), *alcachofas* (artichokes), *camote* (sweet potato), *chile* (peppers), and *berengena* (egg plant).

The Mexican *señora* who keeps her family supplied with fresh fruits, has no difficulty in providing them in great numbers. At food counters, common fruits, together with many tropical varieties, are offered for sale. In the Republic there are twenty species of *plátanos* (bananas), so no Mexican housewife would ever think of asking simply for "*plátanos*" when she wanted to buy some bananas. She is always careful to specify the variety, which may be the big, yellow *amarillo* (ah-mah-rée-yo), purplish *morada*, or *guineo* (ghe-náy-o), a small, extra sweet kind, about three inches long.

Strange tropical fruits include the *chirimoya* (chee-ree-mó-yah), which is cone-shaped, about three inches long, of yellowish tint, with a custardy pulp filled with flat black seeds, similar to those of a watermelon. It tastes something like strawberry ice cream and is eaten with a spoon. The *guanábana* (custard apple), has a savory pulp that resembles custard in flavor.

There are twenty-seven varieties of *mango*, one of the most popular fruits, often called the "Peach of the Tropics." It has an extremely juicy pulp, which usually clings tenaciously to a large, flattish, boat-shaped stone. After an unsuccessful attempt to



El Burrrito—the baby burro Dr. Marlowe chased into this sunny spot so that Mrs. Marlowe could take its picture. Meanwhile, Mama Burro brayed raucously from across the road.

part stone and pulp, an American girl said: "A bathing suit or a raincoat is the proper costume for enjoying a *mango*. Or better still, eat it in the bath tub!"

Another desirable fruit is the *mamey* (mah-máy), globular shaped, about the size of a cocoanut, with a tasty brownish yellow pulp that is quite sweet.

The *papaya*, always in great demand, is about ten inches long, weighs up to fifteen pounds, and takes the place of the muskmelon in Mexico. The *naranja* (orange), *toronja* (grapefruit), *piña* (pineapple), peach, plum, pear and cherries, are among other common fruits.

From the northern border of Mexico, at the Rio Grande, to the southern coast along the Pacific; from the eastern shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the western boundary of the Republic, one animal is universally found. It is the burro. Except for *los perros* (the dogs), no other quadruped is so numerous as this little beast of burden that helps to lighten the work of the *peones*. Some burros are gray, others are black or brown, while mongrel types are mixtures of all these colors.

Baby goats, nanny goats, and long-whiskered billy goats, roam in large and small herds along the highways and over the plains in all parts of Mexico. Goat-meat is eaten more universally than beef by Mexicans and *cabrito* (baby goat), is a real delicacy.

In Chihuahua, the largest and richest state in the Republic, long-eared Jack rabbits, small prairie dogs, moles, mice and wild-ducks abound on the plains. There are reptilia, too, like rattlesnakes and lizards, and unpleasant insects such as tarantulas and *alacranes* (scorpions), that lessen the enjoyment of living in the wide open spaces.

Near the ruins at Chichen Itzá, Yucatán, the *uolpoch*, a poisonous viper, is sometimes found. As in most limestone countries like Chihuahua and Yucatán, many rattlesnakes exist.

Perros Chihuahueños (Chihuahua dogs), as tiny as the small sleeve dogs of China, are natives of the state for which they are named. They weigh from ten ounces to three pounds and have enormous eyes that almost cover their wee faces. These fragile, hairless little creatures are very sensitive to cold and usually shiver unless protected with a coat or blanket.

Many households in rural Mexico have one, two or more Mexican dogs, and sometimes a cat; also a burro, two oxen, a cow, a few turkeys and some chickens. All *rancheros* have horses and often own several. Riding is a heritage from the Spaniards, who brought along the first of those awe-inspiring animals the natives had ever seen, at the time of the Conquest. Many sections of the Republic are accessible only by horse and burro and so it is imperative that most Mexicans know how to ride.

In addition to the domestic variety, wild animals are abundant. So are fish. Hunting and fishing is a favorite sport of business and professional men in Mexico, who find an inexhaustible supply of game in the wild, tractless forests and streams in the mountainous regions of the country. Many Mexicans who cannot afford to hunt for sport, shoot deer, wild turkey and other game to secure meat for their families.

When Carlos Rodríguez and his friends plan a pleasure trip together, they usually go to the north or west coast regions, where the mountains of Sonora, Sinaloa and



The goat herder held his pet while the animals behind munched busily. Goats often climb trees to secure specially choice tid-bits!

Nayarit abound in jaguars, *osos negros* (black bears), *jabalí* (wild hogs), white and black tail deer, wild boars and mountain lions. Sometimes they see small herds of antelope and sheep, and they find the lowlands full of geese, ducks, partridges, blue pigeons and hare.

One of the favorite sports is night-hunting the huge *caimanes* (alligators) found in lagoons. Guides take the men out in dugout canoes with flares, and the hunters use harpoons or rifles to kill the big beasts.

There are also wolves, foxes, and leopards in the northern mountains, while grizzly bears and coyotes are numerous in Durango.

In the southern and tropical regions of Mexico, many unusual species abound. *Yaguarondi* (wildcats), white-nosed *coati mundi*, black-faced brocket, tapir, tiger cat, puma, nine-banded armadillo and Mexican spermophile, roam the hills and jungles.

Turkey and deer are plentiful in Yucatán and this game is served daily instead of beef. Jaguar, ocelots, peccaries, panthers, armadillos and opossum prowl through the tropical vegetation.

A strange, harmless, four-legged creature with a long tail, called an *iguana*, scurries off the roads at Chichen Itzá at the least noise. It is a queer animal, which looks like a



This "curly pig," on the Island of Janitzio, kept right on grunting and eating while his young mistress, descendant of the proud Tarascans, had her picture taken.

frilled lizard and seems to be a combination of frog, lizard and snake with short, stubby legs that end in claw-like paws. The color of its scaly body changes, depending on its habitat. *Iguanas* that live in trees are greenish, like leaves, while those living on the ground are gray.

Guaymas Bay, Sonora, is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. The deep blue waters of the Gulf of California teem with fish and sea-food. This bay is a sportsman's paradise and for centuries has been the favorite fishing spot of the Guaymas, Papago, Apachi, Sinaloa, Yaqui and other regional Indian tribes.

Nearly one hundred carloads of *camarones* (shrimps) are sent by rail to the United States each year from Guaymas, for it is a great shipping point for fish and sea-food. The region has long been celebrated, too, for its fine *ostras* (oysters).

The Manzanillo district, on the Pacific coast, is noted for its deep-sea fishing. Rock bass, Spanish mackerel, sea bass, flying fish and swordfish are caught in large numbers. Here, the dreaded marine devil, *manta rapa*, a fighting fiend, weighing from one to two thousand pounds, lurks in the waters and is sometimes captured.



Los tres amigos are having a wonderful time on the outskirts of Monterrey, driving the small burro cart their father made for them from materials picked up at home.

Around Lake Chapala, one of the most prized fish is the *bagre* (báh-gray) catfish. Other favorites are the *majarra*, like red-snapper, *blanco* (white fish), and *charal*, a species of sardine.

Mexican housewives buy many popular varieties of fish in the markets and hotel managers have the same kinds served to guests in their dining rooms. These include *guachinango* (red-snapper), *robalo* (haddock), *corvina* (white sea bass), and *pámpano*.

Men who go fishing in Mexico rarely are disappointed in their catch, for nearly always they bring back one or more *pez*—fish, before being caught—to camp-fire or home kitchen, where it turns into *pescado* when it is cooked.

Probably the most gorgeous feathered creature in Mexico is the awe-inspiring *Quetzal* (Aztec Bird of Paradise), of brilliant plumage, that makes its home in dense, unexplored tropical forests. It is one of the 353 species of *pájaros* (birds) known to inhabit Mexico. Many are exquisitely colored, while others sing beautifully.



The docile baby burro and its mother and the belligerent, one-horned ram, are not impressed, as the Marlowes were, by the excavating work being done at the famous ruins at Monte Albán.

The *zenzontl* (Mexican nightingale) warbles the sweetest tunes of all native song-birds. If you are lucky enough to see a tiny flash that looks like a feathered jewel flitting from one flower to another, you may be sure it is a *chupamiel* (chóo-pay-me-éll) hummingbird. In tropical forests you will also find yellow and black orioles, mourning doves, boat-tailed grackle, pointed redstart, rufus cuckoo, red-eyed cowbird and scores of others perched on tree boughs, twittering and chattering from daylight until dark.

One of the most striking birds in the tropics is the long-tailed, crested blue-jay, with brilliant blue and white feathers, fan-like crest and plumed tail.

The Lake Chapala district is noted as a bird sanctuary. Every year, thousands of warblers leave the cold north and migrate to this land of perpetual summer. From chilly New England, the jet black raven joins the Canadian snow-goose from Alberta. Great blue herons, redwings and pelicans haunt the shores of the lake.

In unfrequented regions, the beautiful, much-sought-after American egret may still be found, also the Mexican *jacona*, laughing falcon, many varieties of parrots and the Mexican meadowlark.

Chapter 11

ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS

MRS. MARLOWE looked out of the window of the huge airplane in which she and Dr. Marlowe were flying from Vera Cruz to Mérida, Yucatán. She caught an occasional glimpse of the deep, blue water of the Gulf of Mexico through the gigantic pillows of white clouds over which the great airship was speeding.

"Allen, this is simply fantastic! The plane is riding so smoothly that I haven't the slightest sensation of moving, yet I know we're going over 200 miles an hour above those clouds." Mrs. Marlowe leaned back against the comfortable seat and turned toward her husband, who was sitting next to her.

"Wait until we hit an airpocket," Dr. Marlowe teased, "then you'll know you're moving."

"It's mean of you to spoil my fun."

"Why, Elise, you know I wouldn't do that for anything in the world. But we must be realistic, you—" Dr. Marlowe didn't finish his sentence for at that moment the big plane hit an airpocket and began to bump.

"Allen, what's happened? Did we hit something?" Mrs. Marlowe seized the doctor's arm in fright.

"Don't be alarmed, Elise. Of course we didn't hit anything," Dr. Marlowe reassured his wife. "Look out of the window and you'll see that now we're nearing our destination, for we're flying over land. And the heat waves from the plains of Yucatán make a change in the atmosphere at this lower level of flying. Result—we have what fliers call 'taking the bumps.'"

"Then we're almost there, Allen. Do you know how excited I am about seeing the ruins of the ancient Maya civilization?"

"Well, I have a faint idea, Elise. I'm pretty much excited myself." Dr. Marlowe smiled as he reached over to help his wife fasten her safety belt. The attractive young Mexican air-hostess had just announced the five-minute warning before landing. All passengers hurriedly reached for their belts and fastened them to avoid unnecessary jarring.

A few minutes later the plane taxied up the runway of the airport in Mérida and the Marlowes stepped out and stood on the soil of Yucatán.

When we think about the history of the New World, the first important date most citizens of the United States remember is usually 1492, the year Columbus discovered America. That seems like a long time ago, although it is less than five hundred years. When compared to the thousands of years that man has inhabited the earth, however, it is a comparatively brief period, after all.

Historians have told us the story of how the American Indian race migrated from Asia across the Bering Straits and then south along the entire length of the North American continent. These Indians were a brown-skinned people who settled in what is now the United States, Mexico, Central and South America. Nobody knows why some of them stopped in Arizona, New Mexico or California, while others continued to travel south to Mexico, the Central American republics and as far as South America. But from the monuments and relics which the Indians left whenever they abandoned one place to go to another, archaeologists have been able to learn a great deal about the early civilizations in Mexico and other parts of the world.

Through archaeology, which is the study of past human life as shown by the temples and implements of stone and other non-perishable materials that have been found on the sites of ancient civilizations, scientists have been able to tell us about how the people of the past lived. They have interpreted the meanings of the activities shown in the carvings and paintings by early sculptors and artists.

In Mexico, by excavating what appeared to be huge mounds of earth, archaeologists have uncovered great pyramids and temples. Then they have restored these ruins by replacing the missing stones, so that today we may visit many of the places where ancient peoples lived and actually see some of the great structures they built long ago.

In addition to uncovering and restoring the great temples and buildings found on top of the earth, explorers have spent many years carefully digging down below the surface. Here they have found layer upon layer of pottery, household utensils, tools and statues, and idols of all sizes. Each layer represents a different period, for after communities were abandoned by the inhabitants, the remains left behind were gradually covered by sand and earth until they disappeared from sight, and the next group of residents just built on top of them.

To the experienced eyes of the scientist, the objects excavated provide a magic key that unlocks the door to the mysterious secrets of early civilizations. They portray the domestic as well as the religious life of the ancient world and tell us that the early Mexicans lived in small villages and worshipped the elements of nature. This explains why so many idols representing the god of rain, the god of the sun and the god of wind were found. When we realize that the ancient Mexicans had no knowledge of scientific farming and that they depended on their crops for life, we can understand why these primitive people inclined to the belief that the rain and sun and wind were all powerful and must be worshipped.

During the course of old civilizations, many of which flourished for hundreds of years, small nations grew into great powers, then declined and finally vanished. You may wonder what made these early cultures disappear. Archaeologists who have spent their lives studying ancient remains believe that there were several reasons for what happened. Sometimes entire populations were destroyed through disease, or tribes were

forced to flee because of an attack by enemies of superior strength. In some regions, the hard living conditions forced a group to leave and find a better home elsewhere, while in other places the food supply or water became inadequate and the populace drifted to other localities. Not only a few homes, but whole cities were then deserted.

In Mexico there are remains and records of several ancient civilizations. The earliest was the Archaic, or primitive, and existed about 9,000 years ago. Then came the Tarascan in the post-Archaic period, followed by the Old Maya (my-ya), which dates back to 200 B.C. or earlier.

From about A.D. 68 to 500, the New Maya civilization developed, first in Guatemala and then in Yucatán. Toward the end of this period, A.D. 400, the Zapotec-Mixtec culture began in Oaxaca and Puebla. It flourished until A.D. 1000, and then vanished also.

Although no accurate records of the early Toltecs have as yet been found, archaeologists believe their culture had been developing for hundreds of years before it disappeared toward the end of the 11th century.

As you know, the Aztecs reached the Valley of Mexico early in the 13th century and were the ruling tribe from A.D. 1325 until they were conquered by the Spaniards in 1521.

Traces of Archaic culture have been discovered in Cuicuilco and Copilco, two villages near Mexico City; also in Chalchihuites and La Quemada, two small communities near the city of Zacatécas. From their study of the remains found, archaeologists believe that during the Archaic period some tribes lived in settlements and engaged in primitive farming. They also started to build with stone, developed crude pottery, did some weaving, made costumes and held religious ceremonies.

Because the volcanoes erupted during this early period, the Archaic peoples thought that volcanoes had life and power and so they constructed their temples and pyramids in the same conical form and built altars on top. We find that many of their descendants continued to erect this type of structure, for the temples of the Tarascan, Maya, Toltec and Aztec all have the same broad base and four sides which taper to a narrow platform at the top.

The mysteries of early Tarascan life are still mostly hidden in the mounds which may be seen in many sections of the states of Michoacán, Jalisco, Guanajuato and Guerrero, for this sturdy race resists the intrusion of the white man today as it did during the time of Cortez, and has refused to allow much exploration. There have been discoveries of a few inverted pyramids, terraced downward into the earth. Also, while excavating a *yacata* (tomb) at Iquatzio, a village near Tsintsuntzan, Michoacán, where the most impressive Tarascan ruins have been uncovered, archaeologists found beautifully wrought filigree metal work which indicated a high degree of civilization.

Most thrilling of all of the ruins to be seen in Mexico, however, are those of the ancient Mayas in Yucatán, whose vanished civilization is still one of the most fascinating riddles of the New World. The remains of the monumental cities built by the Mayas centuries ago are still standing. Their beauty is breath-taking and the magnificent stone structures inspire every observer, whether archaeologist, scientist, or tourist, with awesome wonder.



An over-all view of Chichen Itzá, showing El Observatorio, or the Snail, and El Castillo and the Temple of the Warriors in the background.

How could a people build great temples and pyramids a hundred feet high without the aid of modern machinery and engineering skill? Where did they obtain the huge pieces of stone, many of which weigh tons? How did they bring them to the places selected for building their cities?

No quarries have been found which would help to answer any of these questions and the key to the ancient hieroglyphic writing of the Maya has not yet been fully discovered. There are only three volumes, known as the Codices, in existence today, where part of the history of the Mayas is hidden in thousands of strange designs painted in bright colors on fiber paper coated with white lime. All other written records were destroyed by the Spaniards when they conquered Mexico.

The Maya civilization began south of Yucatán, in the jungle lands now crowded by the Central American republics. How long it existed we do not know, but many cities were built, ornate with wonderful architecture. In terms of our calendar, A.D. 68 is the first written date recorded, and archaeologists have discovered that the culture of this period was highly developed.

Layers and layers of older remains, classed as the Archaic, were also found which showed definite affiliations with the Maya, so that historians have good reason to believe that the Maya civilization dates back thousands of years.

Despite the high degree of culture attained by the Mayas south of the Guatemalan border, something happened which caused them to abandon their homes. Perhaps the crops were destroyed by some plague or maybe a civil war broke out. Whatever the cause, they wandered in the wild jungle lands for many years until at last they reached Yucatán. Here they began to build again about A.D. 360.

The beautiful carving and intricate stone mosaic work of the Maya may be seen at the ruins still standing in Yucatán. Some of the most exquisite carvings are found at Uxmal (oosh-mal), which is about fifty miles from contrasting Mérida, capital of Yucatán, a modern city of 150,000 population. The three most famous ruins at Uxmal are the palace of *Las Monjas* (the nunnery), the Governor's House and the Dwarf's, or Soothsayer's House. The latter is built on top of a mound nearly a hundred feet high. There is an elephant head above the entrance which leads into three rooms, all decorated with elaborate carvings. An interesting legend about the Dwarf's House has been handed down through the centuries. When a Maya boy or girl wants to hear the story about the Dwarf at Uxmal, here is the tale that is told:

Many years ago, a famous witch lived in Uxmal. Her son, who was just a dwarf in size, was a great favorite among the people. Because they were afraid of the witch, everyone in the kingdom lavished gifts on the little creature and this made the king jealous.

On the pretense of being kind, the king took the dwarf into his family and by gradually heaping honors upon him, which always involved him in doing a great deal of work, he hoped to exhaust the boy's strength, bring him into contempt for disobedience and finally punish him with death.

With the magic help of his mother, however, he was always able to do all that was required of him. At last the king ordered him to build a mound with a house on top of it in a single night. The dwarf ran home and cried out in despair: "This time I will fail. I cannot possibly do what he commands." And he told the witch what the king wanted.

"Don't be afraid," his mother said, "in the morning you will find that all is well."

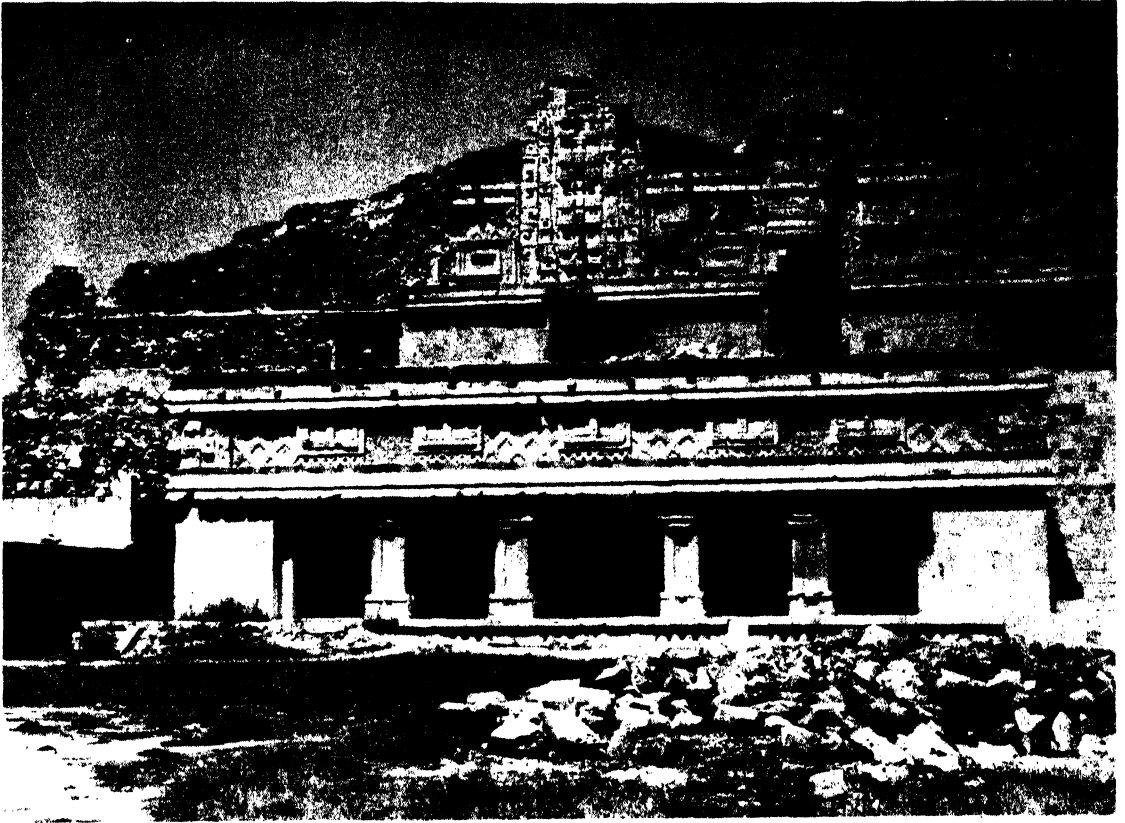
To the astonishment of everyone, a huge new mound with a house on top was in the courtyard early the next day.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" the king exclaimed when the dwarf took him to see that his orders had been executed. Secretly the monarch was furious.

"And now, young man," the king said, "I shall reward you for carrying out all of my commands so faithfully. I will give you my daughter in marriage on condition that first, I break six *cocoyoles* on your head."

In vain the dwarf protested. "I don't want to marry and certainly I'm not vain enough to think that I can wed a princess. The nuts, I know, are very hard. And although my skull is fairly thick, I don't think it can stand to be thumped by *cocoyoles*."

"Nonsense," the king replied, "it's purely a matter of ceremony. Surely a beautiful princess is worth a few hard knocks."



The Governor's Palace at Uxmal was the official residence of the ancient Maya rulers. Patient natives spent years chiseling ornate decorations in stone and almost completely covered the edifice with beautiful designs.

Again the dwarf ran home to his mother. "This time there is no hope. Now the king will kill me." And he told the witch about his latest misfortune.

"Hurry, son. Go back to the king at once and tell him you'll let him break the *cocoyoles* against your head, if afterward he will let you break six more against his."

And so the dwarf asked if this arrangement would be satisfactory. "Yes, certainly." The king laughed as he agreed, for of course the monarch expected to kill the dwarf with the first blow.

But the witch had rubbed a powerful magic ointment on her son's head which made it as hard as iron. The king broke the first *cocoyole* on the dwarf's head. The little fellow didn't even blink. Then the monarch cracked the others in rapid succession. Broken nuts were scattered all around the young man as he jumped up.

"You are remarkably strong," the king said uneasily, pretending to congratulate the dwarf. Actually the king was greatly disappointed and with great fear placed his own head on the earth. He did not survive the first blow.

The test between the king and the dwarf had been fair and the little fellow had proved himself to be the stronger man, so the people of Uxmal buried the old king

and placed the dwarf on the throne. A year later the young monarch married the beautiful princess and the wedding was celebrated by many days of festivities.

Today, whenever a traveler visits the ruins at Uxmal, the House of the Dwarf, or the Soothsayer's House, as it is sometimes called, is the first structure to be pointed out by the guide as he tells the legend about the Dwarf of Uxmal.

It is impossible to look at the intricate mosaic work that decorates the House of the Governor at Uxmal, without wondering how the natives were able to do such exquisite work with only crude stone tools. There are endless friezes of expertly chiseled decorations, some of animals, others of human heads, as well as many panels of geometric designs.

Then the next thing one would like to know is, where this civilization came from originally. Was it brought from Egypt by way of a continent that is now lost, or did it originate in America and then eventually reach Egypt through the Mayas? A number of historians think that the Mayas first appeared in Central America 15,000 years ago. At that time they were forced to flee from another home, the Lost Atlantis, a continent some people believe once existed, but which later disappeared beneath the waters of the ocean. There are no actual facts to substantiate these theories, but some day, when the ancient writing of the Mayas is completely deciphered, scientists and historians may be able to tell us what really happened.

For the present, we must be satisfied with viewing the beauties of the ruins in Yucatán and other places, and be content with the knowledge that has come to us from the learned men who have spent so many years in archaeological research.

While the ruins at Uxmal are considered to be architecturally superior to those of many of the other ruined Mayan cities, those at Chichen Itzá, which was formerly one of the great capitals of the ancient land, are far more spectacular and greater in number.

Chichen Itzá covers an area about two miles square, where huge pyramidal mounds, temples and other buildings are arranged around great open courts. Outwardly the pyramids resemble those of Egypt, but really they are quite different, for the Egyptian pyramids were fundamentally tombs, whereas those at Chichen Itzá are substructures for public buildings, temples or altars.

When Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe reached the Hotel Itza in Mérida, they were met by their guide, Atilio Cámara, a red-headed Mexican of Spanish descent, who made arrangements for their visit to Mayaland Lodge, at Chichen Itzá.

After lunch at the hotel, the doctor and his wife spent the afternoon driving around Mérida in one of the quaint, old-fashioned horse-drawn carriages that have been a familiar sight on the streets of the capital city for scores of years.

Early the next morning, the Marlowes were driven to a henequen plantation. Here they watched the manufacturing processes that changed the tough, green, pointed leaves, which had been cut from the spikey plants growing all over Yucatán, into thin, white fibers. After the fibers were dried on long racks that stretched in straight, slim rows covering many acres of ground, they were baled in the warehouses and shipped

to manufacturing plants, where the strong sisal hemp fiber was made into heavy rope, burlap, and many kinds of twine.

Late that afternoon the Marlowes drove the eighty miles from Mérida to the ancient capital of the Mayas and arrived at Mayaland Lodge at Chichén Itzá just after dark.

"Why it's like Fairyland, *Señor Cámara!*" Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed as she and her husband followed the guide down the walk leading away from the lodge. Ahead they could see the gleaming white *choza* (thatched roof cottage) that was to be their own private dwelling during the stay at Mayaland Lodge. "Look at those magnificent palms and the gorgeous flower gardens. This must be a tropical paradise in the daylight."

"It is, *señora*," the guide said solemnly. Like most Mexicans, *Señor Cámara* was very reserved and took the responsibilities of his job seriously. He saw to it that the Marlowes' bags were carefully placed in their rooms, then left quietly.

On the way to breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Marlowe motioned excitedly to her husband: "Look, Allen, do you see that gorgeous red hibiscus? And over there, isn't that a lily pond? What a wonderful place for a picture!"

"It surely is, dear. You can find beauty spots in any direction you look. And it is even more remarkable when you stop to think that this place was a tangle of jungle growth before *Señor Barbachano* built Mayaland Lodge."

They ate breakfast quickly, then joined *Señor Cámara*, who was waiting with a car to take them to the ruins. In less than five minutes they reached their destination, where they left the automobile and continued on foot.

After walking a short distance, Mrs. Marlowe stopped suddenly. "What is it, *Señor Cámara*? Why—why it's stupendous!"

"*Sí, señora*, that is *El Castillo*, or the Great Temple of Kukul Can. The creator god worshipped by the Mayas was called Kukul Can, which means 'quetzal-bird snake,' or 'plumed serpent.'"

"Are those quetzal birds' at the base of the temple?" Dr. Marlowe asked.

"Yes, they are," the guide answered. "They are carved from big pieces of stone. This Plumed Serpent motive is found not only in the ruins of Yucatán, but among those in many other parts of Mexico. You will see other fine specimens of them when you visit the Toltec ruins, in the ancient city of Teotihuacán (tay-o-tee-wah-cán), which is not far from Mexico City.

"Some world travelers have noticed certain similarities between the Mayan temples and those of ancient Greece," *Señor Cámara* continued, "but others believe that the Plumed Serpent motive is the primitive American adaptation of the dragon in China and Japan."

"That's an interesting theory," Dr. Marlowe commented. "What part did the Plumed Serpent play in the religious life of the ancient peoples?"

"Whatever its origin, the Plumed Serpent and other hideous stone images were worshipped by the early Mayas," the guide explained. "They believed that human sacrifice was essential to placate and appease these sullen gods, who hated the race of man. While we don't know exactly what happened at the ancient religious rites, there are

many legends and through the folklore of the people stories of what took place have been handed down from generation to generation."

"Do you know any of them?" Mrs. Marlowe asked eagerly. The guide's tale about ancient pagan gods had stirred her imagination. Since her first glimpse of the imposing ruins she had experienced a vague feeling of unreality and a strange sensation of being suddenly thrust back into an unknown world. A strong urge to learn as much as she could about the life of the mysterious Mayas gripped her.

"Sí, señora. When I was a boy, I lived with my grandparents," Atilio Cámara said. "They had an old Indian *nana* directly descended from the Mayas, in their household. One day she told me the story that her grandfather had told her about the religious rites of his ancestors. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes, yes. Wouldn't we, Allen?"

Dr. Marlowe had been listening to the conversation with great interest. "I should say so, Elise. Can we sit here on the first step of *El Castillo*? That would make it even more realistic." The doctor didn't realize at the time how truly he spoke.

"Certainly, Doctor, right over there, near the corner, for then we can look at the entrance to the inner temple and see the road that leads to the Sacred Well, too," Señor Cámara explained.

After the trio had seated themselves as comfortably as was possible on the hard, rough stone, the guide began his story:

"On ceremonial days, the entire population of Chichén Itzá gathered before dawn around this Great Temple of Kukul Can. In the secret chamber on the top of *El Castillo*, the High Priest first made offerings of precious jewels to *El Tigre Rojo* (the red tiger), a ferocious-looking stone beast painted red, with gleaming green jade eyes, and twenty-six pieces of jade set in his sides. Then the High Priest started slowly down the steep, broad stairs on the outside of the temple. The brilliant-colored plumes of his heavy crown waved gently in the early morning breeze, and his red, jade-trimmed robe fell in great folds behind him. Clouds of smoke from the large incense bowl he carried floated back, encircling the lovely young Maya maiden who had been chosen as the sacrifice for this day's offering to the angry gods. She was beautifully dressed and wore many pieces of gold jewelry.

"Priests of lesser rank followed, then came the aged sorcerers holding hideous, writhing snakes in their hands. Military chiefs walked boldly behind, proudly carrying their weapons of war. Scores of nobles, dressed to resemble the gods themselves, followed, their bodies painted like snakes and their faces covered with grotesque masks which had three duplicates of the same mask towering high above their heads.

"Behind the nobles and chieftains, servants carried gifts of gold and precious stones.

"To the accompaniment of muffled drums and the low-voiced chants of the priests, the long procession marched across the wide courtyard in front of us, to the Sacred Causeway. You can see it right over there." The guide motioned to a path that led from the edge of the courtyard through the jungle beyond. "It leads directly to *El Cenote del Sacrificio* (well of sacrifices). When the Sacred Well was reached, the High Priest entered a small temple near the edge of the pool.

"A great fire was soon ablaze in front of the temple, while the High Priest knelt

before the altar inside. As the flames soared higher and higher, the nobles and chiefs waited their turn to throw gifts into the dark green water of the *cenote*, where the gods of rain, battle and death were supposed to dwell." Señor Cámara paused. He looked across the dry, parched earth toward the narrow path that disappeared in the jungle growth beyond.

Nobody spoke. The spell of the past gripped them.

Suddenly Elise Marlowe screamed. "They've come back. Something is moving over there in the bushes. It's the High Priest. Look at the plumes on his crown. And his red robe and the bowl of incense. He's coming this way with a hundred priests behind him. Don't let them take me. Allen, save me!" Terrified at the spectacle she saw across the courtyard, Mrs. Marlowe clung to her husband who stared in astonishment at the procession emerging from the jungle.

"Calm yourself, dear. There's nothing to be afraid of. This is the twentieth century, not the first! What does it mean, Cámara?"

Even the guide had looked startled for a moment. Then he apologized for frightening Mrs. Marlowe with his story and explained that he had forgotten that this was the morning the natives were rehearsing the pageant of the ancient sacrificial rites as part of a coming celebration.

"Well, they certainly made their appearance at the crucial moment," Dr. Marlowe said as his wife released her tight hold on his arm and leaned back against the stone step.

"Whew—what a scare! I'm sure my hair was standing up straight. Sorry I made such a fuss. Is there more to the story, *Señor Cámara*?"

"*Sí, señora*, if you think you can stand it." There was the suggestion of a smile on the guide's usually solemn face.

"Of course I can. Nothing could keep me from hearing the rest of it. But first, will you tell us what *cenotes* are?"

"Oh, yes. I didn't realize that I hadn't explained about them," the guide said. "*Cenotes* are giant wells, peculiar to Yucatán. Some are small, while others, like the Sacred Well here at Chichen Itzá, are very large. They lie from twenty to over eighty feet below the surface of the ground, corresponding approximately to the level of the sea. Many have rocky walls around two or three sides. Thick vegetation flourishes near the cool, moist air of the *cenotes*, which must have been formed centuries ago. It is believed that rain water seeped into cracks in the limestone floor of the country, for the entire peninsula of Yucatán has a porous underground limestone strata, which explains why there are no surface lakes or rivers. Portions of the under strata were dissolved by the moisture and caused cave-ins. The jagged edges of the hole that was made were eroded over a long period of time, and finally turned into a symmetrical basin."

"They must be very strange formations," Dr. Marlowe commented.

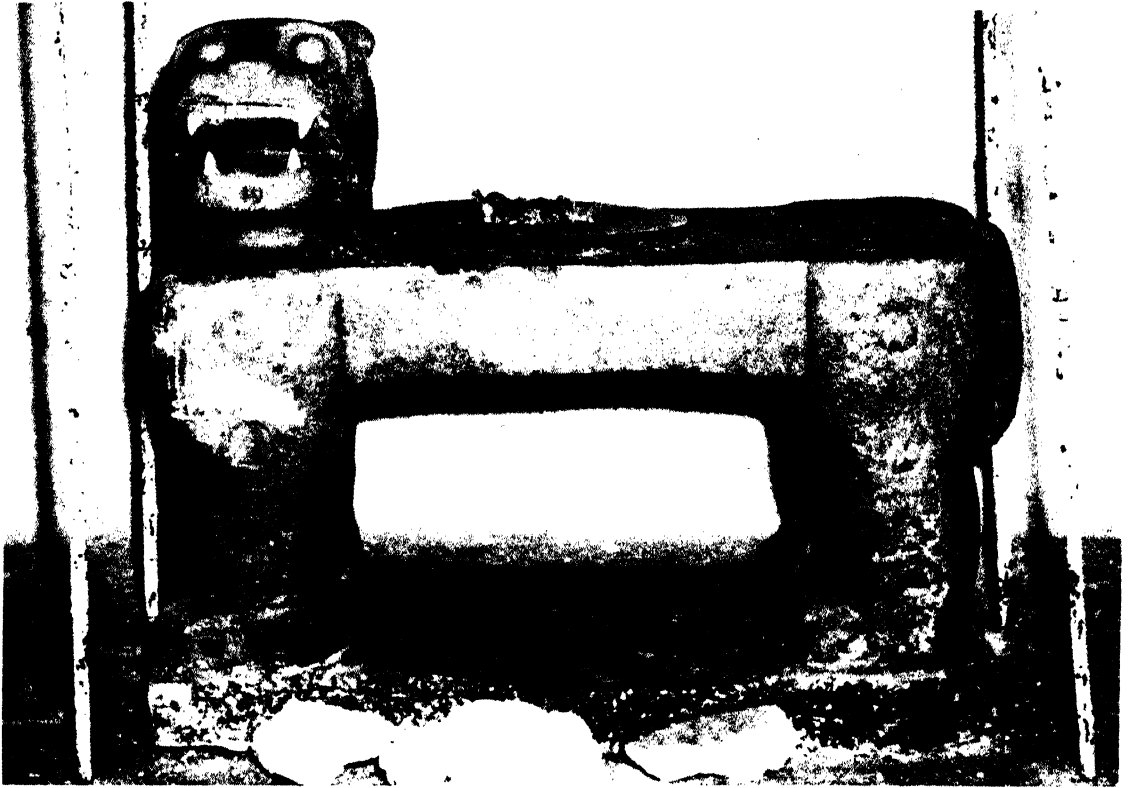
"So they are," *Señor Cámara* agreed. "We'll see one later on."

"Thank you for explaining about the *cenotes*," injected Mrs. Marlowe. "Will you tell us the rest of the story now?"

"Certainly, *señora*," the guide said, then continued his tale. "When the giant flames reached a certain height, the Leader of Sacrifices, a strong young prince, stepped to the



From a doorway in the Temple of the Warriors, El Castillo, or Temple of Kukul Can, towers over the people below. It is 100 feet high, the most imposing Maya structure at Chichen Itzá, with nine diminishing terraces and four massive stairways, each containing 91 steps.



With only a flashlight to guide them, the Marlowes climbed a tiny narrow staircase, recently discovered, in an inner pyramid of El Castillo. At the top, in a secret chamber of the ancient Mayas, they photographed El Tigre Rojo (The Red Jaguar), a ferocious beast carved in limestone, painted red. Its eyes and spots are of jade.

rim of the Sacred Well. His body was painted in reds and greens to resemble a snake skin. An indescribably ugly mask of vivid yellow and black covered his face and towered high above his head.

"‘To the great gods who give us life and death, I pay homage . . .’ a thousand voices joined the leader in his chant. ‘To you I give my most precious possession, this gold crown adorned with countless beads of carved jade, each one the lifetime work of one of your subjects. It is for your honor and glory. I pray you grant me life.’ With his final word, the prince hurled the precious gift far across the pool. All eyes watched the whirling streak of gold as the crown plunged downward into the murky waters and disappeared.

"One by one the worshippers made their offerings. Another noble stepped up and flung a massive gold bowl into the abyss below. Then the last warrior in the procession fondly patted his favorite weapon, carved from choice ebony and set with precious jewels, before he threw it in.

"Now intense excitement gripped the onlookers around the well. All but the supreme sacrifice had been made. Suddenly there was a hushed silence as the High Priest

emerged from the temple. He motioned to the attendants to bring forward the lovely young girl, whose wide, dark eyes were fixed on his face. At the ominous cries of a group of warriors near the edge of the Sacred Well, the maiden glanced into its sinister depths. Filled with panic, she screamed in terror as the warriors grabbed her and flung her into the *cenote*, then broke into a wild chant. Louder and louder they yodeled, until the body hit the water and the dark green liquid closed over it. Then there was silence. Finally, the High Priest walked slowly away from the sacrificial spot, back to the Temple of Kukul Can, his followers behind him."

Once more the trio sitting on the stone steps was silent, each absorbed in thought. Mrs. Marlowe shivered, despite the heat of the Yucatán sun. "How dreadful! Those poor young girls. Did the ferocious old pagan beasts sacrifice them very often?"

"According to the stories that have been handed down, these frightful religious ceremonies were repeated hundreds of times at the Sacred Well of Chichen Itzá," *Señor Cámara* explained.

"But the stories are legendary, aren't they?" Dr. Marlowe asked. "There is no proof that such sacrifices were actually made, is there?"

"If you care to hear another story, I believe you can answer your own question, Doctor," the guide replied.

"Another story? Wonderful! Let's have it," Mrs. Marlowe said eagerly and settled back against the rough stones as comfortably as she could.

"When the Spaniards arrived in Chichen Itzá, very early in the 16th century, it was almost entirely deserted," *Señor Cámara* began. "Kings and people had disappeared and only a few campers still lived around the old buildings. The people in the community told the Spaniards the tale about the sacrifices and showed them the well, but although the Castellians repeated the stories, they were skeptical about them. So were archaeologists centuries later when they studied the chronical and the ruins.

"But Edward Thompson, one-time United States Consul to Yucatán, took the old rumor about the Sacred Well seriously," the guide continued. "After living in Yucatán he became so attached to the country, that he decided to make it his home. Early in the twentieth century, Mr. Thompson bought an estate which covered nearly all of the ancient city of the Mayas, including the plantation house at Chichen Itzá, built by the Spaniards early in the eighteenth century.

"Solving the secret of the Sacred Well became an obsession with him. It was impossible to drain the water out and so Thompson decided that dredging the pool was the only possible way to find out if there actually was anything in the bottom of the well. For weeks a crew worked, hauling up one load after another of debris, accumulated through the centuries, and dumped it on the ground near the brink of the *cenote*. The mountain of muck and mud grew higher and higher. Day after day, Mr. Thompson and his party earnestly pawed through masses of decayed trees and rotted leaves. They found nothing."

"Does that mean that Edward Thompson was mistaken in his belief that the old folk tales of the Mayas were true? Did he stop trying to find out?" Mrs. Marlowe sounded disappointed as she asked the questions.

"Everyone was ready to give up except Thompson, and even he was becoming dis-



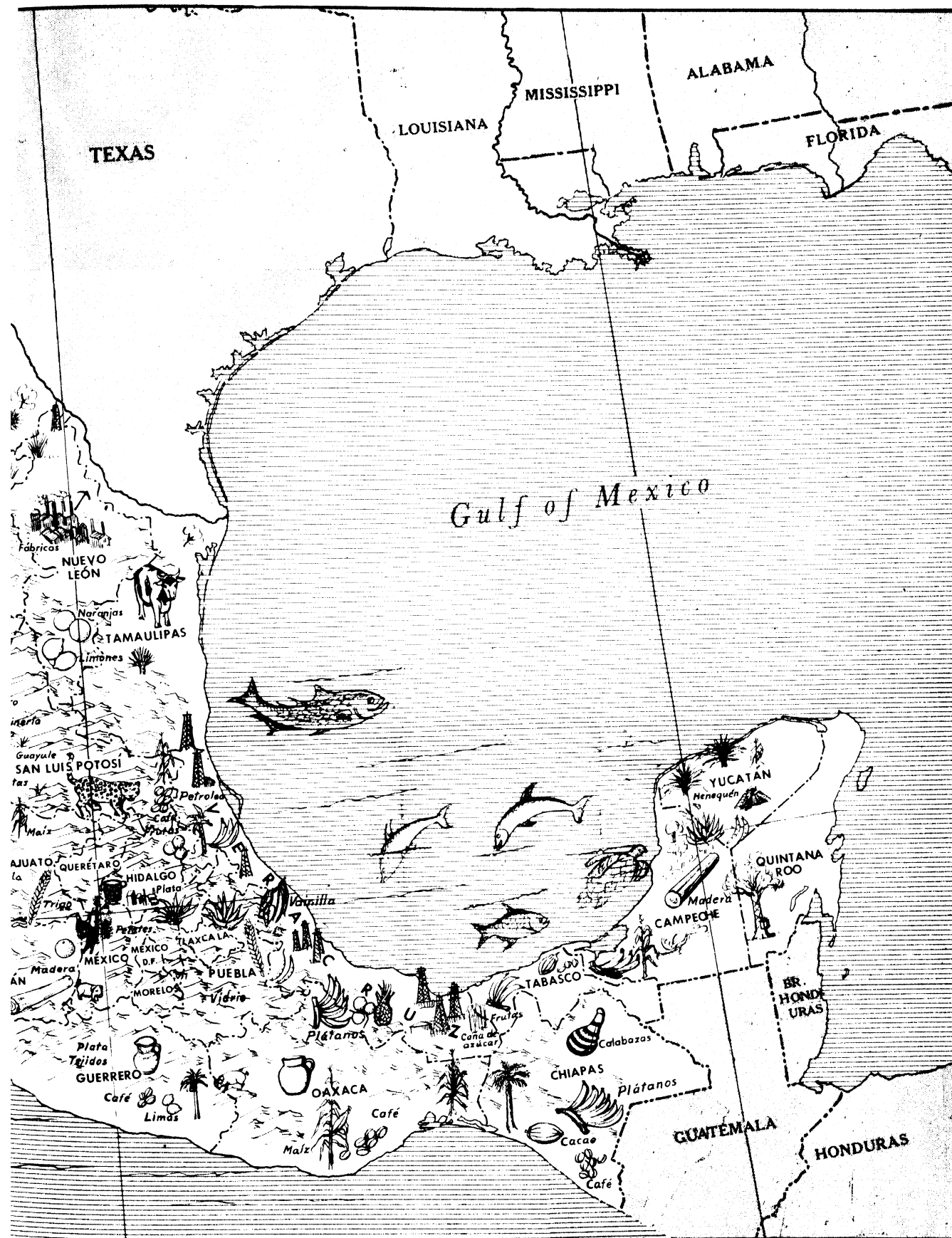
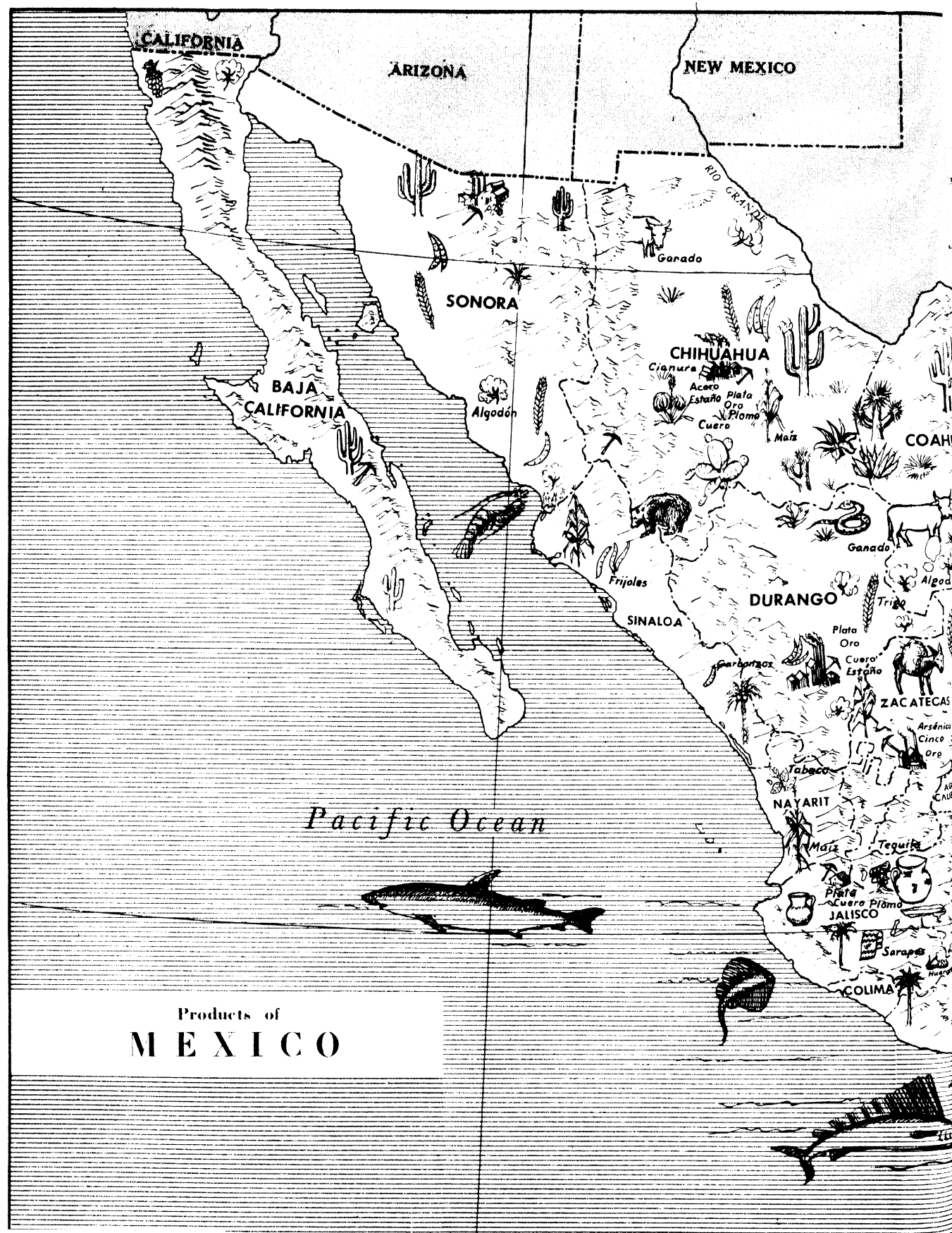
Two gigantic serpents guard the entrance to the Temple of the Warriors. In front is a Chacmool, an idol representing a reclining human figure, with face turned to one side. A flat stone plate on the abdomen was apparently used to receive offerings.

couraged," the guide went on. "Then one day he spied two white balls in the thick mud. Eagerly he tore one open, touched a lighted match to the core of it, and watched a thin spiral of scented smoke curl skyward. At his delighted shout, the workers all crowded around. 'I was right. These are ancient balls of *copal* gum, which the old Maya used for incense,' Thompson explained as he showed them. 'Now we'll begin to find the treasure for which we've been digging.'

"And sure enough. The next load brought up a gold basin and a large flat dish of gold, both beautifully decorated. After that every time the machine was lowered into the pool, it brought up some precious object to be added to the storehouse of archaeological wealth that grew bigger each day.

"When at last the dredging was stopped, a king's ransom had been uncovered from *El Cenote del Sacrificio*. Among the treasures found were forty large, flat dishes made of pure gold, half a dozen gold basins and cups, twenty finger rings, a mask and a score of animal figures also wrought in solid gold, as well as gold sandals, bells and shields.

"Then there were hundreds of objects made of jade, beads, carved and plain, ear ornaments and pendants, statuettes and tablets. Precious turquoise inlay work on



knives and flint spearheads were found, also large turquoise stone statues and beautiful pottery."

"But what about the human sacrifice that was practiced," Mrs. Marlowe interrupted the guide's description of the treasures found. "Was there anything to indicate that lovely young girls were actually thrown into the pool?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say that the tales handed down by the ancestors of the Mayas were based on fact. In addition to the hundreds of other objects so interesting to scientists, scores of skeletons were discovered. The slender bones found left no doubt in the minds of the men excavating, that they were those of young girls sacrificed centuries before."

"Then it's all true," Mrs. Marlowe said. "How could people with such wonderful artistic ability and the strength and imagination to build such magnificent structures as *El Castillo*, be so cruel?"

"It is hard to understand today," *Señor Cámara* said, "but pagan priests taught the ancient Mayas that human sacrifice was essential to their own life and so they never thought of it in the way we do."

"I suppose not," Dr. Marlowe said as he helped Mrs. Marlowe up. The doctor and his wife both stretched a minute before starting toward the ball court, which was the next point of interest. High stone walls were visible on two sides of the great court where two huge rings projected from the center, opposite each other.

"How did they use these courts?" Dr. Marlowe asked.

"I can explain it more realistically if I tell you what happened after the sacrifice at the Sacred Well," *Señor Cámara* answered. "When the ceremony at the Sacred Well was over, the priests, nobles, warriors and populace returned to the Temple of Kukul Can. In the courtyard, the women began preparations for a great feast. Wild turkeys were roasted and huge sides of venison were broiled over roaring fires. Hundreds of *tortillas* were patted into thin, round cakes and baked on hot stones. Wild fruits and berries were picked and eaten as sweets.

"When the feast was over, everybody rested. Then in the late afternoon, the Mayas gathered at the great Ball Court which is directly in front of us. On the right side of the court, you can see the Temple of the Tigers." The guide stopped and waved his hand toward the frieze that ran around the upper part of the tall stone structure.

"Why, those figures up there look like tigers," Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed.

"That is what they're supposed to be, I guess, for it was because of them that this ruin received its name," the guide explained, then went on with his story. "Two teams of warriors engaged in a grim contest in the ball court below this temple. They played a game with a hard, crudely made rubber ball. The players on the side that was defeated lost their lives and were sacrificed on the altar of the Temple of the Warriors. Nobody questioned this frightful practice, for the High Priest had told his followers that their gods demanded that the finest young men in the kingdom be sacrificed, just as they insisted that only the fairest maidens be thrown into the Sacred Pool."

"How awful!" Mrs. Marlowe shuddered. "What did they do after that? Look for more victims?"

"No, by that time everybody was pretty well exhausted from the strain and excitement of the strenuous activities of a sacrificial day," *Señor Cámara* said. "When the long shadows of *El Castillo* stretched across the open plaza, men, women and children were ready to go home. Rulers and nobles returned to their palaces, while the priests sought the quiet of their temples. Weary little boys and girls probably cried out to their mothers: 'I'm tired, Mummy. Carry me.'"

"Hundreds of families trudged along the dusty roads to their *chozas*, which, while smaller, were built very much like the one you have at Mayaland Lodge.

"The next day the Mayas resumed the routine of their daily life. Some of the men were busy hunting and fishing, or farming to provide food for their families. Others worked at carving wood or stone objects, many of which were demanded by the priests for adorning the temples. Outside of the doorway of their homes, the women ground maize for *tortillas* or did some handicraft work. The children helped by caring for the smallest members of the family or by gathering berries. Now nothing would interrupt their quiet living until the next sacrificial day was announced by the High Priest."

The Marlowes and their guide had been walking from the great Ball Court to the Temple of the Warriors. "Your story of a ceremonial day in the life of the ancient Maya has added greatly to our appreciation of these ruins," Dr. Marlowe remarked thoughtfully as they approached the Warrior's Temple where hundreds of huge stone columns stood like silent sentries guarding the secrets of the past.

"It certainly has," Mrs. Marlowe agreed. "And it was so realistic I was sure at one point that I was to be the next victim of the Sacred Well. And that reminds me. Will we be able to see it?"

"Yes, in the late afternoon. When we finish looking over the ruins which have been restored here, it will be time to return to the lodge for lunch," *Señor Cámara* explained. "Everybody then enjoys a long *siesta* while the sun is at its height and is very, very hot. After that we will go back to the Ball Court so that you can take the pictures you want, with the sun in the right place. Then we'll visit the Sacred Well. Tomorrow we'll make the trip to the other part of the ancient capital to see *El Observatorio* and *Las Monjas*, which are two of the most spectacular structures in Chichen Itzá."

"Sounds good to me," Dr. Marlowe approved as they walked up the broad steps of the Temple of the Warriors.

Later that afternoon after Dr. Marlowe had taken pictures of the Ball Court while the sun cast a long shadow over one wall and shone brilliantly on the other, *Señor Cámara* said: "Now it's time to walk down the Sacred Causeway to *El Cenote del Sacrificio*. The narrow trail beyond the courtyard leads through the jungle to the well."

Silently the Marlowes followed the guide. It was nearing dusk. There was something eerie about walking over the ground where hundreds of ancient Mayas had once followed one another to offer sacrifices to their pagan gods so long ago. Mrs. Marlowe shivered despite the tropical heat.

"What's the matter, Elise?" Dr. Marlowe put his arm around his wife as they emerged from the jungle.

"Oh, nothing, Allen, just that queer feeling of unreality again."

"I know, dear, I have it, too," the Doctor said softly. "It is all very strange. I don't understand this sensation and I'm going to stop trying to fathom it."

"Then I am, too," Mrs. Marlowe said in a relieved tone.

Señor Cámara walked with them as they approached the *cenote* and stopped before they reached the rim of the Sacred Well.

"Please don't go too near the edge," he requested, "visitors have sometimes become dizzy and if anyone should fall in, it would be very difficult to pull them out. As you can see, the sides of the well are perpendicular and it's an eighty foot drop to the water."

The doctor and his wife stepped back quickly. "Never fear, we'll be careful. I don't like the looks of that black water way down below."

"Nor do I," Mrs. Marlowe said, then turned impulsively toward her husband. "Shall we go, dear? I've seen all I care to of the Sacred Well."

"So have I, Elise. Let's go back, *Cámara*."

With the guide leading the way, the three travelers left the ancient sacrificial spot and returned to Mayaland Lodge.

After an early breakfast the next morning, the Marlowes drove with *Señor Cámara* to *El Observatorio* and *Las Monjas*.

"What is that opening at the top of *El Observatorio*?" Dr. Marlowe asked, motioning toward the great structure which had the same general shape as modern observatory domes of today.

"It is a window, Doctor, a very important one," *Señor Cámara* answered. "The ancients used this structure as an observatory to study the stars and other planets. That window is in a room that was carefully planned so as to catch the sun's rays on the wall opposite the opening on a certain day each year. It signified the day for planting and the priests held a special ceremony for the announcement of this all important event."

"What day was it?" Mrs. Marlowe inquired.

"March twenty-third, which happens to be today," the guide said.

"That's a coincidence, isn't it? Could I climb up there and see if the sun still hits the opposite wall?" With a smile, Dr. Marlowe looked at the guide.

"Certainly, Doctor, if you don't mind climbing up a narrow stone staircase inside, that is dark as night. I have a flashlight, so there would be no danger."

"Fine. I'll start right away. Want to come along, Elise?"

"No, Allen. I'll watch for your head when you stick it out of the window."

Some minutes later there was a shout from above. "Can you see me, Elise?"

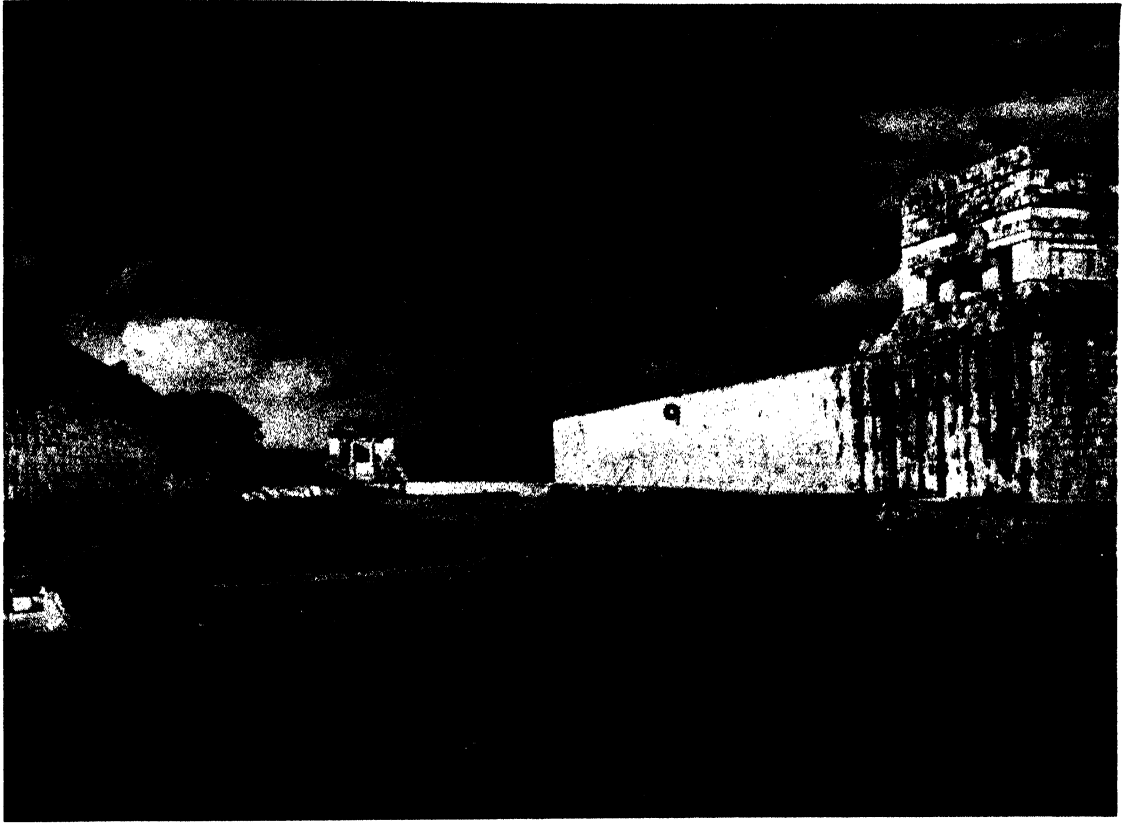
"Of course I can. How's the view?" Mrs. Marlowe shouted back.

"Can't hear you. Be down in a few minutes."

"Those ancient Mayas were mighty smart boys," Dr. Marlowe said when he reached the ground again. "This is March twenty-third, and I saw the sun hitting the spot the Mayan priests observed centuries ago."

"Was it a hard climb up there, Allen?"

"I wouldn't recommend it for relaxation, dear, but I'm glad I went up. It was quite a thrill to reach the place where the ancient priests sat and watched for the sun to



The Great Ball Court, or Tlachtli field, has massive twin stone walls 28 feet high, 39 feet thick, 272 feet long and 120 feet apart. Entwined serpents ornament the huge stone rings, 4 feet in diameter, located in the middle of each wall.

come around each year, so that they knew when to tell the people to start to plant."

"Did you know I took a picture of you while you were looking out of that window up there?"

"You did? I wasn't up there very long."

"No, but one-hundredth of a second was all the time I needed to take a picture," Mrs. Marlowe teased.

"Yes, dear, I know," the doctor spoke indulgently. "One hundredth of a second to click the shutter, but how many hours before you finally have a picture in your hand?"

"We won't go into that now, Allen," Mrs. Marlowe said as they followed the guide over the pathway leading to *Las Monjas*. These ornate, one-story structures stood gleaming like white jewels in the brilliant Yucatán sun when they approached them.

"You are wise to use a filter on these pictures of the ruins, Doctor," *Señor Cámara* remarked. "This bright light is so dazzling it would be hard to show the beauty of the stone otherwise."

"Yes, that's what I decided." Dr. Marlowe spoke with satisfaction as he picked up the bulky camera. "Can we go inside the Nunnery?"

"Certainly. These buildings of the Nunnery have only one floor, Mrs. Marlowe, and so you won't need to worry about climbing."

"That's good. I enjoy seeing the ruins but I don't like crawling to such dizzy heights up those high, narrow staircases."

They all had to stoop a bit to get through the small open doorways that led into the Nunnery buildings. Inside, they went from one tiny room to another.

"Why do you suppose they made such little rooms?" Mrs. Marlowe asked.

"From the stories which have been handed down, we can't be sure," the guide answered, "but it is generally believed that the Nunnery was the home of the women of the church, who only slept there. They spent most of their time helping in the temples."

"It seems to me that the life of the ancient Mayas was centered around religious ceremonies and the task of securing food," Dr. Marlowe remarked.

"That is correct, Doctor. There were frequent wars, too, which played a significant part in religion also. Captured warriors were kept alive to be sacrificed later to pagan gods," *Señor Cámara* explained while they were slowly walking back to the car. The sun was almost straight overhead and it sent waves of heat toward the trio, that seemed to vibrate in the air. Like all tropical climates, however, it was cool in the shade.

When they reached Mayaland Lodge a few minutes later, Dr. Marlowe ordered tall glasses of iced limeade. An attractive native girl served them. She was dressed in the colorful embroidered tunic *huipiles* (wée-pee-lees), or blouses worn by the modern Mayan women. These *huipiles* are patterned after those of their ancestors.

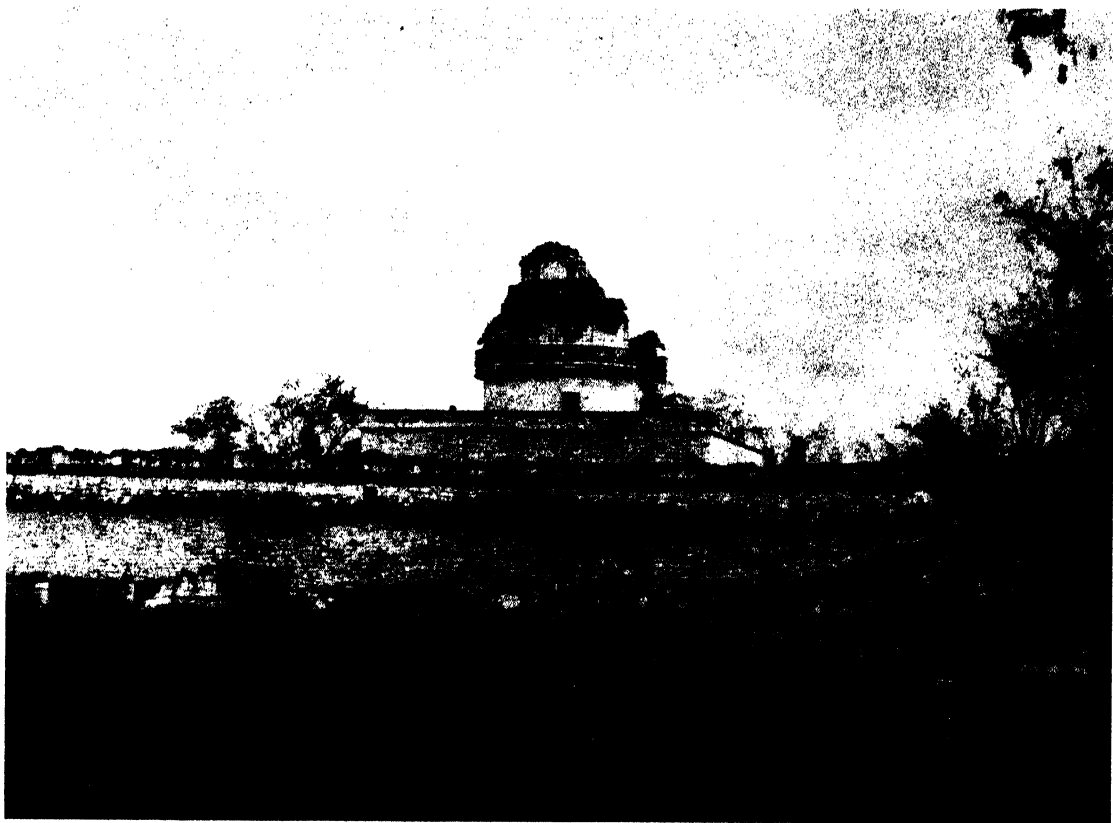
"This week in Yucatán has been much too short," Mrs. Marlowe said while she slowly sipped her limeade. "I adore the people, and I'm fascinated by the ruins. I'd like to spend months here."

"There is nothing to prevent a return trip, Elise," Dr. Marlowe said. "We'll talk about our next visit on the way back in the plane tomorrow."

The Mexican government has spent large sums of money in excavating and restoring the ruins of ancient civilizations in many parts of Mexico. In the interest of science, Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley of the Carnegie Institute in Washington, D.C., secured permission from Mexican government officials to further his explorations and research on the ancient Maya civilization in Yucatán. Dr. Morley is the world's foremost authority on the Mayas and is responsible for the restoration of many of the famous Mayan ruins in Central America, as well as those in Yucatán which the Marlowes visited.

Hundreds of miles south and west of Chichen Itzá, another early civilization flourished in Mexico between A.D. 534 and 1125. This country was called the land of the Zapotecs, and is now the State of Oaxaca (wah-ha-ka).

According to the Spaniard, Friar Francisco de Burgoa, the only early historian of this race, nothing is known of the ancestors of the Zapotecs. Their folklore does not reveal any stories of migration from another land as do the legends of the Mayas, Aztecs and other ancient Indian tribes. During the 16th century, Friar Burgoa wrote that very brave Zapotecs claimed to be the sons of jaguars and other wild beasts, while



Historians believe that El Observatorio was used by the ancient Mayas as an astronomical observatory. It towers above the surrounding plain on a two-terraced base, 225 feet long and 150 feet wide.

others, proud of being stubborn and untamable, said that they were born of high stony cliffs and rocks.

Although their origin is unknown, an ancient people, with a highly developed culture, lived in the Valley of Oaxaca more than 2000 years ago. At that time, the Archaic tribes of the Valley of Mexico first began the culture that terminated when Cortez conquered the Aztecs in 1521.

Artificial mounds as well as excavated ruins, cover the top of the mountain, Monte Albán. Today they are visible from the streets of the modern capital, Oaxaca City, only a few miles away. But it is necessary to see the ruins of Monte Albán, great capital city of the Zapotecs, to realize what a marvelous Indian metropolis existed there centuries ago.

In 1931, Dr. Alfonso Caso, Mexico's leading archaeologist, began excavating the tombs found on the slopes of Monte Albán. The first one had already been looted, as were some of the others. However, the discovery of tomb number seven repaid any futile efforts expended before, because here Dr. Caso discovered the now famed "Monte Albán Jewels," the richest archaeological find ever made in the New World.

After they had located the treasure, all of the men in Dr. Caso's party worked feverishly for seven sleepless days and nights, crowded together in the small stone chamber. They measured every inch of the ground carefully, noting the exact positions of the jewels extracted, and then photographed and classified the objects.

More than five hundred items were found, with many long necklaces of gold bells and beads counted as a single item. There were pieces of turquoise mosaics, ornaments of carved jade, strings of pearls as big as bird's eggs and a fabulous amount of gold jewelry, including a mask of solid gold.

After an intensive study of the treasure, Dr. Caso found that the original owners of the jewels were not the Zapotecs who built the tomb, but another strong race called the Mixtecs, who had overpowered and then driven the Zapotecs from Monte Albán. With the priceless jewels were found the skeletons of seven Mixtec chieftains and one woman.

From the discoveries in tomb seven and scores of others (more than a hundred have been excavated), knowledge of how these ancient people lived has been greatly increased. Many of the tombs contained not only skeletons, but ornaments of carved bone, ornate jade figures, and clay pots of various shapes. Dr. Caso studied the fragments of clay pottery found at different levels in the refuse dumps in the ruins, and finally reconstructed the history of Monte Albán. He established five epochs, from the Archaic period to the 16th century, when the Spaniards conquered the Mexicans.

During the third epoch, A.D. 500–1000, Zapotec culture was at its height. Talented sculptors decorated the huge funerary urns with lavishly dressed noblemen wearing animal helmets surmounted by long *quetzal* feathers. Art was highly developed, dominated by conventionalized patterns. These had a basic motif of decoration which consisted of spirals with rounded corners. The designs, often representing serpent heads, were cut deep into flat surfaces. Although this style was individual and characteristic of the Zapotec, there is a strong relationship with the classic arts of the Toltecs at Teotihuacán and Xochicalco on the Mexican plateau, and to some extent with the early art of the Old Maya Empire and Vera Cruz state.

From A.D. 1000–1300, the fourth epoch, Zapotec culture declined steadily until finally the great city of Monte Albán was abandoned. Perhaps this was due to a series of wars with the Mixtecs who grew steadily in power until they had displaced the Zapotecs from Monte Albán by the fifth epoch, A.D. 1300–1521. During this period the Zapotecs went south to Tehuantepec (tay-wán-teh-peck) and by 1360 had conquered the natives of the Isthmus region.

The last Monte Albán epoch, before the Spanish Conquest, is known as the "Mixteca-Puebla" or Toltec cultural era. It was marked by a renaissance in the arts and crafts and was a period of grandeur, as shown by the fabulous treasures unearthed. Flat-roofed tombs reappeared such as those found in Mitla (méet-la), which means "Abode of the Dead" or "House of Rest." This city of the dead was the ancient sanctuary of the Zapotecs.

Today travelers go to Mitla to see the extraordinary ruins that are still in a remarkable state of preservation. The town itself is a tiny one, about twenty-five miles south of Oaxaca City. In the mid-16th century when the Spanish missionaries first



Las Monjas is located but a short distance from El Observatorio. It is richly decorated with friezes and sculptured figures and is probably the most ornate structure in Chichen Itzá.

viewed the sacred city, they were awed by the architectural achievements of the Indians. These early builders constructed gigantic monolith columns. They fitted countless thousands of little white stones together without mortar and set them in a background of red stucco, to make the beautiful mosaics that still adorn the ruins.

When he visited Mitla, Father Burgoa examined the structures and was amazed at the hardness of the stucco. He wrote that he was unable to find anybody who knew what liquid had been used to make the mixture so hard. Obviously the secrets of the ancient builders had been lost long before the arrival of the Spaniards.

More than twenty patterns were used in the decorations, all based on the stepped spiral motif, which was derived from the head of the Feathered Serpent, a symbol of the god Quetzalcoatl.

Early historians believe that there were a series of burial chambers in the religious palaces at Mitla. The main one was used for the gods worshipped by the Zapotecs; the high priests were buried in the second chamber, built underground, while the third chamber, also underground, was reserved for the Zapotec kings.

Religious concepts of the Zapotecs, like those of the Mayas and other early Indians,



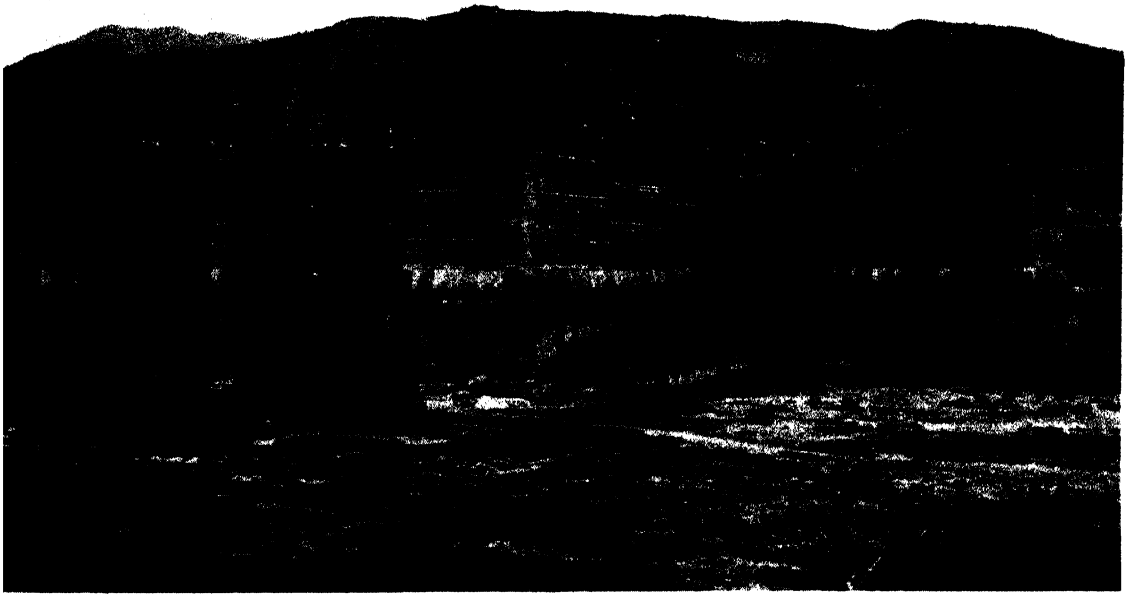
Huge, gleaming, cream-colored stone buildings have been excavated at the Monte Albán ruins, where the ancient Zapotecs and Mixtecs once ruled. Sunken courts and stairways are distributed around an enormous plaza, 1,000 feet long and 600 feet wide.

were a mixture of devotions. They worshipped their ancestors and the elements, the sun and the wind; also in high esteem was productivity, which meant that they also worshipped the rain, the earth, and the maize that gave them food for life.

While the Zapotec- Mixtec culture was flourishing in the south, the civilization of the Toltec-Aztec tribes had developed in central Mexico. Colossal monuments had been built thousands of years before at San Juan Teotihuacán, "Abode of the Gods," about twenty-five miles from Mexico City.

When the Marlowes finished their tour of Yucatán, they flew back to the mainland of Mexico, stopped overnight at the luxurious Hotel Mocambo, located on the Gulf of Mexico, about four miles from Vera Cruz, then drove to Mexico City in their car. Here they contacted Tomás Gutiérrez, the fine guide who had driven them to Taxco on their arrival in Mexico. Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe were both delighted when Tomás said that he would be free to take them to see the ruins at Teotihuacán the next day.

By nine o'clock in the morning, the Marlowes and Tomás were on the way to the ancient city near the capital of the Republic. Dr. Marlowe was riding in the front seat



Candlestick cactus thrusts long fingers skyward around the ruins at Mitla, ancient Zapotec "City of the Dead." Fourteen different intricate mosaic designs, similar to the Greek, made of millions of pieces of carefully cut stone, add ornate decorations to the temples.

with Tomás, who was driving, while Mrs. Marlowe and the camera equipment occupied the rear of the car.

After developing the films taken at Chichen Itzá the last night they were in Mérida, the Marlowes were determined to secure as many more pictures of ruins as possible.

"There is something strangely fascinating about those ancient structures," Dr. Marlowe remarked as they neared Teotihuacán, "I can't explain how they effect me, but I'm actually excited about seeing these ruins today."

"The ruins create a mysterious spell over people, Doctor," Tomás said, "you are not the only person who feels it."

"Allen, look at that amazing pyramid over there," Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed. "What is it, Tomás?"

"That is the Pyramid of the Sun," Tomás answered as he stopped the car and parked it. "Historians believe it was erected by the early Toltecs who built the ancient sacred city of Teotihuacán, hundreds, possibly thousands, of years ago."

"How high is it?" Dr. Marlowe asked as they walked across the wide court and up a broad staircase toward the Temple of Quetzalcoatl.

"The Pyramid of the Sun is 216 feet high and measures nearly 750 feet at the base. It is the largest artificial mound in America. Behind it you can see a smaller monument, the Pyramid of the Moon, which is 150 feet high. Both pyramids have broad, narrow staircases. Many tourists climb to the top, despite the steep ascent which is very strenuous. The view from the Pyramid of the Sun, however, is magnificent."

"I think I'll be satisfied with what I can see from here," Mrs. Marlowe decided.

"Not I!" Dr. Marlowe exclaimed. "I'll take the camera and climb up. Do you mind waiting, Elise?"

"Not at all, Allen. We'll take some pictures of these ferocious-looking feathered serpent heads that decorate the Temple of Quetzalcoatl, and then we can walk over to the Pyramid of the Sun. I suppose I can find someplace to sit down while you're gone, can't I?"

"Yes, you can, *señora*," Tomás said. "There is an attractive park near the base of the pyramid, with many chairs and tables. We'll have our picnic lunch there when the Doctor finishes his climb."

"Fine, Tomás." Dr. Marlowe took his wife's arm and helped her up the last steps before they reached the level of the temple where the fantastic-looking dragon heads glared at all visitors. "Can you tell us why this is called the Temple of Quetzalcoatl, Tomás?"

"I believe so, Doctor. It was named after one of the most famous gods of the ancients," Tomás explained. "Quetzalcoatl was their mysterious god of culture, worshipped by the early Mexicans because of his goodness. These feathered serpent heads were a symbol of this god and were used to decorate many parts of the temple, which is built around four sides of a vast court. As you can see over there, many smaller pyramids were erected within the court, including a sacrificial altar." Tomás waved his arm toward the wide open space beyond the temple.

"Let's take our pictures of Quetzalcoatl Temple and then walk over to the Pyramid of the Sun," Mrs. Marlowe suggested. "By the time you've climbed up and down, Allen, I know we'll be ready for lunch."

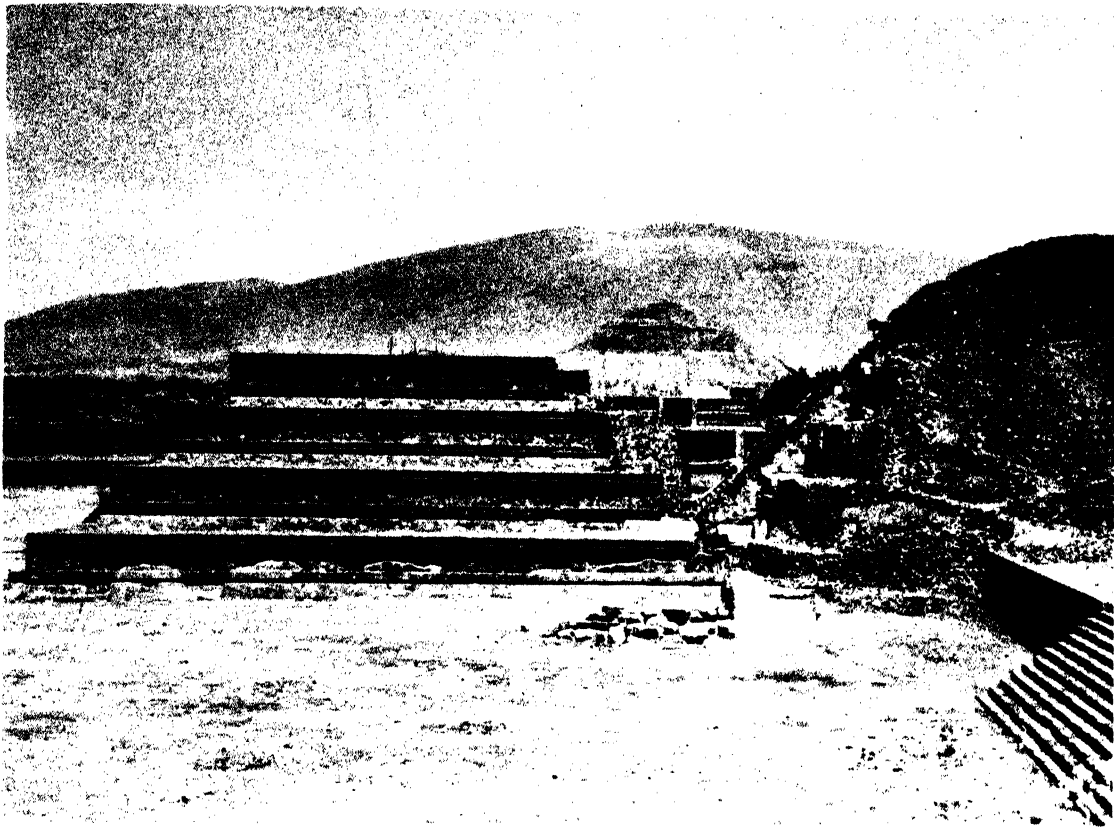
"That's a good idea," the Doctor said and opened the small leather case that protected the Leica camera which was fastened on a strap that hung from his shoulder. "There should be no difficulty in getting beautiful color pictures with this brilliant sun," Dr. Marlowe commented as he held the Leica against his cheek and focused on one of the grinning dragon heads.

"How right you are," Mrs. Marlowe agreed, "and I expect super black and white negatives from my Speed Graphic, too."

When they reached the park near the Pyramid of the Sun, Mrs. Marlowe found a comfortable place to sit in the shade and waited while her husband and Tomás climbed to the top of the huge mound.

"What a magnificent view, Tomás." Dr. Marlowe turned slowly around and looked in all directions when he reached the top of the pyramid. "From here it is easy to see that Teotihuacán of the ancients was a great city. Did that long, narrow street down there have any special significance?"

"Yes, Doctor, that is called 'Street of the Dead.' It runs from south to north, from



La Ciudadela, or Temple of Quetzalcoatl, at Teotihuacán, capital of an ancient pre-Toltec race. In the distance, the Pyramid of the Sun rises 216 feet high and beyond it, the Pyramid of the Moon, about 150 feet high.

the Temple of Quetzalcoatl to the Pyramid of the Moon. Captives of war marched in long processions to the altar on top of the temple and were sacrificed by the priests to appease the vicious gods of the victorious warriors."

Dr. Marlowe gazed out over the landscape in silence. Small villages dotted the valley as far as the eyes could see. Dark blue mountain ranges fringed the eastern horizon.

"Everything looks so quiet and peaceful," the doctor finally remarked, "it is hard to believe such gruesome ceremonies ever took place in this beautiful land."

"*Es verdad*," Tomás agreed.

Dr. Marlowe took three pictures before making the long climb down.

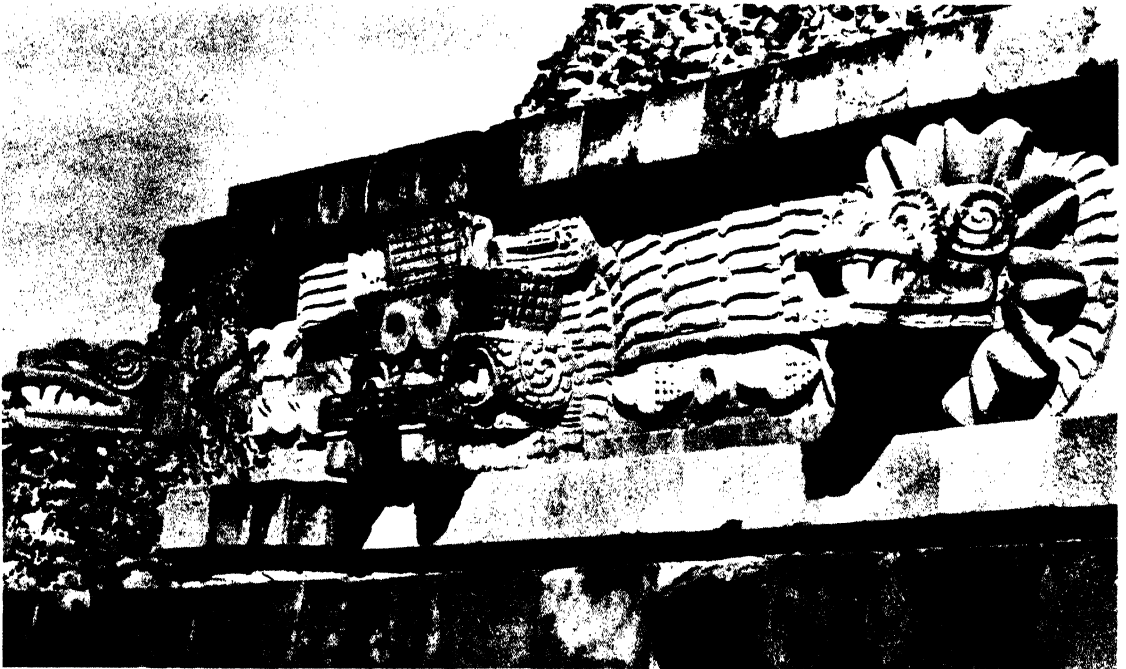
After finishing their picnic luncheon, they all visited the museum containing old Aztec and Toltec relics located near the park. Then Tomás drove back to Mexico City.

By the time the Aztecs reached central Mexico, the glory of the Toltec's sacred city of Teotihuacán had vanished many centuries before. Some scientists believe that the early Toltec civilization existed at the same time that the Old Maya culture flourished in Yucatán, for the Toltecs were similar to the Old Mayas in spirit. Both of these races

were engrossed in art, in agriculture, and in the study of the stars. They did not believe in human sacrifice as did their descendants, the Aztecs and the New Mayas. But the Toltecs were like the New Maya in their enthusiasm for ball-playing, which was a national ceremony with both tribes, except that the Toltecs did not practice human sacrifice in connection with the game.

Look at the photographs of the carved feathered serpent heads decorating the Temple of Quetzalcoatl in Teotihuacán and the plumed serpent figures in the Temple of the Warriors at Chichen Itzá in Yucatán. You will see that there is great similarity between the serpent head motifs found in the two places. Some historians believe that the Toltecs moved southeast to help the Mayas of Mayapan to defeat the rulers of Chichen Itzá in 1196. This date coincides with the appearance of architectural influences of Mexican origin in northern Yucatán, about A.D. 1200, and seems to indicate that the Toltecs and Mayas were in some contact with each other during the 12th century. As you know, it was at this time that the Zapotec culture was declining and the Mixtecs were becoming the dominant tribe in southern Mexico.

This story of the Maya, the Zapotec-Mixtec, and the Toltec-Aztec cultures, explains briefly how some of the ancient civilizations in Mexico grew and expanded, then declined and disappeared. Empires were built and flourished for hundreds of years, then crumbled and vanished, leaving behind huge monuments, exquisite carving, vigorous sculpture and beautiful art objects of gold, as testimony of their greatness.



Many layers of panels similar to this one decorate the sides of the Temple of Quetzalcoatl. Some of the serpent heads have ornamental feather collars and ornate, mask-like heads are placed between them.

Chapter 12

MODERN MEXICO

TRAVELERS who go to visit the sunny land south of the Rio Grande, discover a country that is very old and at the same time, very new. From Nuevo Laredo, Juárez and Nogales on the northern border, to Mexico City in the center of the Republic, Tampico and Vera Cruz on the east coast, Mérida in far-away Yucatán, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and Acapulco on the south, and Mazatlán and Guaymas on the west, Mexico today is a land of contrasts. One-third of the population of 21,150,000 is pure-blooded Indian, three-fifths is composed of *mestizos*, or mixed races, mainly Spanish and Indian, and the remaining tenth is European stock.

In Mexico today, some of the native Indians in the hills live as primitively as did their ancestors five hundred years ago, while the sophisticated, wealthy residents of Mexico City enjoy the same luxuries as those of New York's Park Avenue and Chicago's Michigan Boulevard.

Foreign influences have brought modern transportation and new roads, and have introduced industrialization and mechanization in certain sections. Health and hygiene habits have been gradually improved, the educational system has been striving for universal literacy, while social reforms have had far-reaching effects on the economy and national welfare since 1920.

The innate artistry of Mexicans is expressed by their leaders of modern art, music, sculpture and architecture. Three great Mexican artists, Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco and Juan O'Gorman have developed techniques in mural fresco paintings to a degree hitherto unknown. Their work is found throughout Mexico. It thrills and inspires natives and foreign visitors alike. In addition to many magnificent murals in Mexico, Rivera has also decorated important buildings in the United States.

Contemporary Mexican literature has no single outstanding characteristic, although the work of talented Mexican authors may be compared favorably with leading novelists, historians and poets of other lands. Many Mexicans are brilliant journalists and clever satirists, while others excel as historians, whose fervent patriotism dominates their vigorous, unaffected prose style.

There is ample opportunity for studying the fine arts in Mexico City, where numerous learned and cultural societies, such as the Seminary of Mexican Culture and the International Institute of Iberian and American Literature, have their headquarters.



MODERN MEXICO

Top row: a. Cargadores carrying furniture mingle with the traffic on Avenida República de Brazil in Mexico City.

b. Twin towers on the Cathedral in Mexico City are on the west end of the great structure that majestically occupies the block opposite the north side of the Zócalo.

c. The National Palace, headquarters for centuries of Mexico's affairs of state, flanks the long block on the east side of the Zócalo.

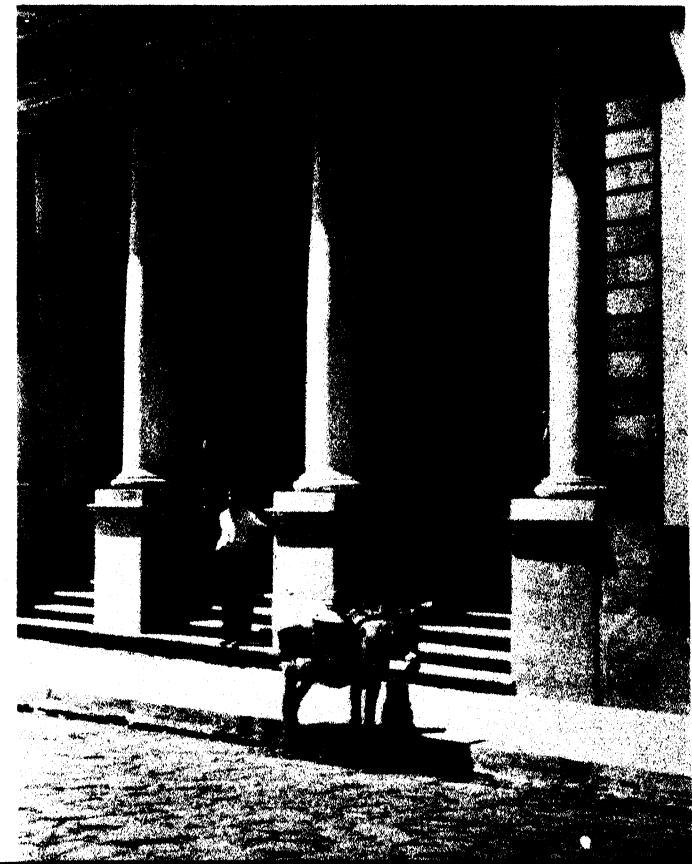
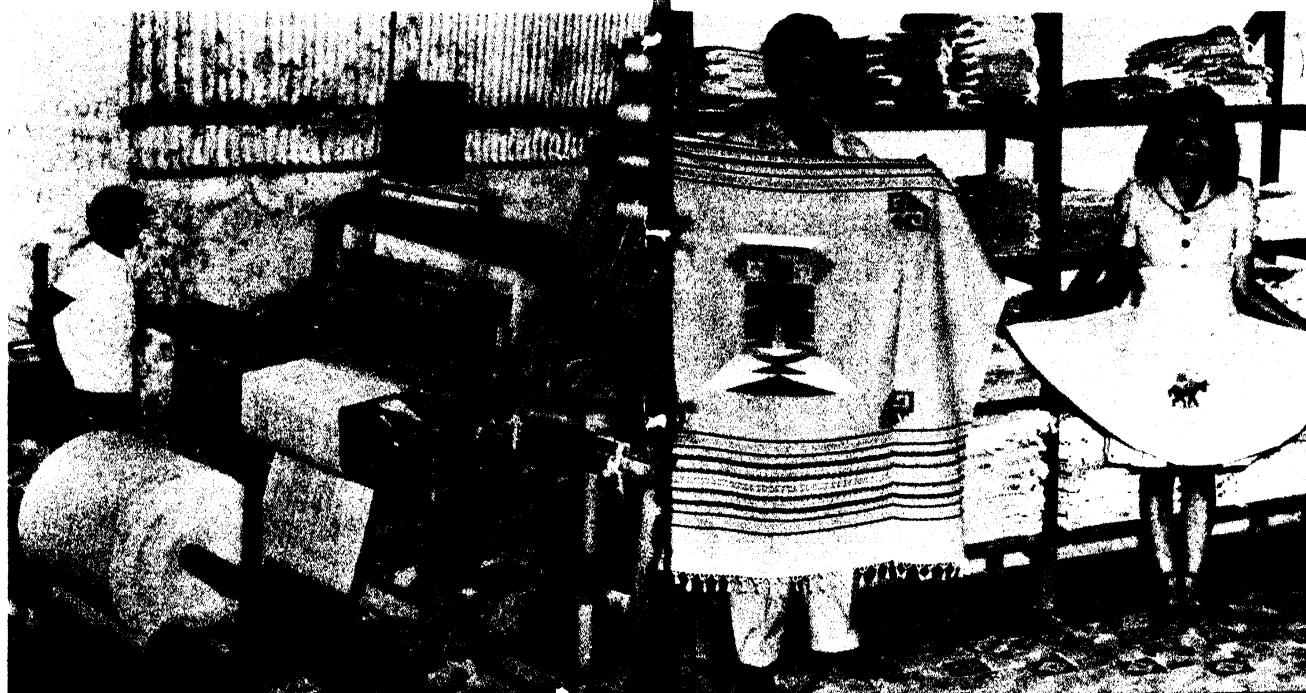
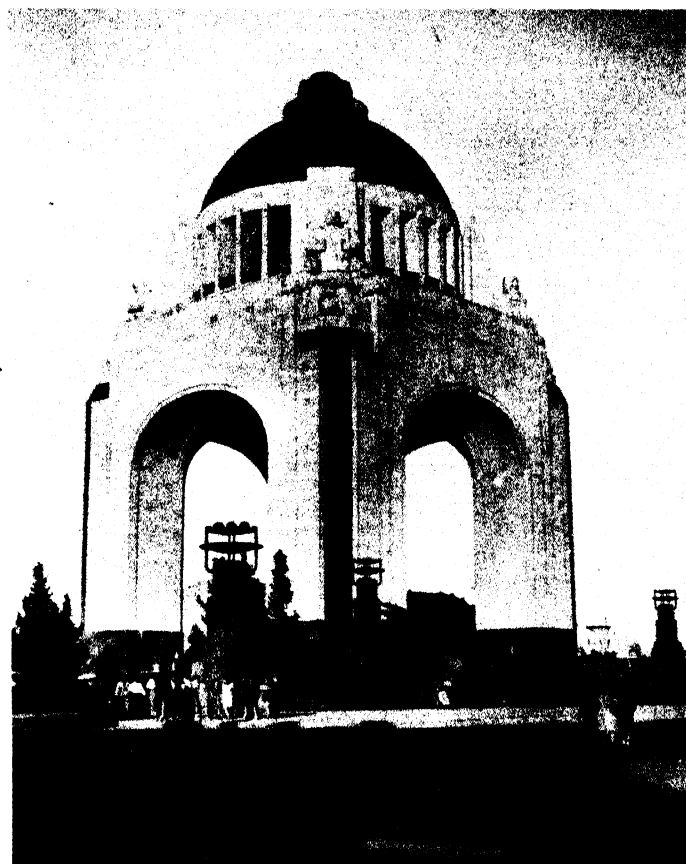
d. This bronze equestrian statue of Charles IV, known as El Caballito (the little horse), is the only figure of a Spanish king in the Republic. Erected in 1803 by Viceroy Talamanca, Mexico preserves it today as a monument of art.

Bottom row: e. El Monumento a la Revolución, 205 feet high, commemorating the Mexican Revolution, cost one million pesos.

f. Modern machinery in this factory, in Mérida, Yucatán, speedily weaves the tough sisal hemp into strong burlap.

g. Ambitious young Mexicans sell the lovely, hand-woven textiles made in Oaxaca in a modern showroom connected with the factory.

h. A patient little burro waits for his master outside the modern bank in Jalapa, capital of Vera Cruz.



Throughout the Republic there are cities, as well as modern resorts, with luxurious accommodations. On the outskirts of these same cities, and throughout the country as a whole, entire families often live in tiny one-room huts.

Busy Monterrey, in the state of Nuevo León, with its modern hotels and department stores and many industrial plants, is often compared to Pittsburgh and Chicago. Located about 150 miles south of the Texas border, it has been influenced by North Americans for many years. Yet on the outskirts of the city, with majestic Saddle-back Mountain in the background, native Indians live in thatched-roof huts and Mexican farmers drive ox-drawn carts as did their ancestors centuries ago.

Quaint Querétaro, capital of the state of the same name, is less than 200 miles from Mexico City. It is a delightful old colonial city where the atmosphere of Spain still prevails. The wife of the owner of the leading hotel has the cameo-like beauty of the early Spanish queens. Although she was born in Querétaro, and has been in contact with English-speaking visitors for thirty years, she cannot speak one word of any language but her own native Spanish.

Stoic Otomies, true descendants of their Indian forefathers, live in single-story dwellings on the outskirts of the city. They may be seen every day in the week doing the family washing on flat stones placed along the streams found outside of the limits of the town.

And yet scores of ambitious young Mexicans crowd the classrooms of the excellent Commercial School of Querétaro that gives instruction in typewriting, stenography and other business subjects.

Visitors to Guanajuato, capital of the state of Guanajuato, say that it is more European than many cities in Europe! Dwellings line both sides of steep, narrow cobblestone streets where there is barely room for two pedestrians to pass each other. In the center of the city, however, a modern hotel faces the city's small plaza and another luxurious hostelry is being constructed on a hill overlooking the capital, to accommodate the ever-increasing tourist trade.

Peaceful San Miguel Allende is proud of its clinic, where natives from miles around come for free medical care. Life moves along slowly. Only at times is it disturbed when commercial travelers set up booths in the plaza. They use portable broadcasting apparatus to make noisy announcements about the excellent qualities of their wares. But changes are taking place. A new interest in citizenship is apparent in the large groups of Indians sitting quietly on the benches that line the plaza, waiting for their turn to vote. Increasing numbers of visitors are bringing ideas to the young people who are beginning to want to leave the confines of their small community and go to Mexico City or the United States to work.

Guadalajara, Jalisco, is the second largest city in the Republic. The even climate is delightful the year round in this charming old colonial city. Several modern hotels provide adequate accommodations for travelers. Large movie houses are usually packed, especially on Sunday, when long lines of people wait patiently for their turn to see the performance. Those wishing to send telegrams during the week stand in long lines, too. Yet the scribes in the square are still writing letters for those unable to write, just as they have been doing for generations.



Modern machinery for repairing automobiles is the pride of these mechanics working in a shop in Mexico City.

One section of León, Guanajuato, the most important leather manufacturing city in Mexico, is devoted to leather tanneries. Here, burros walk through the streets covered with wet skins which they are carrying from one factory to another. The methods used are a curious mixture of medieval and modern.

During the time when huge new water pipes were being installed in León, all of the principal thoroughfares in the business section were closed off. Then travelers in automobiles found it necessary to detour through a maze of unmarked streets to get back on the highway.

Far away in Mérida, Yucatán, the streets are so clean that they look as though a vacuum cleaner had just been run over them. The city has a special trademark which identifies it in any picture showing the windmills, manufactured in Chicago, that pump water from the *cenotes*, far below the surface of the ground. The Pepsi-Cola bottling plant is the last word in modernity. So is the beautiful Felipe Carrillo Puerto School, where students from kindergarten to high school are provided with the studies of the regular school curriculum, as well as the manual arts. A swimming pool and facilities

for other sports activities complete the equipment of this school, as advanced in modern methods of teaching as any institution in the United States. Yet cabbies, with their ancient horse-drawn hacks, drive through the streets as they did more than fifty years ago, and water is still delivered from door to door to supplement the supply from the windmills.

Oaxaca City, home of Benito Juárez, and capital of the state of Oaxaca, is another city with a strange mixture of the old and the new. A luxurious modern hotel has been built opposite the main plaza. Here, native Zapotec Indians stroll by in *sarapes* and *sombreros* while young Mexican boys and girls walk to school every day, smartly dressed in American-style clothes and shoes. Early in the morning, Indians cut diagonally through the park, carrying huge trays of fruit, or balancing long straw rolls on their heads. One evening while several tourists were watching the activities in the plaza from their hotel window, a group of Zapotecs, dressed in the long garb of their ancestors, stopped to chat on the street below. An Indian woman was carrying a crate of live chickens on her head. She never touched it with her hands and although it swayed dizzily, and dipped perilously from side to side while she laughed and talked with her friends, the crate stayed on top of her head without help from anybody!

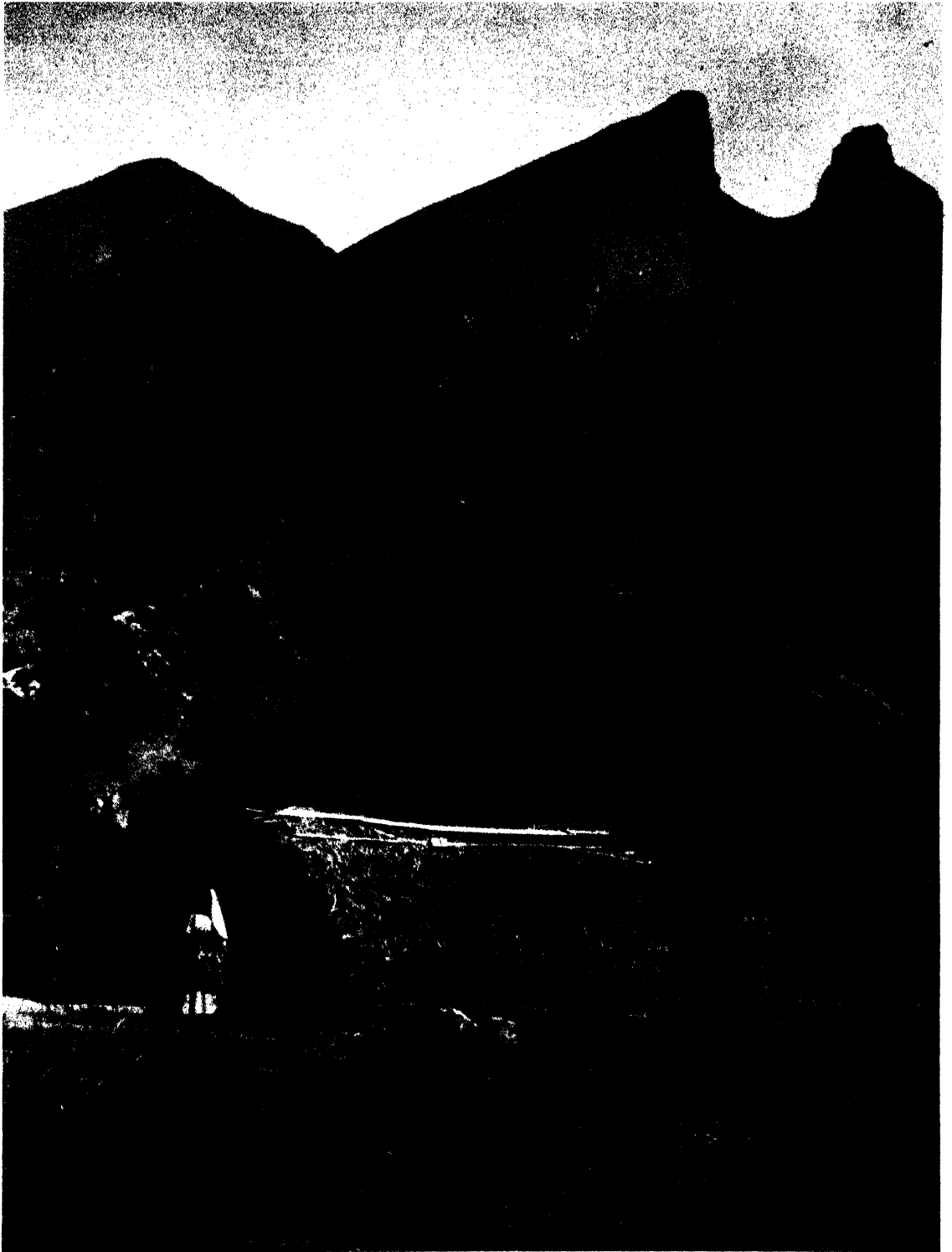
The cobble-stone streets in Oaxaca are rough for automobile travel, but some of them are being replaced with modern paving. As you know, this city is almost at the end of the thousand-mile Pan-American Highway, which now stretches south from Laredo to Tehuantepec, on the Isthmus. There is only about a 400-mile stretch of road to be finished to complete the drive from there to the Guatemala border.

Industrialization has brought some new factories and modern methods of manufacturing, yet the latest census shows that seventy-five per cent of the people are still engaged in agricultural pursuits. Only one-fourth of the population is employed in mineral and manufacturing industries, trade, government employment, domestic service and communications.

Petroleum products, gasoline, fuel oil, kerosene and gas oil have played an important role in the industrial development of Mexico. The new roads have made closer contact possible between people of communities heretofore shut off from a nation that is slowly becoming mechanized and modernized. Increasing numbers of natives now use the *camión* (passenger bus) to carry their assortments of fruits and vegetables, chickens, *sarapes*, earthenware and baby goats to market. Only a few years ago, all natives who had business with city folk walked for hours in the hot sun, carrying their heavy loads of merchandise to town. Many of them still do, but modernization is slowly changing their habits.

Mexico City, and the surrounding Federal District, is the center of the greatest industrial concentration. Here, smoke pours from scores and scores of factories and plants. Chemical and electrical works, distilleries, breweries and glass works, steel, iron and rubber plants employ thousands of workers living in and near the capital city. Canned goods, soap and toiletry factories, employ many others.

The program of industrialization continues to expand. The Mexican government appropriated more than \$46,000,000 in 1946 for public works, including irrigation, highways, port facilities and power plants. At Lerma, a gigantic aqueduct extends



In the shadow of majestic Saddle Back Mountain, natives live in primitive, thatched cottages less than a block from the Pan-American Highway, just outside of Monterrey.

thirty-two miles from Lake Lerma near Toluca, to the capital, and will serve 3,000,000 people when completed. Several new dams are now under construction, and others are soon to be built.

Many new sugar factories will be erected in the near future throughout the country, under the direction of Eпитacio Sánchez, head of the sugar section of the Economy Bureau at an approximate cost of \$30,000,000.

La Compañía Fábricas de Papel de San Rafael y Anexas, S.A. of Mexico City, is planning to construct a book, lithograph and offset paper factory at Atlitxco, while another capital city manufacturer, Artisela Mexicana, is planning a new rayon staple fiber and spun yarn plant.

A huge new electrical plant to be called Industria Eléctrica de Mexico, for manufacturing electrical material, will be financed by United States and Mexican capital, with one-third of the amount needed, \$5,000,000 to be furnished by the Mexican government.

Textile factories are concentrated in the states of Vera Cruz and Puebla. Millions of cigars and cigarettes are made in half of the states of the Republic which include Yucatán, Vera Cruz, Tabasco, Sonora, Nayarit, Sinaloa, Puebla, Michoacán, Jalisco, Morelos, Guanajuato, Colima and Nuevo León.

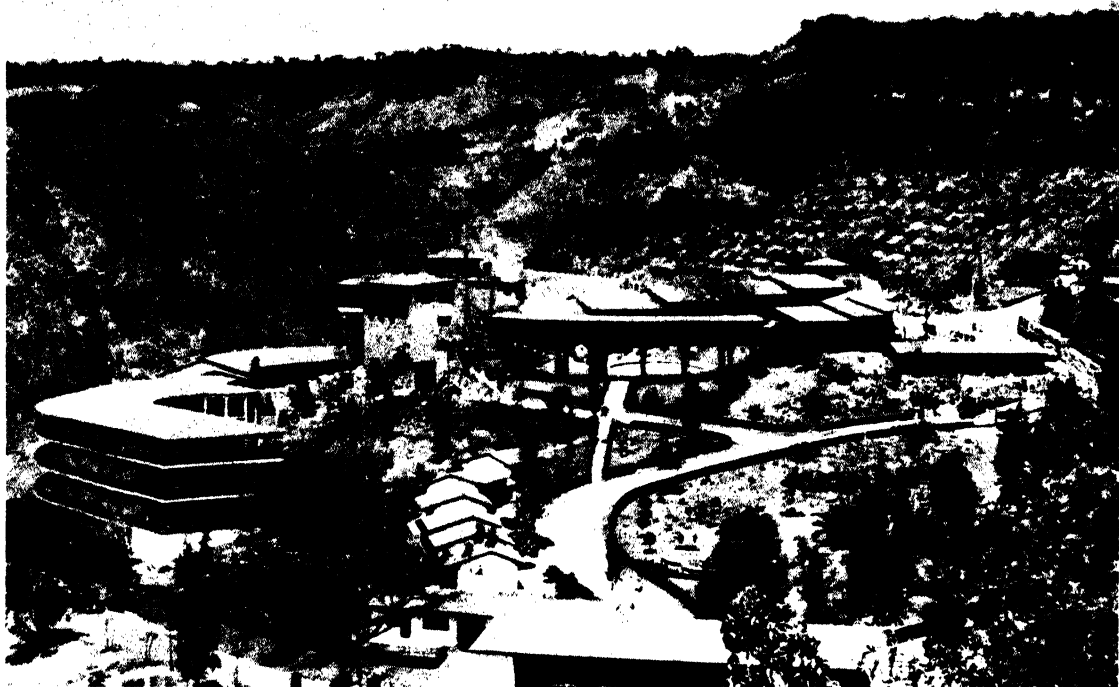
From 1935 to 1939, more than 353,922,000 cubic feet of petroleum products were consumed in Mexico. During the next five years, 549,597,800 cubic feet were consumed, an increase of over 185,585,500. In 1935, Mexico imported goods from the United States valued at 265,000,000 *pesos*; in 1944, this figure was increased to the staggering total of 1,699,000,000 *pesos*, an increase of 904 million *pesos*!

As you know, Mexico contributed huge quantities of vital war materials to the United States during the years of the conflict between the Allies and Axis powers in World War II. Weapons of war carried by the fighting men of the United States, all included something of the mineral resources of Mexico.

Mineral resources will have an important part in the future industrial development of the country. The increased production of such vital minerals as graphite, iron, arsenic, zinc, copper and silver, furnishes one of the keys to higher living standards and national economic prosperity.

In order to expedite the industrialization of Mexico, which the government of that country feels is essential to the welfare of the inhabitants, the United States has loaned millions of dollars for the modernization of factories and farm equipment. Many more millions have been invested in helping to develop industries where the advanced technical knowledge of United States engineers and other specialists is necessary for the fullest development of Mexico's resources.

Unfortunately, there is still some anti-United States propaganda in Mexico. There are many citizens who are afraid that North American business men making investments in the southern Republic will again become too powerful in Mexico, just as they did during the regime of Porfirio Díaz. Should a feeling of distrust be allowed to grow, it would greatly hamper the progress of Mexico and at the same time destroy the sympathetic understanding that now exists between the two countries. With intelligent, able ambassadors working in the interests of both Mexico and the United States,



San José de Purua, Michoacán, is a luxurious resort, famous for its radio-active waters. Nestled in a wide valley, it is surrounded by a rugged mountain range.

the Good-Neighbor policy will expand. Mutual trust and fair dealings between both countries is essential, for then the admiration and respect which Mexicans and North Americans have for each other will continue to grow.

Although millions of acres of land have been reapportioned so that individual *peones* now own most of the ground formerly concentrated in large estates, food production has suffered in many parts of the country. This is because the new landholders have reverted to a purely subsistence type of agriculture. They employ only primitive methods and implements, for they do not own the necessary steel tractors and other equipment required for full production of crops from the land. The government is aware of the situation and has been making efforts to expand and improve agricultural production.

Progress in this direction is being made through the modern agricultural schools which have been recently established. The largest one is located in Chapingo, about a mile from Texcoco. A huge wall surrounds this school, which consists of many model buildings erected on the site of an old *hacienda* which once belonged to a president of Mexico.

Here, 500 boys from twelve to twenty are enrolled in a six-year agricultural course. Visitors to the school find the boys busily engaged in a variety of activities. Some are plowing and seeding, others guard a herd of purebred Holsteins. The boys are all dressed in khaki and take their work and play seriously.

Beyond the Administration Building is a pig barn as clean as a kitchen, where students learn to take care of the splendid, healthy Duroc Jerseys. Farther on, a modern chicken yard is visible. An entire building is devoted to research and the library is decorated with many splendid murals by Rivera.

The first two years of the course are spent in elementary work, which all students must take. In the last four years, however, specialized fields of study are offered, such as animal husbandry, or irrigation, which is so important in solving Mexico's food production problems.

Students live a well-rounded existence, and during recreation hours are devoted to playing baseball, soccer and other outdoor sports.

Visitors to Mexico City declare that it is one of the most thrilling metropolitan cities in the universe. It covers about thirty square miles and is divided into cuartels, or *demarcaciones*, which are subdivided into *manzanas*, or squares. Each cuartel is under the supervision of a *comisario* (policeman), who is responsible to an *inspector general*. There are about 1300 squares, with 3000 or more *calles* (streets), and *callejones* (narrow streets), many plazas and some 28,000 *casas* (houses).

The magnificent Pasco de la Reforma, planned by the ill-fated Maximilian, is probably the world's most beautiful boulevard. It is 200 feet wide, and cuts across three miles of the city, from Chapultepec Park on the west, to the center of the business district. Gorgeous trees line both sides of the wide boulevard. At six important intersections, *glorietas* divide the stream of traffic and provide a means of turning off the main thoroughfare. Several of these circular areas are landscaped with tall palms, attractively placed around a huge monument of some important historical figure.

In the warm, soft spring-like air of Mexico City, a feeling of romance prevails, especially toward evening when the main thoroughfares are ablaze with light and the colorful cafés begin to fill up around seven o'clock. But by ten o'clock, the noisy hustle on the streets has subsided. Only the sharp click of heels on the pavement by a belated pedestrian, or the occasional whizzing of an automobile, breaks the quiet. Except for night clubs, patronized mainly by foreigners, Mexico City is asleep before eleven o'clock and is as quiet as a country village until morning. Then, very early, the city awakens, often to the resounding blare of martial music, when drum and clarion shatter the peaceful atmosphere. A glance out of the window reveals a squad of trim, smartly uniformed soldiers, who are marching by with the measured tread of the military.

Each year brings to the capital city more modern business buildings, luxurious new homes, and apartment houses, great motion picture theaters, new hospitals and schools.

Libres (taxis), the outstanding hazard to life and limb, whiz through the streets of the capital, clipping the heels of unwary pedestrians, as they race with trucks and other automobiles down the streets. Speed is the outstanding characteristic of driving in Mexico.

People everywhere are busily engaged in their work in offices, stores, restaurants,



Left: Nurse is watching young convalescent patients allowed to spend time on the grounds of Children's Hospital, Mexico City. Right: One young patient at Children's Hospital eats eagerly, while another is not interested in the food the nurse wants him to eat.

hotels and factories. Yet, moving right along with the sophisticated metropolitan life are the Indians who have been attracted to the big city. They try to make enough money to exist by selling flowers, fruits and vegetables on the streets, or offering hand-made art and craft articles to passers-by.

On Saturday afternoon, when the Marlowes returned to Mexico City from their trip to the ruins at Teotihuacán, they found a letter from Dr. Marlowe's secretary at the Hotel Majestic, where they were staying.

"Any bad news?" Mrs. Marlowe asked after they reached their room.

"That all depends," the Doctor said, putting the letter on the desk. "I must be back in Chicago a week from Monday. That means we could spend another eight days here before I would need to fly back. Or, if we can finish up with our sightseeing in Mexico City in two days, I can drive back to Laredo with you and then take a plane from there."

"You know, Allen, we couldn't finish our sightseeing in Mexico City in one week, or

ten. But I think it would be much more fun to finish up all we can for this trip by Monday, and then drive back to the border together."

"Fine, Elise. I'd rather go with you than hire a chauffeur to drive the car back to the border for you. That trek through the mountains would be pretty strenuous alone."

"Perhaps so, but I'd do it if there was no other way," Mrs. Marlowe said emphatically. "You know how helpful the Mexicans are if there is any trouble. Remember the drive from Guanajuato to Irapuato?"

"How could I forget it?" Unconsciously Dr. Marlowe groaned. "That was *some* road! But after all, the sign did say that it was under construction, and we had no business attempting to drive a heavy car over soft gravel."

"But even that was fun—after it was over." There was a mischievous note in Mrs. Marlowe's voice. "Actually, everything we have done on our trip through Mexico has been fun, despite the delays here and there."

"*Es verdad*," Dr. Marlowe used his favorite expression in Spanish in answer. "We've found that Mexicans try to adjust to the temperament of North Americans, who are forever in a hurry and don't understand why a car can't always be delivered on five minutes' notice, despite the fact that every garage is packed with automobiles. Our countrymen don't seem to realize either, that the avalanche of visitors to Mexico has greatly over-taxed the accommodations of the country. The war stopped all building for civilian needs and shortage of materials still prevents necessary relief in large cities."

"You're right, Allen. The hurry, hurry, hurry philosophy of the average *norteamericano* meets with the *mañana* philosophy of the Mexican. Sometimes the two clash, when a particularly impetuous *norteamericano* temperament can't adjust to the slower tempo of living in Mexico."

"Yes, Elise, I've noticed that several times during our visit. But on the whole, toleration of the other person's way of thinking and living, and a friendly, sympathetic understanding between Mexicans and North Americans, has been developed over a period of years. Mutual effort during World War II to beat the Axis powers and bring victory to the Allies, has helped to cement the friendship of the citizens and the governments of Mexico and the United States."

"How right you are," Mrs. Marlowe agreed. "Now, what would you think of having a *siesta* before going out again? This evening we can plan our trip for tomorrow and make arrangements with Tomás."

"That sounds good to me," Dr. Marlowe said, then walked over to the closet and hung up his coat.

Very wisely, the Marlowes had been careful to get sufficient rest throughout their trip. As a result, they had felt no ill effects from the high altitude which imposes a certain strain on visitors not accustomed to the rarefied air of a 7500-foot altitude.

The next morning, driving down the Paseo de la Reforma to Chapultepec Park, Tomás had to stop the car at a red light. An elderly Mexican walked up and held out a handful of tickets.

"*Desea comprar?*" he asked politely.

"What does he want, Tomás?" Dr. Marlowe asked the guide.

"He is selling chances for the public charities, *señor*. The organization is called *Junta de Beneficencia Pública* and it functions under government supervision."

"Will it help this old fellow if I buy from him?" the doctor wanted to know.

"Sí, *señor*. He makes his living selling tickets. The agencies for selling chances are given to young boys and girls and to old people who have no other means of livelihood. Lottery vendors get ten per cent commission on sales."

Dr. Marlowe drew a ten *peso* bill from his wallet and handed it to the vendor. The old man's eyes brightened when he saw the money. He handed the tickets to the Doctor with a polite bow.

"*Muchas, muchas gracias, señor,*" he said. "*Vaya usted con Dios*" (may God bless you). The old Mexican tipped his hat courteously as the light changed to green and the car moved forward.

"What happens to the money which the Board of Public Welfare receives?" Mrs. Marlowe asked.

"A number of things, *señora,*" Tomás answered. "The National Lottery in Mexico takes in around 37,000,000 *pesos* annually. An average of 65 per cent of this amount is paid out in prizes, for the drawings are held three times each week. The commission to vendors amounts to ten per cent. About 25 per cent is left for expense and profits, which average between six and seven million *pesos* each year. This money is spent on seventeen charitable institutions, which include the Orphanage for Infants, with kindergarten facilities; the Orphanage for Young Children, with primary and vocational education; the Home for Adolescent Boys and the Home for Adolescent Girls, each with vocational training; and other institutions which care for the sick and dependent."

"The National Lottery is a novel manner of securing funds for charitable purposes," Dr. Marlowe remarked. "It is quite a different social philosophy from that in the United States."

"Yes, Doctor, it is, but the plan fits the Mexican temperament," Tomás explained. "Most Mexicans are born gamblers, and the fact that their donations to charity may also bring them the lucky ticket that will win a fortune has a strong appeal."

"I can understand that," Dr. Marlowe said, then turned to his wife, who was sitting next to him in the car. "What are you thinking about so seriously, Elise?"

"Well, I'm trying to decide what to see and where to go during our last two days here."

"Tomás can help us with that problem, I think. Were you planning to stop driving soon, Tomás?" Dr. Marlowe asked the guide.

"Yes, Doctor. I planned to make our first stop a few yards ahead, for I thought you and Mrs. Marlowe would enjoy looking at a famous tree." Tomás slowed down, then stopped and parked the car. As they walked across the lawn toward a gigantic tree, Tomás said: "This is the Tree of Montezuma, one of the oldest *ahuehuetes* in Mexico. It is forty-four feet in circumference and stands nearly 200 feet high. According to the legends, the last Aztec ruler, Montezuma, frequently sat under this tree to meditate on the fate of his people after the coming of the white man."

"What a thrilling experience this is," Mrs. Marlowe said as she touched the rough

tree trunk. "It is the sort of thing that makes traveling in Mexico such an exciting adventure. Do you suppose we'll keep on seeing ancient as well as modern sights right up to the last minute of our visit in Mexico City, Allen?"

"Yes, dear. When we go to the museums this afternoon we'll feel as though we had turned time back many centuries when we look at the Aztec Calendar Stone, the tiger used in ancient sacrifices and other priceless relics of the past which are housed in the *Museo Nacional*." Dr. Marlowe looked up from the little guide book he was carrying as they returned to the car. "I've been scanning the pages in this book called 'Interesting Places to Visit in Mexico City,' and realize that what you said yesterday is right. It would take months to see everything here."

"Many visitors don't realize that, Doctor," Tomás said as he opened the door of the car, "but it is true. From here we'll go up to Chapultepec Castle on top of a hill about 200 feet high. The view up there is worth seeing, for all of Mexico City and miles of the surrounding Valley of Mexico are visible. Then we'll drive back toward the *Zócalo*, but not directly, for I want to show you and Mrs. Marlowe the new Children's Hospital, which is one of the most modern structures in the country, and has the very latest equipment as well as a splendid staff. Many of the doctors and nurses received their professional training in the United States."

"I've heard about the excellent work being done there. It's too bad we will only have time to drive by this trip, but we'll plan to go in and visit next year," Dr. Marlowe said.

After they reached the top of Chapultepec Hill, the Marlowes followed the guide to the stone wall which surrounded the famous old castle. Construction of the great gray building was begun in 1783, but it was not finished until 1840, when it was fortified and made the home of the military college.

You will read in the history section of this book that it was from the top of this hill, that the brave young Mexican cadets jumped to their death in 1847, when they were defending the fort against the attack by the Americans.

In 1866, Maximilian made the castle his royal residence, and until recently it was the official home of the President of Mexico. Today, it is a museum which houses many famous relics.

"What a magnificent view," Mrs. Marlowe exclaimed as she looked out over the beautiful panorama before her. "Allen, what is that silver strip between those two dark lines way down there?"

"My guess is that it's the Paseo de la Reforma running from the park down to the center of the city. The sun shining on the road makes it look like silver, and the trees lining both sides of the street are the dark lines."

"You are correct, Doctor," Tomás said. "I am glad you are enjoying this view." The guide was pleased that the Marlowes appreciated the beauties of his beloved city. Despite the fact that living in the capital was difficult and more expensive than in a smaller community, metropolitan life appealed strongly to most *mestizos*, who, like Tomás, never wanted to return to a small town to live after having a taste of the big city.

While Dr. and Mrs. Marlowe continued to point out the beauties of the valley and



Andrew and Evalyn McNally (alias Allen and Elise Marlowe!), at the Rancho Telva Hotel in Taxco, on their first trip to Mexico together in March, 1945.

city that stretched before them, Tomás was busily writing. Finally he spoke: "I have made a list of the places I think we can visit by tomorrow night." Tomás showed the Marlowes the page of his notebook on which he had jotted down, "*El Palacio de Bellas Artes, el Museo Nacional, el Palacio Nacional, la Catedral, el Palacio Municipal, el Museo Nacional de Pintura y Escultura, el Monte de Piedad.*"

Dr. Marlowe read the list aloud, then asked: "What's that last one, Tomás?"

"I'm sorry, *señor*, I should have written in English. *El Monte de Piedad* is the National Pawnshop, located across from the Cathedral. It was founded in 1775 by the Conde de Regla, Pedro Romero de Terreros, who was the wealthy owner of the *Real del Monte* mines at Pachuca. He established it as a philanthropic institution to help those in distress. People who borrowed money usually gave gifts to the institution in payment. Now a reasonable rate of interest is charged and every month auctions of unredeemed pledges are held."

"That's interesting. Your list looks good to me," Dr. Marlowe said after scanning the notebook again. "What do you think of it, Elise? Are these the places you wanted to go?"

"Yes, Allen, plus a few more. There are about forty markets in Mexico City and

despite the fact that we've seen many of them in smaller towns, I wanted to see two of those here, the San Juan Market, famous for its flowers and the Merced Market, the largest one in Mexico City. Do you think we'll have time, Tomás?" Mrs. Marlowe looked hopefully at the guide.

"I think so, *señora*, that is, if we just drive around the outer edges. It will take several hours to make even short visits to the Cathedral, the museums and municipal buildings, although they are all located around the *Zócalo* except *el Palacio de Bellas Artes*."

"Yes, I know, Tomás. We'll leave the arrangements to you. Of course we're coming back another time and will continue our sightseeing then."

"And now I think it's almost time for lunch," Dr. Marlowe announced. "Did you say that there was a good restaurant close by, Tomás?"

"*Sí, señor*, it is the Chapultepec, located near the entrance to the Park on the Paseo de la Reforma. Would you like to drive around to see the Children's Hospital first? We could do it before lunch."

"Fine. And that reminds me. What about having supper tonight at Tacuba's, that famous Mexican restaurant you told us about? I'm still waiting to sample those *tortillas tostadas con pollo* (toasted tortillas with chicken) and the *tacos*, which you said were the Mexican's idea of a sandwich made of rolled *tortillas* stuffed with beef, chicken, pork or cheese, then seasoned with mashed avocados and chile sauce. We haven't had much Mexican food in the capital. Why is that, Tomás?"

"I think maybe because I have suggested modern restaurants which always serve American style, too. Many visitors are not accustomed to Mexican food, which is nearly always made hot with *chiles*," Tomás explained.

With plans made for the remaining hours of their first trip to Mexico, the Marlowes took a last look over the stone wall on top of Chapultepec Hill. A faint haze in the distance obscured part of the dark blue mountain range etched against the eastern horizon. Chalk-white, pillowy clouds hung suspended from the brilliant blue sky overhead. Streets lined with trees and buildings, stretched out in all directions.

"It's hard to say good-bye to it all," Mrs. Marlowe sighed unconsciously when she turned away and walked back to the car with her husband. "One good thing, though, is that we have so many pictures, both on negatives and imprinted on our memory, we'll never forget any of it."

"*Es verdad*," Dr. Marlowe agreed as they reached the automobile and waited for Tomás to unlock the doors.

On Tuesday morning, the Marlowes drove north out of Mexico City to the Pan-American Highway. The evening before, Tomás had the garage men check over the car so that everything was in readiness for an early departure. During the ride out of the capital, the Doctor and his wife were very quiet. Neither one seemed to have anything to say, for each was busy with his own thoughts.

Soon they were driving along the Pan-American Highway once more. Here, again, they saw the peaceful countryside with its tiny villages scattered on both sides of the road. Placid Indians worked tranquilly over their chores in and around the little huts

which they called home, or were busy out in the fields, hoeing or planting. Finally Mrs. Marlowe turned toward her husband: "Allen, this has been the most marvelous vacation we've ever had. Such contrasts in the places we've been and the things we've seen! Just look at the views along this highway, and then think of the places we saw in Mexico City yesterday."

"It has been a real adventure," the Doctor admitted, smiling broadly at his wife's enthusiasm. "Which one of our sightseeing trips of the past forty-eight hours did you enjoy most?"

"All of them," Mrs. Marlowe answered promptly. "For each one had something distinctly its own. It is too bad we had to miss doing the National Pawnshop and the National Academy of San Carlos, but the hours didn't stretch far enough."

"I think we did very well to cover all of the others. Isn't the San Carlos Academy also called the National Museum of Painting and Sculpture?"

"Yes, it is. We'll put that on the top of our list for the next trip. In the guide book I read that the collection of old paintings in San Carlos Academy is the most valuable in the Republic. It includes examples of original work by Rubens, Murillo, Zurbaran and other masters of the trans-Atlantic school, as well as priceless paintings of such early painters of the Mexican School as José Ibarra and Baltazar de Echave."

"That sounds as though you've been studying your guide book," Dr. Marlowe teased.

"I'm glad we have a catalog of paintings. We can go over it after we're back home and learn more about them." Mrs. Marlowe turned around and reached into a small Mexican basket on the back seat of the car. She pulled out the guide book that had been so helpful in their travels through Mexico and opened it. "I thought I remembered seeing many pages describing the Cathedral. Of course, I didn't need to read a book to find out that it is by far the most impressive church in Mexico. We could tell that the first time we saw it from our room at the Majestic. And although the facade is weather-beaten from centuries of exposure to wind, sun and rain, it is a beautiful example of medieval-style architecture."

"What style was used in its construction?"

"As I recall, Allen, it combines the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. The corner-stone was laid in 1573, almost on the site of the old pagan temples, about fifty years after the Spaniards conquered Mexico. After the building was begun, work was frequently interrupted, but the Cathedral was finally completed in 1667 at a cost of \$1,752,000. The beautiful twin towers were not finished until 1791 and cost an additional \$190,000."

"Judging from the work being done inside when we were in there yesterday, they are still building. It is so huge I guess some repair and remodeling is always necessary. The interior of the Cathedral certainly is filled with priceless religious and historical objects. I'll always remember the *Altar de los Reyes* (the king's altar). Didn't Tomás say that it was a replica of a chapel in the Seville Cathedral where certain Spanish kings are buried?"

"Yes, he did," Mrs. Marlowe answered. "Our guide book says the altar was con-

structed after the churrigueresque style, by the Sevillian architect, Gerónimo Balbas, who came to Mexico for the express purpose of doing this work."

"Another place I won't forget is the Palace of Fine Arts. I never saw so much pure white marble on both the outside and inside of a building before," Dr. Marlowe continued. "The theatre is the central attraction, of course. That colored glass curtain is not always on display, and I think we were lucky to see it."

"I do, too. Tiffany made it, Tomás said, and mounted it in an iron frame at a cost of \$47,000. In the guide book I read that it was designed by the celebrated Mexican artist, Gerardo Murillo, who conceived the idea of picturing a typical Mexican scene by combining snow-capped Popocatepetl and Ixtaccíhuatl with cactus, trees and flowers in the foreground. We could go on and on for days and nights talking about all we've seen on this trip," Mrs. Marlowe said suddenly, then closed her small guide book and tossed it back in the basket behind her. "For the present I think I'll concentrate on what we're seeing along the road going north. Isn't it my turn to drive now?"

Dr. Marlowe slowed down and looked at the speedometer. "I guess so, if you want to do it, dear."

"Of course I do. Let's change seats." Mrs. Marlowe walked around the car after Dr. Marlowe pulled off to the side of the road.

Just as the gray automobile moved slowly forward again, a herd of goats started across the road a few yards in front. A tiny brown puppy, with a white spot over one eye, was trying to keep up with the goats. Trailing behind came the family that owned the animals.

First in line was a small boy with a sturdy stick. He was obviously the young goat-herder. The mother of the family followed, carrying a chubby, round-faced baby whose dark brown eyes looked solemnly ahead. Behind her trotted two dogs. Then came a small burro, carrying several large bundles on his back, led on a rope halter by the father, who turned around as they approached the highway and called to a boy and girl lagging in the rear: "*Pronto, Rosa, Felipe.*"

While goats, burros, dogs and family passed the Marlowes' car on the other side of the road, it was obvious that the little puppy was having trouble. He could no longer keep up with the rapid pace of the long-legged goats and dropped from his position in front of the line, way back to the rear. As the last goat hurried ahead, the puppy made a vain effort to stay with him. In so doing, he stumbled over the goat's hoofs and rolled over and over until he reached the rough dirt along the pavement.

When the puppy's owners saw what had happened, they all stopped and watched the little animal pick himself up, shake off the dust and then run after the goats.

"*Que perrito tan loco*" (what a crazy little dog), the man said. Then the family stood still and laughed and laughed and laughed.

The Doctor and his wife joined in the merriment. A few moments later Mrs. Marlowe waved good-bye and stepped on the gas. In their enjoyment over the puppy's predicament, the Mexicans and the Marlowes unconsciously expressed the mutual understanding and sympathy that people living far away, as well as those that live next door, really can have for each other.

A HISTORY OF MEXICO

FROM 1521

You have read the exciting story of the prehistoric period and Cortez' conquest of Mexico in the first two chapters of this book. The events which followed the conquest are a thrilling story, too, and so this brief history of Mexico has been included to give a better understanding of life in Mexico today.

The Colonial Period, 1521-1821

When the last Aztec ruler, Cuauhtemoc, was executed by the Spaniards in 1521, after the end of the Conquest of Mexico, the colonial period began. For three hundred years Mexico was ruled as a colony of Spain, under the complete domination of the Spanish Crown.

From 1523 until 1821, when the last Viceroy was forced to resign, New Spain was administered by royal governors, except for a period of seven years. From 1528 to 1535, the *audiencia*, a body of men who functioned as a court of appeals, took over the administrative powers of government.

The first two viceroys, Mendoza and Velasco, were extremely important. During his administration (1535-50), Mendoza encouraged exploration and did his best to suppress the *encomienda* system. This was a plan whereby the Spanish Crown gave landed estates and Indians to work them to privileged individuals, who then became *encomenderos*, or patrons of the estates and pledged the protection and education of the Indians on them. Benevolent in theory, the *encomienda* system as practiced resulted in enslavement of many of the Indians, until it was finally abolished in the 18th century.

Viceroy Velasco was a great humanitarian and also encouraged expansion of territory. He freed more than 150,000 male Indians, as well as a great many women and children and earned the titles of "Liberator," and "Father of his Country."

From the labor conditions in Mexico under Spanish rule stemmed much of the criticism of Spain in handling her vast new empire. The work in the New World had to be done by somebody and the Indians were elected. While there were many abuses in the practice of the *encomienda* system, it was the first step toward a labor plan. In Mexico City the system was good, for the Indians of New Spain were accustomed to working for a master before the Spaniards arrived. They had been tied to working the land through former conquest and so this condition did not go against the Indian custom in Mexico. But in the Caribbean Islands, the condition was bad. The Indian laborers died off or ran away because they were not used to agricultural work.

The Spanish Crown tried to prevent any injustice to the Indians and by 1550 the

Indians became free subjects of the king and could not be forced into *lábora*. Another system of labor was then introduced called the *repartimiento* (allotment or assessment) which imposed an assessment on Indian villages for a certain amount of work to be done by the Indians. It was not really forced labor, because the Indians were paid in cash. Spaniards desiring to have work done had to present their claim and proof that the labor was needed for the common good. Then the Indians were subject to call for two weeks to harvest crops, work in the mines or fix roads.

In 1609 new ordinances were established which further regulated and improved the system. Wages for Indian labor increased a little and the Indians were treated well.

By the 18th century the *repartimiento* system had disappeared completely in northern Mexico and the Indian was absolutely free.

Next the "debt peonage" system was introduced. *Peones* were under the rigid control of the landowner and were not only made to work very hard, they were also forced to buy supplies from the owner at exorbitant prices. As a result, they were in debt from one generation to the next. The "*peón* system" continued even after the colonial period in Mexico.

Then the *obraje* (workshop) or sweat shop type of labor was introduced, as mass manufacturing became established. Indians were herded into textile shops and tied there so that they could not get away. This was the worst type of labor abuse.

Native handicrafts, however, such as carpentry, masonry, and tanning, were allowed to flourish during this period of Spanish domination. The Indian worked as a free agent, able to create independently, which was his highest desire. A great deal of trade was developed in handicrafts, but the Indians were paid very little for their work.

Gradual changes took place in the social and intellectual life as friction developed among the different classes. The *gachupine*, a Spaniard born in Spain, was hated by the *creole*, of pure Spanish blood but born in Mexico, and the *mestizo*, of mixed blood, Indian and Spaniard, because he was given the best positions in the government and in the Church. Commerce was controlled by a small group of Spanish merchants and there was a definite attempt to keep the *mestizo* at an inferior level.

Literature from Europe continued to pour into Latin America during this period, particularly into Mexico. Intellectually the country was as well off as any place in Europe, although naturally the literature from European cities arrived somewhat later in Mexico City than in the capitals abroad. In 1539, the first book printed in America was published in Mexico City, and before 1600 there were fifty booksellers in Mexico. The first newspaper was established in Mexico City in 1693.

Extravagance and elaborate ceremony marked the social life of the Spaniards during the colonial era. In Mexico City particularly, everything was done on a grand scale. When a new Viceroy arrived from Spain, great homage was paid him from the time he arrived at Vera Cruz. Festivities in Mexico City lasted for weeks, and sometimes as long as four months.

Education among wealthy families provided training in the manual arts, reading, writing, music, drawing and painting. The University of Mexico, established in Mexico City in the 17th century, was patterned after the University of Salamanca, in Spain. Opportunities were given to poorer students to obtain scholarships. Emphasis was laid



Magnificent mural painting in the Federal Public Library Gertrudis Bocanegra, at Pátzcuaro, by Juan O'Gorman. It is done in vivid colors and depicts the entire story of the Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards.

on rote memory and some child prodigies graduated at thirteen, fourteen or fifteen and became professors on the basis of memorizing.

In 268 years the University of Mexico gave 37,700 Bachelor of Arts Degrees. Medicine lagged far behind the times and was called the stepchild in learning during the Mexican colonial period. A School of Medicine was established in 1732, and a School of Surgery in 1770.

During the 16th century a vigorous literature developed in Mexico itself, due to the psychology and spirit of the times. The work of Bernal Díaz, one of Cortez' *Conquistadores*, author of the *True History of the Conquest*, is the best example. Religious chroniclers wrote with great dignity. Fernán González Eslave was the outstanding dramatist of the late 16th century.

Sor Juana, a child prodigy at fifteen, contributed some of the most beautiful poetry published. Called the tenth muse, she is considered by many as the greatest Mexican poet. She was so outstanding as a student that she was examined by a group of professors and astounded them. At seventeen she entered a convent, became a nun and was always revered for her humanitarian work, as well as her literary contributions.

During the reign of Charles III of Spain, 1759–1788, many reforms were introduced in New Spain. The intendant system of the French, placing foreign officials in charge of the government, was transplanted to Mexico. To combat smuggling, trade restrictions were removed, for until this time Mexico had obtained much of her goods from smuggling because the Spanish Crown insisted that she trade only with Spanish merchants.

Charles III also removed many taxes, lowered duties and opened up trade between the colonies in the New World. In 1767 he ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits in Mexico. This led to many revolts which were put down by Viceroy José de Galvez.

During his administration, 1765–71, José de Galvez, who was one of the most able of 18th century Viceroys, instituted many important reforms. He improved the court and financial system, established a militia with *mestizo* troops, organized government monopolies, improved the efficiency of municipal government officials, promoted the mining industry and established a kind of mining guild, *cuerpo de minería*, body of mine operators.

When the French Revolution broke out in 1789, it was followed by a wave of liberalism. The revolutionary doctrine, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," spread to Latin America. *Creoles* throughout the country became hopeful that they would at last be able to enjoy political, commercial and social privileges equal to those of the *gachupines* who had been in authority. Viceroy Iturrigaray, hoping to protect his own interests, proposed a national congress, as suggested by a politically ambitious group in Mexico. Fearful that they would lose power to the *creoles* if New Spain became independent of the Spanish Crown, the *gachupines* overthrew Iturrigaray and took control of the government.

This first attempt to break Spanish domination started in 1809 by the *creoles* of Michoacán, was suppressed. But the movement for independence in Mexico had begun.

The War of Independence, 1810-1821

For three centuries, from 1521 to 1821, the Indians of Mexico were oppressed under the rule of Viceroy's appointed by the King of Spain. They could not demand justice and they were too poor to rebel. All they could do was to wait and to hope that something would happen to relieve their misery.

Early in the 19th century, the affairs of Spain were in a hopeless muddle. King Carlos IV had abdicated the Spanish throne in favor of Ferdinand VII. Shortly after, King Ferdinand had been forced out when the French succeeded in placing Joseph Bonaparte on the throne of Spain. Now Spain was under the domination of France.

In New Spain, most of the inhabitants were becoming more and more dissatisfied. At last, in 1810, the famous patriot-priest, Miguel Hidalgo (mee-géll ee-dáhl-go), came to their rescue. Father Hidalgo was fifty-seven years old, with a rather stout figure of medium height, a bald shiny head, and brilliant black eyes. He was a deep thinker and an idealist who dreamed of freeing his distressed followers from the cruelty of Spanish rulers. At the same time, he was a man of great energy with the ability to act.

Dolores, a little town in the state of Guanajuato, was the seat of his parish. Here he worked tirelessly for the welfare of the *peones*, who loved him devotedly. Under Father Hidalgo's direction, many projects were begun to help the Indians to improve their living conditions. Work centers for weaving and making pottery were started. A co-operative blacksmith shop and a tannery were set up. Then a silkworm farm was begun and grapevines were planted.

But the good father's progressive ideas antagonized the civil authorities and they sent Spanish soldiers to tear up the vines and to destroy the mulberry trees necessary for the silk industry. The Spaniards wanted to keep a monopoly on all kinds of trade. They didn't wish the Mexicans to become independent by having their own industries.

After the destruction of their trees and vines, Father Hidalgo talked to the *peones* about the time when they would be strong enough to arise and throw off the power of Spain and banish the Spanish overlords who had taken all of the best land for themselves. The idea of independence appealed to the natives. More and more of them were thinking about freedom from oppression. Finally Father Hidalgo began to make lances for an uprising during the annual Indian Fiesta, in December, 1810.

For many months the priest had been working with his trusted friends. They were a group named the Society for the Study of the Fine Arts, one of a number of so-called Correspondence Clubs formed in many parts of Mexico. Father Hidalgo's group had been started in 1808, in the city of Querétaro, not far from Dolores. Actually, this society was spending its time making plans for the revolt against Spanish domination. The members secured the support of the Mayor (*Corregidor*) of Querétaro and his wife, *La Corregidora*, *Doña* Josefa Ortiz de Domingues. At the same time, they enlisted the sympathy of two captains in the King's regiment, Ignacio Allende and Juan Aldama, who helped them to obtain some firearms and ammunition.

In September, 1810, Mariano Galván, a traitor to the independence cause, told the postmaster at Querétaro about the revolutionary plans being made. As soon as he could

reach Mexico City, the postmaster warned the Spanish government. Late on the night of September fifteenth, a friend of the *Corregidor* told him that their society had been betrayed. Hurriedly the mayor went to his wife for advice. Something had to be done immediately.

Fearful that they were being watched, *La Corregidora* tapped a signal on the floor of her room to a messenger below, who left at once to give instructions to Captain Ignacio Allende. The messenger could not find Allende and so he rode as fast as he could over the rough dirt trail to the village of San Miguel Allende, thirty miles away. Here he gave the news to Captain Juan Aldama, who lost no time in getting to Dolores.

It was about two A.M. when Captain Aldama crept into Father Hidalgo's dwelling. "We have been betrayed," he whispered. "We'll be arrested because our plans are known."

"We won't wait for them to arrest us," Father Hidalgo declared as he dressed hurriedly. "Tell the watchman on the street to warn the villagers. Go to the blacksmith shop and get all of the weapons that are finished. Then ring the church bells as loudly as you can. I will speak to my people and find out if they are ready."

When the Indians, awakened from their sleep, reached the church to attend what they thought was early Mass, the priest began to talk to them quietly: "Spain is no longer Spanish. It is under French rule. Now is the time for Mexico to be free. You know how sorely you have been oppressed by the Spaniards. Soldiers have come to your villages, stealing your savings, ruining your fields, destroying your efforts to build your own industries. Are you ready to rise and fight for Freedom?"

The Indians were silent for a moment. Then they cried out: "Yes, yes! We are ready to fight. We will follow you and do what you say."

Then Father Hidalgo rang the famous *Campana de la Independencia* (Liberty Bell) in the church and proclaimed: "Long live our most Holy Mother of Guadalupe! Long live America, and death to bad government!" This stirring appeal to the people has been known since as *El Grito de Dolores* (the cry from Dolores). The movement for independence had begun.

Fired with enthusiasm, the Indian army began their campaign. They were joined by Captain Allende's regiment at San Miguel Allende, for all of the Spanish soldiers there had declared themselves in favor of independence. Then began the march to conquer as many cities as they could.

On September 21, Celaya surrendered. Before the army left the city, on the way to Guanajuato, Hidalgo was proclaimed Captain-General of his troops.

The revolutionists needed money and so it was important that Guanajuato be captured. It was the capital of the province of the same name, had the richest silver mines in Spanish-America, and was second in wealth to Mexico City. When the troops stormed the city, the Spaniards fled to the fort, Alhondiga de Granaditas, a great Moorish-windowed structure which had once been a grain market. The rebels had no artillery and could make no impression on the thick walls. And because of the constant stream of bullets, they could not batter down the big, heavy door that would give them entrance.

Then a brave peasant, José Barrajas, nicknamed Pipila (péa-pill-uh), who worked in the mines, had a brilliant idea. He managed to hoist a paving stone onto his strong back. Shielded from the bullets pouring from the windows of the fort, he crept slowly to the great door and set it afire. Soon after, the rebels rushed into the *patio*, and up the stairway to the roof, where fierce fighting raged. When the battle was over, not one loyalist Spaniard was alive.

But the Spaniards were to have their revenge for this rebel victory. Father Hidalgo and his 80,000 undisciplined troops, armed with bows and arrows, slings, *machetes* and homemade lances, were no match for the trained forces of the Spaniards. A few months later, Hidalgo, who had now been proclaimed Generalísimo, set up his government in Guadalajara. While he was engaged in promoting decrees abolishing stamp duties and slavery, royal forces were sent against him.

On January 16, 1811, the army of independence was defeated at the battle of Puente de Calderón. The four patriots, Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama, and Jiménez, escaped and started northward, hoping to secure aid from the United States. But they were betrayed by one of their own men, captured and tried for treason.

When Hidalgo appeared before the war tribunal he said: "The purpose of the Mexican patriots in this revolution was to establish a government for the people. We hoped to elect a Congress in which all individuals would be represented. We planned to make laws to destroy poverty and ignorance and prevent the ruin of the nation by promoting industry and commerce and the fine arts. This Congress would also recognize the right of everyone to enjoy the products of our fertile fields, and to be happy, thus obeying God's commands to us."

Hidalgo was found guilty with the other three patriots and was executed on July 26, 1811. The little town, Dolores, was later renamed Dolores Hidalgo in his honor. So was the state of Hidalgo, located north of Mexico City. Many villages in different states now bear the name of Hidalgo, as do countless streets throughout the nation.

But the independence movement did not stop with Hidalgo's death. The great cause was carried on by his pupil, José María Morelos, another patriot-priest. Like Hidalgo, he was a *mestizo*, and a fighter, but a much more able commander.

Morelos was victorious in twenty-four of the twenty-six battles he fought as he carried the revolution through all the central provinces of Mexico. By 1813, his patriots controlled a large section of the country and he felt that they were strong enough to call a national congress of Mexicans, to organize an Independent Nation. In September, at Chilpancingo, Guerrero, forty deputies assembled and passed decrees abolishing slavery and imprisonment for debts. Later the Congress met in Apatzingán and on November 16, 1813, it published its first formal Declaration of Independence from Spain. The new nation was to be called "The Kingdom of Anáhuac," and a liberal constitution was drawn up. On October 22, 1814, the Congress announced a constitution abolishing all class distinctions.

Morelos now attempted to conquer a section of the country controlled by the Spaniards but was finally captured near Texmalaca, Guerrero. Loaded down with chains, he was taken as a prisoner to the capital, and shot for treason at San Cristóbal Ecatepec, on December 22, 1815. Valladolid, a charming colonial city in Michoacán, was

later renamed Morelia in honor of the great independence leader, in addition to the state of Morelos, just south of Mexico.

The death of Morelos ended the first period of the revolution. For a few years Mexico was disturbed by internal war only through the struggles of one small but dauntless group under the leadership of Vicente Guerrero, who later became president. This patriot kept up the fighting in the mountainous area in the south, which is now named in his honor as the State of Guerrero.

In 1820, a serious uprising occurred, led by Guerrero. The Viceroy in Mexico City sent Agustín de Iturbide to quell it. Iturbide was the leader of the great landholders who had been back of the forces that crushed Hidalgo and Morelos. He was a vain, egotistical, ambitious man, but also brilliant and brave. After a few skirmishes with Guerrero to delude the Viceroy, the two soldiers met and decided that they were fighting for the same thing. They called a meeting of the landowners at Iguala (ee-gwáh-lah) and drew up the Plan of Iguala, known as *Las Tres Garantías* (the three guarantees). This provided for the conservation of the Roman Catholic Church, for friendship between Spaniards and Mexicans, and for absolute independence of Mexico as a moderate monarchy. The colors of the new Mexican flag represented *Las Tres Garantías*: white for religious purity, red for the union of Spaniards and Mexicans, and green for independence.

The Plan of Iguala was popular with the people and so Iturbide decided it was time for him to act. When a new viceroy, an Irishman named Juan O'Donoju, was sent over by the liberal Spanish government, he was forced to sign the treaty of Córdoba, which made Mexico independent of Spain.

Iturbide realized his ambitions to rule Mexico when he was crowned emperor, as Agustín I, in July, 1822. But his imperial rule lasted only eleven months. Iturbide had the congress forcibly dissolved by troops when they refused to give up their legislative freedom and permit the "emperor" to become an absolute ruler. The empire was bankrupt and the government became a dictatorship. Iturbide began to lose power when the army left him because the generals grew tired of waiting for their salaries.

General Antonio López de Santa Ana (sahn-táhn-ah) had been one of Iturbide's chief supporters but he turned against the "emperor" and was finally responsible for his downfall. There were many uprisings and one of the worst was headed by Santa Ana, in Jalapa. Iturbide was unable to quell the revolts, which spread rapidly. His empire finally collapsed and he fled to Europe, in 1823. The next year he returned but was captured and condemned to death by his enemies.

Another chapter in Mexican history ended with the fall of her first "empire." One great thing had been accomplished—independence from Spain. But the masses were not to benefit by this for another century. Now the people were starting on a new era. For the next thirty years they were to be subject to the whims and caprices of General Santa Ana.

The Age of Santa Ana, 1821–1855

The period in Mexican history from 1821–1855 is generally spoken of as "The Age of Santa Ana," although a number of other personalities were also prominent during

those years. Following the abdication of Iturbide, Gaudalupe Victoria, a pure-blooded Indian and a soldier of distinction, was elected the first president of the new Republic of Mexico, in 1824, by the state legislatures. That same year the Constitution of 1824 was adopted by the Congress. While Victoria was in office, there was constant friction between the Liberal Party, whose leaders were among the *mestizos* and Indians, and the Conservative Party, whose leaders were supported by high church officials and wealthy landowners.

Vicente Guerrero, another popular hero, was also a man of poorer classes. In the 1828 elections, he ran against Manuel Gomez Pedraza, an educated *creole*, and lost by the electoral votes of one state. Guerrero's Liberal Party supporters decided to fight. Santa Ana seized this occasion to take the spotlight, for he had joined the Liberal Party, after causing Iturbide's downfall. With a great show of arms, he supported the cause of Guerrero. When the fighting was over, Guerrero took office as the second president of the Mexican Republic. Two years later, he was tried for treason and executed by his political opponents, the Conservative Party. History remembers him as one of the thirteen great heroes of Mexican Independence.

Antonio López de Santa Ana, soldier and ambitious politician, had a spectacular career and a wonderful time exploiting the Mexican people from 1825 to 1855. His life history is packed full of comedy and tragic errors, as he was alternately exiled to *Manga de Clavo*, his luxurious *hacienda* in Vera Cruz, and recalled to the capital to take over the management of the government.

When he was at home, his greatest sport was cockfighting. Visitors who came to enjoy his life of luxury with him, were charmed with his courteous manners and tactful diplomacy. Santa Ana was a handsome man of medium height, with black eyes and shiny black hair. His pale features were somewhat melancholy, which made him look like a philosopher. Napoleon was his hero and he called himself the Napoleon of the West, always keeping a veteran of Napoleon's campaigns at his side for guidance.

His love of pageantry and extravagant personal appearances, his blindness to reality and his dishonesty made him the curse of his native country for thirty years. During this period he was disgraced and elevated by turns. Seven times he was Mexico's chief executive and he directed political maneuvers from behind the scenes most of the while when he was not officially in office. Army officers were generally in control of the government and all of them consistently took great chunks of revenue from the Mexican treasury for their personal use.

Santa Ana's mistakes in military judgment and his bad statesmanship were largely responsible for the loss of half of the territory of Mexico.

Ancient Mexico had extended north of Guanajuato and Guadalajara. The *Conquistadores* occupied only the Valley of Mexico and the territories to the south, from Acapulco on the Pacific to Vera Cruz in the east, on the Atlantic. It was the Spanish missionaries who had established missions and outposts from Monterrey in northern Mexico to Monterrey in California. In this immense territory, covering what is now Texas, New Mexico and California, there were only a few ranches, owned by Spaniards and worked by Indians from the missions.

After Mexican Independence was declared in 1821, the Mexican government made

attractive offers to North Americans to come south and settle in Texas. The government guaranteed that settlers could have the right of Protestant worship and keep all civil liberties. By 1831, more than 20,000 Americans had taken up homesteads.

Five years later, Santa Ana formed a centralized dictatorial government, completely dominated by himself and his army. Constitutional liberties were discarded. When the Americans in Texas revolted against his government, and his troops met opposition where they tried to collect customs fees, Santa Ana himself marched against the colonists.

In February, 1836, the Texans were taken by surprise when Santa Ana appeared at San Antonio with 3000 troops. William Bartlett Travis was in command of the American army of 150 men who quickly prepared to withstand the attack at an old mission called the Alamo. The Texans courageously refused to surrender, although they were outnumbered twenty to one. All of them were killed during the siege.

A few weeks later, a band of Texans, led by Sam Houston, attacked the Mexicans near Lynchburg Ferry, on the San Jacinto River. After 630 of their men were killed, the Mexicans surrendered. Santa Ana escaped with his slippers on, for he had been indulging in a long *siesta* that afternoon. But he was captured the next day, hiding in the tall grass near the camp. He was forced to sign away Texas, in May, 1836, by the Treaty of Velasco.

Even Santa Ana's eloquence could not twist such defeat into victory, and so he decided it was best to keep off the center of the stage for awhile until something else happened which would again thrust him into the spotlight of popular favor. He was given an unexpected opportunity when the French fleet arrived to collect damages which French shopkeepers had incurred in a riot ten years previously. Santa Ana rushed to Vera Cruz to assume command of the army but was nearly caught by the French. Barefooted this time, and in his underwear, he had to flee the night of his arrival to escape the enemy.

But the next day, immaculately dressed, he appeared on horseback, leading his troops. Almost instantly his leg was torn off by a French cannon ball. Once again Santa Ana was the popular hero of the day. When the enemy fleet returned to France—after a guarantee of payment was made—Santa Ana proclaimed another military victory.

Now Santa Ana retired to his estate at *Manga de Clavo*, to recuperate and make plans for his next move. His basic scheme was to keep stirring up trouble on the frontier to prevent the people from thinking about the most vital problem of the Republic, fair division of their own lands. The greatest percentage of the land was still held by a small group.

Finally, in 1845, Santa Ana was overthrown by his political opponents, and banished to Havana. During the previous three years, he had commissioned an additional 12,000 army officers and had ransacked the treasury repeatedly.

Although Texas had won its independence, the Mexican government had not recognized the deed officially. A dispute over national boundaries arose between the United States and Mexico. Friction seemed inevitable. Back on the scene of action came Santa

Ana, this time from Havana, on an American warship, supposedly as a peacemaker. Instead, immediately on his return to Mexico City, he called on the Mexicans to fight, after declaring himself provisional president of Mexico.

Following a number of skirmishes with the Mexicans, the American army finally entered Mexico City and stormed the fortress of Chapultepec, high on a hill overlooking the capital. Heroic young cadets of the military school defended the fortress and fought fiercely to redeem the honor of their country. When they knew that their cause was lost, the few boys still alive wrapped Mexican flags around their bodies, stood for a moment on the brink of the precipice and shouted, "*Viva México!*" Then they leaped to their deaths. Their bravery brought a cheer of admiration from the American soldiers who stood aghast below and watched their sacrifice.

The next day the Mexicans surrendered. After peace negotiations were fully completed, Mexico had lost half of her territory. By the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, signed on February 2, 1848, the United States was given California, New Mexico, and Texas. For this great tract of land, the United States paid only \$18,250,000, and cancelled all damage claims against the government. The Mexicans were very bitter about the settlement.

After this disastrous war, Santa Ana was quiet for a few years. He bounced back into power again, however, in 1853, as "Perpetual Dictator." In high favor once more with the Conservative Party, he established himself in an enormous house in Mexico City. To maintain himself in the luxury he felt befitted his exalted rank, Santa Ana levied more taxes, confiscated property and robbed the people whenever he could.

This time his glory was short-lived. By 1855, all his supporters had finally deserted him. He had sold the land now known as Arizona to the United States for ten million dollars, and then promptly squandered all of the money. Even his generals turned against him, for once more the treasury was bare.

When he knew that he had probably pitched his last ball in the game of Mexican politics, Santa Ana fled to the east coast. On the way, he stopped at Perote long enough to release an abdication announcement, then left Vera Cruz for Venezuela. While he hoped that his exile would be temporary, he never returned to the political stage of Mexico. Many years later he was allowed to come back to Mexico City, where he lived in poverty and obscurity. Santa Ana died in 1876, poor and unmourned.

The Reform Era of Benito Juárez, 1855–1872

When the "Age of Santa Ana" ended with his abdication in 1855, a new period, called the "Reform Era," began in the history of Mexico.

For centuries the Indians patiently endured the hardships of their uncertain existence under foreign rule until Mexican Independence was won in 1821. Then, when they might reasonably have expected some permanent benefits from their hard-earned independence, their country was torn by political strife and the people were subjected to the unscrupulous tyranny of men like Iturbide and Santa Ana.

Out of the confusion, however, rose some strong, purposeful men who, during the

Reform Era, started movements that were to benefit Mexico years later. Among the heroes of the Reform Era was Benito Juárez, a pure-blooded Zapotec Indian. He was born in 1806, in a small village near Oaxaca. At the age of fifteen, his great friend, *Señor Maza*, sent him to the seminary at Santa Cruz. Later he entered a new school, "Institute of Science," in Oaxaca. One day in 1828, while he was still at school, Juárez saw Santa Ana addressing a crowd in the streets of Oaxaca, in his usual braggadocio manner. Everyone applauded but Juárez. Santa Ana noticed the insult and never forgot it.

Juárez concentrated on the study of law, graduated and became a lawyer in 1834, when he set up an office in two small rooms in Oaxaca. He was a short, homely man, with the iron nerves and impassive expression of the Indian. Always patient, he never became angry or excited. He was destined to become a truly great president of Mexico. Because of his honesty, integrity and tireless work to better the conditions of the common people, he has often been compared to Lincoln. In 1833 Juárez was elected to the legislature of Oaxaca.

By 1842, Juárez had been made a judge of the civil court in Oaxaca City, with a fairly good salary, and for the first time in his life he enjoyed modest prosperity. The next year he married Margarita Maza, daughter of his beloved patron. Three years later, Juárez was elected governor of his native state of Oaxaca.

"At last I shall be able to do something to help my people," Benito told his young wife. "There will be more schools for the Indians. I will order books from Europe and we will be able to pay for this education by taxing the people fairly. No money shall go into politicians' pockets."

When Juárez left the governor's office, the state treasury showed a surplus of 50,000 *pesos*. After his second term, he was very tired and decided to take a vacation before he resumed his law practice. Against tremendous difficulties, he had worked doggedly to improve the living conditions of the Indians. This was not easy with a man like Santa Ana running the country.

In the spring of 1853, Juárez started on a trip with his brother-in-law to visit Gualetao, Benito's boyhood home. On the way, they were arrested by Santa Ana's son on some false charge and taken to Vera Cruz, whence they were exiled to Cuba without trial.

Finally Juárez reached New Orleans, where he learned more about the operation of democracy and freedom in the United States. During this time he made cigars for a living. Other men who had been banished by Santa Ana joined Juárez in New Orleans, among them Comonfort, who was collecting money for the Liberal Party to overthrow Santa Ana.

After many months, this band of ragged, homeless patriots, including Juárez, managed to get a boat to Acapulco. Sometime later, a group of them met at Comonfort's home in Ayutla and drew up the Declaration of Independence, which demanded the overthrow of the tyrant Santa Ana, and the assembly of a national congress to adopt a constitution. This was the famous "Plan of Ayutla," which was favorably accepted by the people and forced Santa Ana to leave the country forever.

Shortly thereafter, Juan Alvarez was made president and appointed Benito Juárez

as minister of justice. Nine days later, Juárez made a bold move. He passed a reform known as the *Ley Juárez* (Juárez law) that the special privileges of the military command and the Church be abolished. Heretofore, neither soldiers or clergymen were subject to the laws which governed the rest of the populace. The *Ley Juárez* was followed in June, 1856, by the *Ley Lerdo*, a move to reduce the large land holdings of the Catholic Church, which now owned about half of the usable land in Mexico. The *Ley Lerdo* decreed that no corporation could own property and so the Church was forced to sell the estates not used for religious or charitable purposes. For this land the Church received money from the purchasers, many of whom were foreigners. Those who bought the property then paid a heavy tax to the government.

There was violent opposition to these reforms. Alvarez relinquished the presidency. Comonfort was elected in his place, and Juárez was made vice-president, in 1856. A new reform constitution was completed the next year, incorporating the Juárez and Lerdo reforms. What the Reform Constitution of 1857 aimed to do was to help the poor people by breaking up the huge estates held by the Church and wealthy landowners, thus making it possible for more Mexicans to own a little land of their own.

Political strife continued but Juárez was finally elected president. Immediately his enemies chose a president of their own, a general called Miramón. Now there were two presidents in Mexico and a bitter civil war began between the Liberal Party and the Conservative Party, called the "War of Reform." It lasted for three years.

Juárez was in a desperate position, but despite the fact that he had no money and no military experience, he kept up the constitutional government. When he was forced out of Mexico City, he moved to Guadalajara. His enemies pursued him and he hurried from Guadalajara to Guanajuato. Again he had to flee with his congress. This time they set up headquarters in Vera Cruz.

"Do not lose courage," Juárez told his people. "I am your president, and my congress is working for you. We will win, for our cause is just." And his followers felt that his government was right and had faith in him.

Despite violent opposition, Juárez and his party gained control of Mexico and at last, in 1859, the United States recognized the Juárez government. Then Juárez was able to borrow money for necessary military supplies, and in 1861 successfully ended the war. Juárez was acclaimed constitutional president in Mexico City.

The new president found his country in great distress. There was no money in the treasury and huge foreign debts had been piled up by previous regimes. In July, 1861, Juárez was forced to announce that the Mexican government could pay no foreign debts for two years, but at the end of that time would start to take care of all obligations.

Unpatriotic Mexicans living in Europe had spread false stories of Mexico's wealth to foreign governments. Spain, England, and France did not want to wait for payment and thought that they could overthrow Juárez and put the Conservative Party back in power. They agreed to a conference with the Mexicans, however, which was held on a Spanish ship in Vera Cruz harbor. Representatives of the English and Spanish governments agreed to wait for payment of the debts, but the French refused.

Napoleon III, Emperor of France, decided to conquer Mexico alone and dispatched

more troops there. Finally, together with the rebel Mexicans, led by General Marquéz, the French marched from Vera Cruz to attack Puebla.

On May 5, 1862, the combined armies stormed the fortress at Puebla, which was held by the troops of two Mexican generals, Ignacio Zaragoza and Porfirio Díaz. A fierce battle was soon raging. Although they were greatly outnumbered by the well-equipped French soldiers, the brave Indians fought desperately for their beloved native land. At last they won the Battle of Puebla, and the *Cinco de mayo*, became a national holiday, which is celebrated every year on May fifth.

Napoleon III was astonished at the Mexican victory on *Cinco de mayo* and promptly sent reinforcements. The French finally took Puebla, then captured Mexico City.

Troubles continued to pursue Juárez. He fled north with his cabinet to San Luis Potosí and set up headquarters to carry on the war against the foreign invaders.

With the help of Miramón and the Conservative Party, the French invaders succeeded in setting up an emperor to rule Mexico. Maximilian, a handsome, blond young man, descended from the Hapsburg ruler, King Charles V, was made the unfortunate ruler. With his beautiful young wife, Carlotta, he came to Mexico, sincere in his desire to rule wisely and well. But the politicians had not told Maximilian that only a very small group of people in Mexico wanted a royal ruler and that the president, Juárez, would do everything in his power to save his country from foreign domination.

When they reached Mexico City, Maximilian and Carlotta set up a luxurious court at Chapultepec Castle. Later they moved to another palace in Cuernavaca, because the weather there was warmer. For a short time they lived in great splendor and dreamed of the future when they would rule, undisputed, over a vast empire.

But at last Juárez and his supporters built up enough strength to defeat the foreign troops. The *Juaristas* (Juárez party) surrounded the French army, led by Maximilian, at Querétaro. Every battle fought was a victory for the Mexicans. Finally Maximilian and his two generals, Miramón and Mejía (meh-hée-uh) were captured. Speedily they were tried for treason, found guilty and sentenced to death.

Carlotta was frantic. She went to Juárez, fell on her knees and begged for her husband's life. Then she fled to Europe, hoping to secure help from the Pope and Napoleon III. Kings and queens in Europe sent cables imploring Juárez to be merciful and spare Maximilian's life. The Indian was besieged for interviews by foreign ambassadors and ministers.

But Juárez was inflexible. He read all of the cables and letters sent to him. He listened to eloquent pleas in silence. When he was very strongly pressed for a response, he replied: "It is not I who have passed sentence. It is my people and the law who have made the decision. I cannot change the law."

Thus ended the second Mexican empire. Carlotta's fruitless mission to Europe resulted in her madness. She was insane until her death in 1927. Maximilian, Miramón and Mejía were executed at Querétaro, June 19, 1867.

Once more Juárez went back to the herculean task of getting his country on its feet. Again he proclaimed the Constitution of 1857. At last the Mexican people were beginning to build a country for themselves. More than two million *peones* now had little farms of their own and were making the best living they had ever known.

Juárez was growing old. He had struggled for many long, hard years to protect his country's interests and to secure justice and a better life for the less privileged classes. One hot day in July, 1872, he slumped forward on his desk. He was unconscious when he was taken home. The next day, Benito Juárez died.

For two days, thousands of people came to the palace in Mexico City to gaze for the last time on the face of their benefactor. Like Lincoln, Juárez was not handsome, but people admired him and remembered the goodness in his face. While Lincoln's face suggested sadness, Juárez looked stern, for he was an Indian. He had always worn a stovepipe hat, like Lincoln, and dressed in black.

Today, memorials to Benito Juárez, and statues of him, may be seen in Mexico City, Oaxaca and other places. Many streets and cities have been named after him. He is the only president of Mexico who is always referred to as "*Benemérito*." It means "Worthy One."

The Regime of Porfirio Díaz, 1876-1910

One of the mourners at the funeral of Benito Juárez was General Porfirio Díaz, a handsome man of middle age who had once been a good friend of the late president. Díaz, a *mestizo* from Oaxaca, was outstandingly brave and had fought fiercely for his country from the time of the Reform Era.

"Díaz is one of the greatest soldiers Mexico ever produced," the people said. But as his popularity increased, he developed political aspirations and he was the candidate who opposed Juárez whenever he came up for election.

The sudden death of Juárez had raised Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada (originator of the *Ley Lerdo*), then head of the Supreme Court, to the presidency. In 1874, the Congress incorporated the Reform Laws (*Ley Juárez* and *Ley Lerdo*) into the Constitution of 1857. But Lerdo's efforts to carry on the program started by Juárez were unsuccessful. Díaz stirred up one rebellion after another. In January, 1876, when Lerdo announced that he would run for office again, the *Porfiristas* (supporters of Díaz), proclaimed the "Plan of Tuxtepec," which was supposed to protect constitutional government and forbade presidential re-election. In the fall, Lerdo, as head of the government, controlled the voting, and again became president.

Immediately Díaz led a successful *pronunciamiento* (insurrection or uprising against the political party in power), and entered Mexico City as provisional president in November, 1876. The next spring, the Congress recognized him as president.

While he announced solemnly that he would uphold the Constitution of 1857, Díaz began to build the strongest political machine Mexico has ever known. He made himself an absolute dictator after his second term in office and for nearly forty years ruled Mexico with an iron hand. Congress passed only those laws which Díaz approved and no one was elected to office without his consent.

Don Porfirio, as he was often called, had been a staunch supporter of the Liberal Party and distinguished himself for his bravery at the Battle of Puebla against the French on *Cinco de mayo*, 1862, during the War of Reform. But the Liberal Party's

ideas of democracy and freedom, which would mean a better life for the peasants and other workers, were forgotten soon after he was in power.

In 1881, Díaz, who was then a widower of fifty-one years, married beautiful sixteen-year old Carmelita, daughter of the Spanish aristocrat, Romero Rubio. The greatest ambition of Díaz was now realized, for he had been accepted socially by the aristocracy. But his social success doomed to misery once more the long-suffering peasants and laborers who had received some real relief from oppression through the efforts of Benito Juárez.

At the end of his first term in office, Díaz had appointed a soldier, Manuel González, as his successor. The four years González was in office turned out to be the most corrupt the country had known since the "Age of Santa Ana." There were bloody riots in the streets of Mexico City by the end of his term, and the country was on the verge of financial collapse. Citizens throughout the Republic were glad to re-elect Díaz, who immediately set about bringing order out of chaos.

"Mexico must have peace," Don Porfirio announced. "There must be no more revolution to keep our great country from the prosperity that is rightfully hers."

And so Díaz enforced peace effectively, but often ruthlessly. He was a strong man and believed that the only way to rule Mexico during his time was to put down disorders quickly, keep peace and then begin the industrial and economic progress which would make Mexico a great country, respected by all the world.

Through a mistaken effort to end militarism and reduce government expense, Juárez had dismissed two-thirds of the army after the War of Reform ended. The discharged soldiers had no money and became bandits or rebels.

Díaz quickly organized an army. Then he rid the country of *bandidos* (bandits) by transforming the bandit chiefs, who had been looting and pillaging the rural districts, and robbing travelers on the highways, into policemen called *rurales*. These celebrated *rurales* became his staunch supporters. In their stunning gray uniforms with silver buttons, and red ties, and wearing broad, silver-rimmed *sombreros*, the *rurales* sat erect on their handsome, ornately decorated saddles as they roamed the country side and enforced order. They were picturesque, romantic figures and while they made Mexico one of the safest countries in the world for foreigners, they imposed great hardships on the Mexicans, for an important part of their work was tracking down run-away *peones* who had fled from cruel masters who mistreated them.

Don Porfirio was an able statesman. He had an extraordinary ability to handle men and tried to win over his enemies. But if he could not do so, he crushed them, either by prison sentence, exile, or death.

With the internal peace of his country assured, Díaz began to devote all of his energy to economic development. He invited foreign investors to come into Mexico. Capitalists from America, England, France and Spain began to build railroads, harness the electricity of the waterfalls, develop the mines and tap the rich oil fields around Tampico. Economic activity made amazing progress. In 1870, Mexico's foreign trade amounted to 50,000,000 *pesos*; in 1900 it exceeded 200,000,000 *pesos*.

Before 1900, there were 9000 miles of railroads built by foreign capital. The value of lead and copper mining had increased from thirty million *pesos* in 1880 to ninety

million *pesos* in 1900. Some of the oil wells at Tampico produced 50,000 barrels of oil in one day. The "black gold" was then taken out of the country without paying the Mexican government one penny of tax for it.

Soon great industrial plants were built. In the state of Vera Cruz, halfway between Mexico City and the port of Vera Cruz, the Río Blanco mill was erected early in 1900. It was the largest and most profitable cotton factory in the world for its wealthy owners.

But what of the workers who made possible the profits? Men were paid about thirty-seven cents a day, the women twenty-five and the children ten. All of them worked thirteen hours out of twenty-four. They lived in squalid, one-room hovels with dirt floors, rented from the mill owners; they were forced to buy their meagre food supply and shabby garments from the company store at twice the price in the market.

Laborers in the huge iron and steel mills in Nuevo León were subjected to the same treatment as the workers in the cotton mills of Vera Cruz.

New plantations, scientifically farmed, were producing coffee, sugar, cotton, tropical fruits, henequen and rubber. They belonged to the wealthy landowners and were run on the *hacienda* system, which meant that thousands of acres were worked by *peones* forced into slavery and abject poverty.

The official policy of the government was to increase the number of landowners. But unhappily for the Mexicans, the large estates of wealthy *hacendados* were not divided to accomplish this purpose. Instead, the *Ley Lerdo*, which decreed that no group or corporation such as the Church, could own land, was enforced against the Indian *ejidos* (eh-heé-does), the common land belonging to the villages. Soon most public land was individually owned by wealthy *creole* families, who increased their holdings rapidly.

"Land-grabbing" became a favorite sport after Díaz decreed that ownership of land would be recognized only if there was an official record of the title. This was something the Indians had never heard of and before they could learn about registering titles, they were forced off their property by the greedy land-grabbers. Then the Indians were enslaved by the new owners, for they had no homes and no work.

Díaz lavishly distributed the land in the great northern states in fantastic quantities to persons in favor. Ninety-six million acres, or nearly one-fifth of the total area of the Republic, were given to seventeen persons. By 1910, less than 3000 families owned half of Mexico. There were almost ten million men engaged in agriculture, but more than nine and one-half millions had no land of their own.

José Ives Limantour, brilliant young financier, was put in charge of the treasury. In 1894, Mexico had a balanced budget for the first time. By 1910, revenues from the states amounted to 64,000,000 *pesos*, where during the time of Juárez the total was only 11,000,000 *pesos*.

Limantour headed a group of men known as the *científicos* (scientists). They believed that progress could be made only by science and in material developments which could be measured by the output of factories, and the mileage of railroads and telegraphs.

Mexico's relations with the outside world were now excellent. Foreign debts had been paid. There was a large cash reserve in the treasury. Harbors, government buildings, theatres and telephone lines had been built. The long era of peace and the growth of

the middle class had led to cultural development. But there was an ominous shadow in the picture.

The political genius and iron will of Dictator Díaz had made Mexico rich by making the people of his country poor. Millions of workers—men, women and children—were destitute. Their lands were gone. They labored long hours for pennies under tyrannical overlords. They didn't have enough to eat and their clothes were ragged. And although Díaz himself never mistreated the Indians, he did nothing to improve their wretched condition.

Rural Mexico, by far the largest part of the Republic, was stagnant. The dictatorship had built some schools and illiteracy had decreased. But unfortunately the schools were of little value, for the teachers were miserably underpaid and most of the children were half-starved.

The most colossal blunders which Díaz made during his long dictatorship were, first, in giving away Mexico's natural resources by encouraging foreign capital to come into the country and make millions from the country's oil wells, mines and land; second, in allowing the Indians to be robbed of nearly all the land they owned, and, third, by imposing industrialization on a country not ready for it.

By 1908, serious political discussions were revived. That year, Francisco I. Madero published a book, *The Presidential Succession of 1910*. He accepted as inevitable the re-election of Díaz in 1910, but, he said: "It is time for the people to exercise political freedom. The vice-president must be elected by fair popular vote."

Then in 1909, Díaz announced that he would resign in 1910, but the citizens soon discovered that he was not serious about so doing. At last the populace was aroused. Madero had been touring the country, talking about political freedom. In May, 1910, 20,000 of his followers held a demonstration outside of the National Palace in Mexico City. Díaz had Madero put in prison in June, 1910, so that he would not upset the election. On September 11, 1910, there was a Maderist demonstration on the *Paseo*, and several stones were hurled through the windows of Díaz' house.

Díaz had organized the most extravagant celebration in Mexico's history for September 16, 1910, the centenary of Hidalgo's "*Grito de Dolores*." The date almost coincided with his birthday, for he was eighty years old on September 15. Over twenty million *pesos* were spent entertaining representatives from every nation in the world at the extravagant party which lasted all night and into the next day.

- On October first, Díaz was again re-elected. He gave Madero 197 votes. Madero was released from prison on bail furnished by his wealthy relatives. He went to Texas and there drew up his famous "Plan of San Luis Potosí," which promised the restoration of the village *ejidos* that had been illegally taken from the Indians. Madero then declared the Díaz election fraudulent and on November 20, 1910, assumed the provisional presidency and called for a general insurrection.

Thus began the Revolution which was to last ten long years and bring bloodshed and suffering to Mexico.

Díaz was finally forced to resign and at dawn on May 26, 1911, boarded a train for Vera Cruz with his family, and then sailed to Europe. In 1915, he died in exile in Paris, while Mexico was being devastated by civil war between Carranza, Villa and Zapata.

The Mexican Revolution, 1910-1920

Nobody could have looked less like a revolutionist than the little man who started the rebellion in Mexico that began on November 20, 1910. Francisco I. Madero, son of the wealthy Maderos of Monterrey, was five feet two inches tall and wore a pointed brown beard and brown mustache. He had a high-pitched, squeaky voice and had never been very strong. But he was noble-spirited and generous, deeply sincere in his desires to help the oppressed. While going to school in Paris, he gave his large allowance to the needy. By 1905, when he was thirty-two years old, Madero was one of the leaders of the reform element in Mexico. His criticism of the Díaz administration in 1908, "The Presidential Succession in 1910," started the events that led to the old dictator's abdication in 1911.

Seven days after Madero had called for the November twentieth uprising in 1910, cowboy *insurrectos* (rebels), led by the notorious bandit, Pancho Villa, defeated the state troops of the Díaz government in Chihuahua. This success in the north stimulated uprisings in other states. To the south, the *peón* leader, Emiliano Zapata, led the revolutionists in Morelos.

Madero had hoped to avoid bloodshed, for he was at heart an ardent pacifist. But the Revolution was launched and soon the *insurrectos*, led by Villa, had attacked Ciudad Juárez and dynamited the town into subjugation. Eleven days later, Díaz was on his way out of the country.

In October, 1911, Madero was elected president, and Piño Suárez, a Yucatecan journalist, vice-president, by an honest majority vote. The new president hoped to cure his country's ills by adhering to strict democratic principles which would mean a free state with a free ballot and a free church. But being an idealist, he did not understand the ethics of political grafters who always asked: "How much will I get out of this if I support your views?"

It was impossible for Madero to bring immediate relief to the distressed and needy millions, as he had hoped and promised. Foreign capitalists joined with wealthy Mexican conservatives to maintain cheap labor in the factories and on the fields. The president was besieged on all sides. One of his own leaders in the south, Zapata, impatient at the delays which kept the land from being returned at once to the Indians, finally drew up his "Plan of Ayala," which demanded immediate agrarian reforms. Then he dramatically announced: "*Tierra y Libertad* (Land and Liberty) is our motto. My men and I won't lay down our arms until the *ejidos* of our villages are restored and the lands which the *hacendados* stole from us under Porfirio Díaz are given back."

Madero was unable to stop the new rebellion. Two generals, Bernardo Reyes and Felix Díaz (nephew of Porfirio), whom Madero had refused to have executed when they were arrested for leading insurrections, joined forces with the traitorous General Victoriano Huerta, who had posed as Madero's friend and supporter.

During *La Decena Trágica*, the ten tragic days from February 9 to 18, through the treachery of Huerta, the opposing armies of government and rebels bombarded each other across the center of Mexico City, killing hundreds of civilians as well as soldiers.

Madero and Suárez were tricked by Huerta into resigning their offices on his faithful promise that he would protect their lives. At the same time, Huerta persuaded Lascurain, who became provisional president, to appoint him to the ministry of foreign affairs, and then to resign. Thus, Huerta could immediately assume the provisional presidency himself.

Four days later Madero and Suárez were riding to prison in a carriage. On orders from Huerta they were waylaid and shot.

Francisco Madero was thirty-nine years old when he was murdered. Today he is revered as a martyr throughout Mexico. Francisco I. Madero Street, in Mexico City, is probably the busiest thoroughfare in the capital and many other streets and towns in the nation commemorate the name of Madero.

Huerta was an able general with a magnetic personality. But he was also a drunkard and man without honor. He succeeded to the presidency by trickery and murdering innocent men. During the eighteen months he was in office, his friends rifled the treasury, his enemies were killed by thugs, and Huerta himself spent all of his time in saloons.

Meanwhile, in the great northern states of Coahuila, Chihuahua and Sonora, a movement began to avenge Madero's murder. Venustiano Carranza, an elderly landowner who was governor of Coahuila, denounced Huerta and proclaimed his "Plan of Guadalupe."

"It is time for a national uprising," Carranza said. "We must overthrow the usurper, Huerta."

Carranza then took the title of First Chief of the Constitutional Army, although he had no military aspirations. He appointed Pablo González general in charge of army operations in Coahuila. But González met with defeat whenever he fought federal troops sent by Huerta to crush the rebellion.

However, strong support of the Constitutional cause came from other directions. José Maytorena, governor of Sonora, a timid, rich man, in bad health, who was desperately afraid of anarchy, took a leave of absence from office and went to the United States. Roberto Pesquiera, the leader in the legislature, became provisional governor and Alvaro Obregón, an energetic young *ranchero*, assumed military leadership of the state.

In Chihuahua, Pancho Villa had defeated Pascual Orozco and his federal troops and became the leader of the constitutional army in that state. Villa was famous as the boldest and most resourceful bandit in Mexico and had found it easy to recruit a large army among the Chihuahua *vaqueros*. For many years he had been an outlaw, rustling cattle and terrorizing the citizens of Chihuahua, before he joined the cause of Madero and helped to overthrow Díaz. After Madero's election, Villa had abandoned his illegal activities and entered a legitimate meat business in Chihuahua City. Pancho had served under Huerta during the Madero rebellion, and the former general had attempted to have his able lieutenant court-martialed and shot. But Madero had saved Villa's life and now the ex-bandit was out to avenge his benefactor's murder.

While Carranza and Villa disliked and were suspicious of each other, they avoided quarreling openly for a year. Villa acknowledged Carranza's leadership and they

agreed that their purpose in fighting was the same. First, to overthrow the traitor Huerta, and second, to destroy what they considered the three traditional menaces of Mexico, "government by the wealthy, the judiciary and the clergy."

At last the Mexican Revolution began to acquire a purpose. Men who had been in exile or had escaped from Mexico City offered their services to the constitutional armies in the north. Chihuahua City, Villa's headquarters, and Nogales, seat of Carranza's government, became the centers where leaders dreamed of freedom and democracy, of social and agrarian reforms and at the same time made plans for gaining power.

While Carranza, Villa and Obregón were fighting their way to the capital, Emiliano Zapata, general of the Liberating Army of the South, crusaded through the mountainous territory around Cuernavaca. Then he went east to Puebla and north to the State of Mexico and the Valley of the Federal District. Under their revolutionary cry of "*Tierra y Libertad*," the ragged, fighting *Zapatistas* burned *haciendas*, then divided the land among the *peones*. They went forward under the rousing cry of their leader, Zapata: "Men of the South, it is more honorable to die on your feet than to live on your knees." The *Zapatistas* were never really an army, for as soon as they won land, they started to plough it and reap the harvest. Only when they were attacked on the farms they cultivated did they take up arms.

Zapata, who had been a *mestizo* tenant farmer, took nothing for himself. Although many cruelties resulted from *Zapatismo*, the *Zapatistas* believed that they were justified in what they did. They thought that their purpose was right and noble—to give back to the Indians the land that had been stolen from them, and to redeem the long-suffering natives from the serfdom of centuries.

Since the beginning of the rebellion, the civilian population had been at the mercy of the warring factions, and suffered from the banditry of both armies of the north.

President Wilson sent munitions to help the cause of Carranza because the United States government believed that Carranza was heading a conservative party in Mexico that was trying to bring law and order to the land. With this aid, General Obregón was able to fight his way down the Pacific Coast to Guadalajara. Villa fought through the central part of the country and captured Torreón and Zacatecas.

Now the war became a race for the capital between Villa and Obregón. Villa broke relations with Carranza, who stopped his coal supply and forced him to remain in Zacatecas. Obregón pushed on toward Mexico City. On July 15, 1914, Huerta took the fugitive train to Vera Cruz and then sailed to Spain. The next year he re-crossed the Atlantic and went to Texas, where he was arrested for attempting to incite a revolution in Mexico from United States territory. He was sixty-four years old when he died, shortly after leaving the El Paso prison.

General Obregón entered Mexico City on August 15, 1914, and took possession for Carranza, who then settled himself in the National Palace. But Obregón's successful race to establish Carranza in the capital did not mean the end of the Revolution. The Mexicans were to endure several more years of turmoil, for the constitutional movement was not only a crusade, it was also a struggle for power between politically ambitious men.

Villa refused to accept Carranza as presidential candidate. So did a number of

groups in Sonora. Through Obregón's ability as a statesman, a convention to elect a provisional president was finally held in Aguascalientes. Carranza chose to ignore this. Convention leaders hoped to prevent civil war by eliminating both Carranza and Villa. But neither chief would resign. Then, like the hero in a movie-thriller, Villa announced melodramatically: "There is only one way to save our country. Carranza and I must both commit suicide." But Carranza refused, and so the *Villistas* declared that Carranza was the obstacle to peace.

Finally, a clever man, General Eulalio Gutiérrez, was selected as provisional president. He was a man of ability and integrity, but lacked an army. Obregón refused to back him, for he felt certain war could not be averted and preferred to support the strongest man, Carranza.

Gutiérrez appointed Villa as his general and started toward Mexico City, while Carranza fled, first to Puebla and then to Vera Cruz, taking his cabinet with him.

Soon both *Zapatistas* and *Villistas* occupied the capital. To the surprise of the citizens, the *Zapatistas* were not the cruel, blood-thirsty bandits they had expected. Instead, the ragged *peón* troops of Zapata knocked at the doors of the rich and humbly asked for something to eat, while the swaggering *Villista* generals established themselves in the finest houses and began to rob and plunder wherever they pleased.

Gutiérrez appointed a cabinet and took over the work of government, but discovered that he was actually Villa's prisoner. Finding himself powerless to check the wild plundering and killing of the *Villistas*, he finally escaped north, and Villa named a puppet president to succeed him, Roque González Garza.

Between September, 1914, and February, 1915, six different men occupied the presidential chair in Mexico.

Meanwhile, in Vera Cruz, Carranza sponsored a program of social reconstruction on the advice of Obregón and Luis Cabrera, both of whom were clever statesmen. Early in 1915, Obregón succeeded in defeating the *Villistas* in the mountains of Puebla and Villa was forced to leave the capital for Aguascalientes. Then Carranza returned from Vera Cruz and once more occupied the National Palace. The *Zapatistas* went back to their mountains in the south.

Now, to secure the popular support of the Mexicans, Carranza proclaimed social reforms and made public a series of decrees, the most important one being the agrarian reform of January 5, which declared that lands illegally stolen from the Indians during the Díaz regime would be restored. Obregón secured the aid of the workers of the nation and formed a strong alliance with Luis Morones, the most capable labor leader.

Obregón soon discovered that he had not finished his score with Villa, for he was still causing trouble in the north. The constitutional general decided that the former bandit would have to be decisively beaten in battle to avoid further difficulties with him, and made plans to achieve this end. Obregón chose Celaya as the battleground. Here he had trenches dug, threw up barbed wire entanglements and posted machine guns. Obregón placed straight-shooting Yaqui Indians in the front-line trenches. Then he waited for Villa.

Three times on three different days, Villa attacked Obregón's forces and saw his horses and men shot down by machine guns. At last, after the greatest series of battles

ever fought on Mexican soil, during which Obregón had one of his arms shattered, Villa was driven north in retreat. By the end of the year, Pancho was back in his native state, deserted by his men and reduced to his original position of bandit chieftain. That winter Villa joined Maytorena, who had returned from exile to resume his position as governor of Sonora, and was fighting Calles. But Obregón sent reinforcements to Calles and Villa was again defeated.

In the National Palace, Carranza was having international difficulties. The United States government was deeply concerned over the prolongation of the Mexican Civil War. President Wilson wrote to Carranza about the advantages of a peaceful country and demanded protection of American citizens in Mexico and American business interests. Carranza was irritated at the attitude of the American government. Repeated attempts to secure action from the National Palace only made Carranza more stubborn. He resented United States interference in Mexican affairs and bluntly stated that American citizens could not expect any more protection than Mexicans living in his country.

During the hectic period when Carranza had been forced to flee from Mexico City, the capital was occupied by *Villistas* and *Zapatistas* for six months. In the ensuing struggle for power, the United States had supplied ammunition to both *Carranzistas* and *Villistas*.

When President Wilson officially recognized the Carranza government, in October, 1915, orders were issued that no further ammunition was to be sent to Villa. This action made Villa furious and he tried to provoke war between the United States and Mexico. First, he killed sixteen American engineers traveling on a train in northern Mexico. Then he led a raid on Columbus, New Mexico, killing sixteen more Americans, this time on United States soil. Raids along the border followed. Mexicans were killed by American sheriffs, and Americans were killed by the *Villistas*.

Wilson was forced to take action and so he ordered General John Pershing and 10,000 troops to the border, with instructions to take Villa, dead or alive.

Pershing led his American troops on a wild chase over the Chihuahua deserts. Carranza protested at this invasion of Mexican soil and his federal troops attacked a detachment of Pershing's expedition. The Mexican government became more and more indignant as Pershing continued his unsuccessful chase, and unofficially threatened war. Finally Wilson recalled Pershing, who returned to the United States in February, 1917.

With Carranza's acceptance by the Mexican people as provisional president in 1916, the country enjoyed peace for a short time. On the surface, the years of civil war had accomplished but little, for one ruling class had simply been overthrown for another. Now 500 generals and 100,000 soldiers ruled the country under Carranza, and while the president had empowered his military chieftains to distribute land, many of them kept it for themselves and the *peones* gained very little.

Although Carranza never shared in the robberies that were rampant, his ineffectual rule made his administration one of the most corrupt in the history of Mexico. He was unable to enforce order and almost every able man in his government left him. Obregón had retired to private life after the war ended. Many other generals, however, robbed and looted whenever they could.

Finally Carranza took away the power of local chiefs to distribute land and gave this authority to the National Agrarian Commission. But during his term as president, the commission distributed only 450,000 acres of land to 48,000 families, while millions were in need.

Despite all of the negative conditions existing, however, the Mexican Revolution had not been futile. The spirit of the nation had profoundly changed, for new hopes and new aspirations had been awakened. Never again would the Indians of Mexico reconcile themselves to the supremacy of *creoles* and foreigners, in spite of some of the corrupt political leaders who betrayed them.

A convention was held at Querétaro in December, 1916, to make changes in the constitution, for Carranza agreed that this was necessary. Only loyal followers of Carranza were permitted to attend, but the convention included a radical group, led by General Francisco Mújica, supported by Alvaro Obregón.

In January, 1917, Mújica secured the adoption of the two famous articles, 27 and 123, which completely changed the character of the Mexican Constitution. Article 27 attempted to undo the two most far-reaching results of the Díaz dictatorship, the alienation of the Indian *ejidos*, and the acquisition of mines and oil fields by foreigners. The nation was declared the original owner of all lands and waters. Article 123 was intended to protect the wage earners, both industrial and agricultural. It combined all methods to protect labor from exploitation, abolished child labor and peonage, established the eight-hour working day, a minimum wage, profit-sharing and compensation for injuries, as well as the right to organize unions and to strike. Other articles of the new constitution reaffirmed the anti-clerical legislature of the Reform.

Carranza accepted all of the reform articles which then became part of the Constitution of 1917. But he had no intention of enforcing the reforms and after he was inaugurated as legal president, governed Mexico in the spirit of a Díaz senator. He did assert national ownership of thirty million acres of public lands alienated under Díaz, but the promise of land to the peasants remained just a promise.

Villistas and *Zapatistas* were still being shot. Villa was practicing his old tricks in banditry in Chihuahua.

Zapata was assassinated through the trickery of General Pablo González, who was unable to capture him in fair battle. The "greatest horseman in Morelos," was deeply mourned by thousands of *peones*, for they loved and admired their leader.

Normal activities were slowly resumed during Carranza's presidency and industry revived, though wages were lower than under Díaz. When it came time for election, nobody could compete with Obregón, but even his succession to the presidency was not destined to be peaceful.

Carranza did not intend to relinquish power, though he was forced to abide by the rule of "no re-election." He was determined to impose a puppet president, Ignacio Bonillas, Mexico's ambassador to Washington.

When the *Obregonistas* learned of Carranza's plot, two of the leaders, Adolfo de la Huerta, governor of Sonora, and Calles, issued their "Plan of Agua Prieta," calling for the removal of Carranza and the appointment of a provisional president until the election was held.

Another "movie-thriller episode" in Mexican politics then took place. While the army from Sonora moved down the Pacific Coast toward Mexico City, Carranza fled by train from the National Palace with several million *pesos* from the treasury. His party was attacked in the mountains of Puebla by General Guadalupe Sánchez, who had promised his faithful support and loyalty to the fleeing president.

A local chieftain, Rodolfo Herrera, offered to guide Carranza to safety after he left the train, and took him to Tlaxacalantongo, a remote Indian village on the side of a mountain. Herrera gave the old president a bed in a wooden hut and said he would be on guard during the night. While Carranza slept, Herrera murdered him and explained to Carranza's followers that their leader had committed suicide.

But the Revolution, which had lasted for ten long years, was over at last. During the brief interim before Obregón was elected president in 1920, the provisional government, under Adolfo de la Huerta, was able to rid the country of the last hostilities of the Revolution.

A government official bribed Villa into submission by giving him a big *hacienda* in Durango. Here the old rascal took pride in his new position as a respected citizen and posed as a benefactor in the community by building a school for the children of his workers.

One summer day in 1923, Villa was driving to town for supplies. Somewhere along the road he was shot. It is generally believed that political enemies, fearful that he might oppose the succession to the presidency, in 1924, of his mortal foe, Calles, were responsible for his assassination.

The Reconstruction Era, 1920-1947

After ten years of turmoil during the Mexican Revolution (1910-1920), Mexico began the serious task of reconstruction. Progress was slow and often discouraging to the men who began their presidential terms with high hopes. Most of the leaders had a genuine desire to carry out the ideas and social reforms of the Revolution—to improve the living standards of the workers and peasants throughout the Republic—but conditions over which they had no control too often kept them from achieving their goals.

Nevertheless, living conditions in Mexico improved. During the terms of the four active presidents from 1920 to 1946, Alvaro Obregón (1920-1924), Plutarco Elías Calles (1924-1928 as president and as political boss until 1934), Ricardo Lázaro Cárdenas (1934-1940), and Manuel Avila Camacho (1940-1946), the cities gradually became more industrialized. Rural communities, too, benefited. The use of electricity spread, a better program was inaugurated for health hygiene and sanitation, and the number of schools greatly increased.

From telephone and telegraph poles, wires crossed and re-crossed each other as modern communication service was extended. Bright electric light bulbs now hung suspended from power lines at street intersections and illuminated plazas in towns both large and small. In large cities, modern street lights were installed.

Medical clinics were established in far corners of the Republic. Young doctors went into obscure regions where they had to fight the prejudice of superstitious natives, who believed that their local "witch-doctors," and "healers" could cure all ills with powdered blue-jay's wings or an empty eggshell perched on a magic stone over night.

More teachers were trained so that eager young Mexicans could attend the schools that were built after Vasconcelos inaugurated his broad educational program.

Millions of acres of land were gradually distributed to hundreds of thousands of families. But although wages for workers and peasants went up slowly, incomes could not keep pace with rising living costs.

Alvaro Obregón was the first president of the Reconstruction Era. He was a chubby fellow with a jolly disposition and wore a wide, pointed black mustache. Although he was full of fun and had a fine sense of humor, he was also an able, practical, ambitious man, with a clear understanding of what the people of Mexico needed. He did not believe in pushing reforms too rapidly.

Although Obregón had fought for the principles of agrarian reform, he realized that the illiterate Indians could not immediately take over the responsibilities of all of the production of the land in Mexico. The president was afraid to risk crop shortages, for he found that most of the Indians cultivated only a small portion of the land given to them. Often this was because they lacked seeds, implements, knowledge or the credit facilities necessary for scientific farming on a larger scale.

The greatest contribution Obregón made toward rebuilding his country according to the ideas of the Revolution was in the appointment of brilliant José Vasconcelos as minister of education, and then by giving him wholehearted encouragement and support. Vasconcelos developed the "Cultural Missions," which were groups of educational specialists sent throughout the land to "teach the teachers." Libraries were created wherever possible and schools became the cultural, as well as the educational, centers of the villages. The program laid out by Vasconcelos is still the basis of Mexico's plan for eliminating illiteracy and improving the social conditions in the nation.

Foreign investments proved to be the most difficult problem of Obregón's administration. The effects of the Díaz policy regarding mineral rights in Mexico were extremely harmful. Nationalism was growing throughout the Republic and Mexican citizens were becoming more patriotic. They resented the fact that most of the great oil wealth of their country belonged to foreigners.

In 1920, American and British companies owned 91.5 per cent of the oil industry in Mexico, which was capitalized at \$1,050,532,434. Other foreign interests owned 7.4 per cent and the Mexicans held only 1.1 per cent of their vast oil wealth. Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917 declared that sub-soil privileges (the right to extract minerals from the soil and sell them for profit) were the absolute property of the Mexican nation. Now, serious disputes over the ownership of oil lands arose between the Mexican and United States governments. These disagreements, together with the occasional seizure of American-owned lands for distribution to peasants, added to the friction. Because of the controversies over American investments in Mexico, the United

States government did not recognize Obregón as the official president of Mexico for three years after his inauguration.

Finally, in 1923, with trade steadily increasing between the two countries, American diplomats were again sent to Mexico.

When Plutarco Elías Calles was named as Obregón's successor, another political rebellion began. It lasted from December, 1923, to February, 1924. *Hacendados* grabbed lands from the Indians wherever they could. Honest Felipe Carillo Puerto, governor of Yucatán, who had done more than anybody in his state to establish the agrarian reform, was assassinated. The rebels almost captured Mexico City. But the United States, now Obregón's strong ally, supplied ample arms and ammunition, which helped to crush the rebellion that cost the Mexican government sixty million *pesos*.

Calles, who lacked the winning personality of Obregón, was elected president in 1924. He was a strong-willed leader who tolerated no interference. At one time he had been a primary school teacher in Sonora, but spent most of his adult life in the military forces.

When this new president went into office, he was determined to enforce the provisions of the Constitution of 1917, and to put through social reforms which would advance the fulfillment of some of the promises of the Revolution. During his regime, political power became concentrated among the *Callistas*, a small group of men who controlled all government activities.

Friction between church and state had continued from the Reform Era (1855–1872). It reached a climax in 1926, when a high church official voiced his protest against the anti-clerical clauses in the Constitution of 1917 by having them republished in the Mexican press. Calles was greatly angered by this action and began to enforce the anti-clerical clauses. Primary church schools were closed by government order. Many priests and nuns were sent out of the country and the remaining priests were ordered to register. This they refused to do and on July 31, 1926, the priests left the churches. All of Mexico was shocked the next day when no public Catholic services were held anywhere in the nation. For the next three years, until 1929, the churches remained open, but Indians, *mestizos*, and whites worshipped without priests conducting services.

When Calles began enforcing the anti-clerical clauses in the Constitution of 1917, he also enforced anti-alien clauses and inaugurated his slogan: "Mexico for Mexicans." Owners of oil fields were ordered to exchange their titles for fifty-year leases. American industrialists balked at this action, which, they said truthfully, was contrary to assurances from Obregón that their interests would be protected. Legal proceedings were started against oil companies that refused to apply for leases.

Leaders in American business urged the United States government to intervene. At the same time, Catholics in America protested against the religious persecution in Mexico, and urged the government to take action and protect the clergy of Mexico.

President Calvin Coolidge decided that the United States government had no right to interfere in the internal problems of the southern Republic. In order to stop the

threatened rupture between the United States and Mexico, the President sent Dwight Morrow to Mexico as an ambassador of good-will. This he certainly proved to be, for Morrow's tactful handling of people and situations soon changed the antagonistic attitude of the Mexican government to one of increased friendliness toward the United States. Instead of treating the Mexicans as inferior, which had unfortunately been the attitude of too many United States diplomats, Dwight Morrow showed that he respected Mexico's rights as a sovereign power. He invited Colonel Lindbergh and Will Rogers to come to Mexico on good-will visits, and soon gained the friendship and confidence of President Calles.

As a result, two months after the arrival of genial Dwight Morrow, the Mexican supreme court declared the oil legislation unconstitutional and gave foreigners with sub-soil rights before 1917, full rights of ownership.

Despite international difficulties over the oil question with the United States, and internal friction with the clergy, Calles made some advances in the Revolutionary program. The educational plan initiated by Vasconcelos was carried forward vigorously. A campaign for better sanitation and health hygiene was inaugurated. More roads were built, which permitted doctors to penetrate isolated regions of Mexico. Schemes for irrigating vast tracts of land were begun.

Due to an amendment to the Constitution, the presidential term was now six years, with no re-election. However, Calles had no intention of relinquishing his political power at the end of his term in 1928, when Obregón, picked by Calles as his successor, was elected. Three weeks later, before he had taken office, Obregón was assassinated by a young fanatic, cartoonist José de León Torral, while he was having luncheon at a restaurant in San Angel, suburb of Mexico City.

Portes Gil was made provisional president in 1928, and during the next six years the *jefe máximo* (supreme chief), as Calles was now called, controlled governmental activities from his palatial home in Cuernavaca. One puppet president followed another. Pascual Ortiz Rubio was elected in 1929 and forced to resign two years later. He was succeeded by Abelardo Rodríguez, a wealthy banker.

The program of the Revolution had been temporarily stopped. But it had accumulated sufficient force to continue with increased vigor when a group of young men, fired with enthusiasm for the ideals of social reform, began to gain power in the government.

To avoid a rebellion in the 1934 election, Calles decided to pick as presidential candidate a young man that would be acceptable both to the powerful new group of younger men, as well as to the *Callistas*. Richard Lázaro Cárdenas, brilliant thirty-eight-year-old ex-governor of Michoacán, was chosen and elected. Two years later, in 1936, Calles was stripped of his political power and exiled. He returned to Mexico in 1941, after Camacho, then president, decreed that all exiled political leaders could return to their native land. Calles died in Mexico City in 1945.

Cárdenas was born in Jiquilpan, Michoacán, in 1895, of a highly respected, but poor, *mestizo* family. It was at this time, during the "Golden Age of Díaz," that *Porfiristas* swarmed the streets of the capital, dressed in gold and silver-trimmed uniforms.

Jiquilpan was typical of thousands of small towns in the Mexico of 1895. No physician was available, only the local "witchdoctors" with their magic brews. There was no sewage disposal, modern machinery did not exist, and water for drinking and washing had to be carried from the town well in the plaza, just as it is today in many Mexican towns. Only in the few large cities could comfort and luxuries be found.

A primary school education was all that Cárdenas was able to secure, although he continued to study after leaving school. When he was sixteen years old, he was writing articles for *El Popular*, a paper devoted to the cause of Madero. At eighteen, Cárdenas joined the army and was soon entrusted with important military posts. His work took him all over the country. Wherever he went, he saw people who were half-starved, living in wretched poverty in towns that had no schools, no sanitation and no medical aid.

In one region where a great oil boom was in progress, foreign oil men lived in attractive, well-screened houses on the hills. The Mexican workers and their families existed in wretched little huts on the edges of a great swamp infested with mosquitoes and other pests.

"It is a disgrace that my people live in such squalor. Why can't all men have decent homes?" young Cárdenas thought to himself.

When he was thirty-one Cárdenas was elected governor of his native state, Michoacán. He began at once to help the oppressed people by giving lands to the Indians, building new schools and aiding industrial workers to secure higher wages and improved living conditions.

Eight days after he was inaugurated as president, Cárdenas astonished the nation. He announced over the radio that citizens could send free telegraph messages to him every day between twelve and one o'clock, explaining urgent needs of villages and communities. Telegrams began to pour into the president's office.

"Yes, you will have a school-house before the end of the year," Cárdenas wrote in response to an appeal from the mayor of a village in Puebla.

"Soon a doctor will open a medical clinic in your district," the president told citizens of a tropical town in Oaxaca.

"No, I can't promise a new road now," he said regretfully to the representatives of a mountain community that had trouble in getting their wares to market, "but it will be started as soon as I can arrange it."

Cárdenas was unique in the experience of the Mexican people. He believed in governing directly and traveled throughout the Republic, arriving unannounced and unheralded in small towns, as well as in the large cities. Men, women and children flocked around him when he sat on a bench in the public square to chat with them. They all worshipped him. An emergency in a village of three hundred was just as important to Cárdenas as one in a city of 100,000 population.

The needs of industrial workers and peasants were his primary concern. That was why the presidential train was always ready to leave at a moment's notice. If a trip to some remote village was made, the official party had to travel from the railroad station on horseback. Sometimes the horses had to be left and the journey finished on foot.

Cárdenas never wearied of the herculean task he had set out to accomplish. He

considered it his duty to make good the many promises of the Revolution that had lapsed. After an intelligent study of the needs of his people, he instituted reforms that he thought would be practically helpful. Often he was bitterly opposed by the group of wealthy citizens who said that the Indians needed a master, that it was better for them if they were treated like slaves.

As the backbone of the great six-year plan which he originated, Cárdenas had four main objectives: 1) to raise the national health standards so that citizens could do better work; 2) to give land to peasants who wanted it for cultivation; 3) to raise the living standards of all workers by establishing minimum wage scales, and 4) to establish schools and provide enough teachers so that everyone could have an education.

In a survey made in 1936, Cárdenas discovered that sixty per cent of the population in Mexico received no scientific medical care. There was only one physician in Querétaro, a city of 52,000 people; another section had one doctor for each 7000 persons. And so Cárdenas started to create new hospitals. Often public buildings which were no longer being used were converted into medical clinics.

The most important job of rural teachers was to distribute needed drugs like quinine, and to administer vaccines and serums which were supplied free by the health department. In the beginning, local Indian healers opposed the government's efforts to give medical aid. But gradually health hygiene began to be accepted.

Dr. Ignacio Millán's Medical School of Rural Education was opened at Polytechnic Institute in Mexico City in 1938. Young medical graduates received their internship by spending six months in communities where modern doctors were unknown. This was the quickest possible way to spread knowledge of the basic principles of health hygiene to the greatest number of people.

In every community where physicians penetrated, medicine was free, there were no doctors' fees and the young *medicos* received a salary of ninety *pesos* (about \$18) monthly. Each doctor made a written report at the end of his six months' internship. It included a tabulated survey of the entire community, which incorporated facts about the climate, the kind of people, their income and diet, sanitation conditions and special diseases of the region. Many of these pioneering young doctors were so interested in this work that they chose to return to isolated regions to practice rather than remain in the cities.

Although some increases in pay had been made during the Cárdenas administration, minimum wages were still low. When the officials of an American owned silver mine refused to raise the thirty cents a day pay the miners received, hundreds of the workers marched to the capital and appealed to the government. The Labor Board ordered the owners to pay more, but the company said that they couldn't afford to do so.

"Very well," the authorities said, "we are sorry, but then you cannot stay in business here. You must leave Mexico."

Quickly the mining officials decided that they could pay more. They stayed and paid the increased wages.

Late in 1937, the 18,000 employees of the seventeen foreign-owned oil companies struck for higher wages, which the owners refused. Despite the fact that the Labor

Board granted the workers the increase, the oil companies held out stubbornly for several months, thinking that they would finally win the dispute.

On March 18, 1938, Cárdenas stepped up to the microphone in his office. On a national hook-up, he quietly announced over the radio that the oil properties of seventeen foreign-owned companies had been expropriated because they refused to pay the increased wages demanded by workers and approved by the Labor Board.

Mexicans were wild with joy. Everybody celebrated. Great demonstrations acclaiming the president were held in the *Zócalo* in Mexico City.

Government officials knew that Mexico now faced a grave international crisis. Relationships with the United States and England became strained. Legal actions were started, but by 1939 no settlements had been reached. American and British oil companies demanded exorbitant prices for the oil properties taken over by the government. The billions of dollars of profits foreign investors had taken out of Mexico were forgotten when negotiations for payment began. Finally, settlements with some of the companies were made in 1940. By 1943, the disagreeable memories of the oil controversy were almost forgotten when the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey officially announced that Mexico had settled all of their claims.

By the end of his term, Cárdenas had the satisfaction of seeing that national health had improved and infant mortality had declined. Active steps had also been taken to combat malnutrition and to improve education.

But, as a result of the strong labor syndicate and the one-party system of the Cárdenas regime, the populace generally suffered. Gasoline strikes brought serious shortages of fuel which affected both citizens and business. Automobiles, buses and trucks were stranded everywhere. Travel by train was seriously affected, for train schedules were never kept.

From 1934 to September, 1940, the Cárdenas administration distributed 45,349,000 acres of land to more than 1,020,590 peasants on 10,651 new communal farms. The Mexican agrarian system was now almost transformed from the large feudal holdings with *peón* labor of the Díaz era, to cooperative community farms and small, privately owned lands.

There were about 8,000 schools and 9,000 teachers in Mexico by 1934. Cárdenas built 2000 schools every year he was in office and in 1940 there were nearly 21,000 schools, 440,000 teachers and almost 2,000,000 pupils.

A noticeable improvement in the living conditions of many of the workers was apparent at the end of Cárdenas' term as president. Their houses were better and some of the natives had discarded *petates* and slept in beds. Many families were buying shoes for the first time, also clothes and foods which they had never known before.

Most important of all, however, was the change in the Mexican workers' psychology. For the first time, those who toiled felt that they were independent persons, not slaves.

Cárdenas' successor, Manuel Avila Camacho, elected president of Mexico in 1940, came from a well-to-do family in Puebla. He was a man of sound judgment, who, during his long military career, had ruled by persuasion instead of force. The difficulties of governmental administration were intensified by World War II, and Mexico

was fortunate in having as president a man like Avila Camacho, who believed in using tact and friendliness in his dealings with all people.

After his inauguration, President Camacho promised "to govern for all," for he realized that the time had come to review the Revolutionary program. While progress had been made in improving the living conditions of the underprivileged classes during the Cárdenas regime, many serious errors resulted. Business and industry in Mexico were at a low ebb. Diplomatic relations with the United States had suffered badly, due to the zealous activities of the Cárdenas administration, which were mainly in behalf of the poorer people.

One of the big problems confronting Camacho was solved in November, 1941, when agreements about American oil and land investments in Mexico were signed between the State Department of the United States and the Mexican government. Diplomatic relations were clarified and the cordial relationships of the "good-neighbor" policy, which had been strained since 1938, were again resumed. A reciprocity trade pact was also agreed upon between the two countries and the United States purchased twenty-five million dollars' worth of Mexican silver, which was another concrete demonstration of the "good-neighbor" policy.

Following these acts, Ezequiel Padilla, able foreign minister of Mexico, announced to the Mexican senate: "This marks a change in the international policy of America. The supreme values of cooperation and good-will have been substituted for the dictates of imperialism and force. Signing the agreement in November, 1941, is one of the most eloquent demonstrations of the new American spirit. It is a moral triumph for American solidarity."

In December, 1941, after war between the United States and Germany was declared, Mexico broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, Italy and Japan. On June 1, 1942, Mexico declared war on Germany, after the Mexican oil tanker, *Potrero de Llano*, was torpedoed by the Germans off the Florida coast and several Mexican sailors lost their lives.

When President Camacho decreed, in August, 1942, that all able-bodied men must have military instruction, it caused great resentment among the Mexicans. It was not until after Cárdenas was made minister of national defense and the nation's top-ranking general that the stubborn opposition to military training gave way. General Cárdenas threw himself wholeheartedly into a vigorous program to reorganize the army. New barracks were built and many old Colonial buildings were turned into well-equipped quarters for the soldiers.

"Efficiency and speed are the keynotes of our military program," General Cárdenas emphasized. "All Mexicans must help in every way to win the war against the Axis powers." It was after this announcement that Mexican women stepped out of their kitchens. They forgot about the ancient taboo of "Woman's place is in the home," which still affects the majority of Latin American women, and secured jobs in factories, along with the men who worked overtime to produce war materials for American factories.

Nearly the entire output of Mexico's copper, zinc, silver, antimony, and lead was placed at the disposal of the United States—also other strategic war materials, includ-

ing tungsten, manganese, mica, mercury and arsenic. Long freight trains moved steadily across the border between Mexico and the United States. The cars were loaded with more vital war materials—industrial alcohol, drugs, mahogany, henequen, vegetable oils and the entire crop of the important rubber-bearing *Quayule* plants.

For years, the Nazis had spent millions of dollars on anti-United States propaganda through various fifth-column activities in Mexico. These Axis agents attempted to rupture the friendly relations between Mexico and the United States, but their efforts failed. The dangers brought by war, which threatened all democracies, only served to draw the governments of Mexico and the United States closer together. After war was declared, plans were started for stronger hemisphere defense.

Mexico has always said that she would fight fiercely to protect herself from invasion. But in 1942, the country did not have the necessary money or material for adequate war gear. Budgets for public health improvement, education, and swamp drainage, so essential for the national welfare, were too small to permit any of these funds to be appropriated for improvements in national defense. And so it was necessary, in the interests of both nations, for the United States to aid Mexico in defense measures. Credit was extended to Mexico to purchase 160 military planes from the United States. Telephone communications with María Madre and Tres Mariás Islands in the Pacific, and with Mexicali and Mazatlán on the west coast were opened in the interests of national defense. Over \$700,000 was spent by the United States to rehabilitate Mexican railways, in order to keep vital war materials moving.

Throughout World War II, trade between Mexico and the United States showed a steady increase. The United States took over ninety-one per cent of Mexico's exports and furnished nearly ninety per cent of her imports.

President Camacho had announced immediately after his inauguration that foreign capital was welcome in Mexico. At the same time he made it clear that American business men would be assured of fair dealing. As a result, a portion of the huge sums of United States capital invested annually in South America during the past twenty-five years went to Mexico. Today, American made products are sold everywhere in Mexico and many large American manufacturers now have their own plants near the industrial centers of the nation.

In September, 1942, Camacho promised the Mexican people a remarkable spectacle on the anniversary of the *Grito de Dolores*. When September 16th arrived, the *Plaza de la Constitution* in Mexico City was jammed with Mexicans. Everyone was excited. What was Don Manuel planning to show them?

At the appointed hour, President Camacho came to the platform before the National Palace, followed by six ex-presidents of Mexico—Cárdenas, Calles, Rodríguez, Ortiz Rubio, Portes Gil and de la Huerta. Men, women and children shouted until they were hoarse. The sight of these seven men of varying political philosophies, obviously friendly and working in accord for a national emergency, made a profound impression on the spectators. Mexicans everywhere decided that, despite differences of opinion, they could, and would do the same.

On the following day, men and women went back to their work with renewed vigor and the determination to do all they could to help win the war.

An event of international importance occurred in April, 1943, when President Roosevelt paid a state visit to President Camacho, in Monterrey, Mexico. This visit was promptly returned when President Camacho went to Corpus Christi, Texas, to see President Roosevelt. It was the first time in history that presidents of the two countries had exchanged official visits. The friendly diplomatic relations which had been established between the United States and Mexican governments after the November, 1941, agreements, became even more cordial after these meetings of the presidents.

By 1943, due to war inflation, Mexico was in the midst of its greatest boom. Prices kept on soaring and the cost of foods had doubled since 1941. Rich people became richer, while the poor became poorer. Although wages had been increased, this brought no relief to the workers because the cost of living kept on going up. It seemed as though the Revolutionary Program had disappeared. When questioned about what had happened, President Camacho said: "The Revolution is not dead. It has become temporarily dormant under the stress of war."

The government tried to devise some way of making income and living costs meet. In September, 1943, Camacho ordered large tracts of lands to be planted in corn and sugar. These corn crops were purchased by the government, not by private wholesalers, and sold directly to the Mexicans. Don Manuel also decreed that wages were to be increased from five to fifty per cent for persons earning under ten *pesos* daily, and unauthorized strikes were prohibited.

Even during the war years, Avila Camacho never forgot that the most essential peace-time job in the nation was to raise the living standards of twelve million underprivileged in Mexico. "Despite any international pressure due to the factors of war," he announced to his people in December, 1943, "the underlying principles of the Revolution will be advanced."

Working toward this goal, the president appointed a progressive, intellectual lawyer, Jaime Torres Bodét, as Secretary of Education. Ignacio García Tellez, Minister of the Interior under Cárdenas, was made head of social security and an ardent Revolutionary, Gonzáles, was appointed Chief of the Agricultural department. These three appointments, and the appearance of ex-president Cárdenas by the side of President Camacho at many public functions, brought renewed hope to millions of Mexicans, eager to better their living conditions.

Improvements in agriculture and public works were also fostered by Camacho. Irrigation had long been a pet project of the president and in January, 1944, he announced that Mexico would spend \$16,000,000 on irrigation projects during the year.

By the first of January, 1944, the Pan-American Highway in Mexico extended 1087 miles from Nuevo Laredo to Oaxaca City, only 400 miles from the Guatemalan border. Road construction on the unfinished portion was continued. Some progress was also made on the first road to be built going to Yucatán, as well as the west-coast Guadalajara to Nogales Highway.

In February and March, 1945, Mexico was prominent in world diplomacy when Mexico City opened its hospitable doors for sixteen days to delegates of the Inter-American Conference on Problems of War and Peace.

An excellent program was conducted under the direction of Manuel Tello, secretary-

general of the Conference. Extremely influential in the meeting was Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla, who represented Mexico, assisted by Mexico's Ambassador to the United States, Francisco Castillo Najera, later appointed Foreign Minister when Padilla resigned to become a presidential candidate in the 1946 election.

The problem of illiteracy in the nation had been highlighted during the induction of soldiers into the wartime army. To combat this serious condition, a national campaign was launched in April whereby every literate Mexican citizen was required to teach at least one illiterate Mexican how to read and write. Large colored posters throughout the nation appealed to all citizens to help. While actual statistics on the results are not available, as yet, the general effect has been one of greatly reducing illiteracy.

Due mainly to investments and capital from the United States, Mexico's light and heavy industries made great progress during Camacho's regime. Don Manuel's administration determined that a program of gradual industrialization during the post-war period was essential to raise the general standard of living in Mexico.

As you know, the Mexican government earnestly desires that some of the abundant technical resources of the United States be placed at the disposal of the manufacturers and farmers of Mexico, in order to help them to improve their organization and production. Plans to reach this goal are under way between the governments of the two countries.

More than a year before the 1946 election, Miguel Alemán began an active campaign for the presidency of Mexico. A handsome, clever young lawyer, he had been governor of the state of Vera Cruz and was supported by the powerful *Partido Revolucionario Mexicano* (Mexican Revolutionary Party). He was opposed by Ezequiel Padilla, brilliant Foreign Minister who had served under Zapata and Pancho Villa during the Revolution.

At the end of his political campaign Alemán summed up his program for Mexico: "The needs of the Mexican people are many; our economic development is far below our social and political advancement; we must initiate on firm foundations, the techniques of increasing agriculture, and industrialize our country, raising the standard of living and the cultural level of our people."

Miguel Alemán was elected President of Mexico in July and was inaugurated in Mexico City in December, 1946. At forty-three, he was the youngest civilian ever to hold this position.

The story of Miguel Alemán's success reads like a Horatio Alger tale. As a little boy, he lived in a thatched house on a small piece of land in Sayula, a jungle village in Vera Cruz. His father, General Alemán, was killed when Miguel was a freshman studying law in Mexico City. After that, young Alemán had to work his way through law school and support his mother and younger brother.

When Alemán and his close friend Gabriel Ramos Millán, now an influential senator, started to practice law in Mexico City, they specialized at compensation work in oil and mining. Their ability to secure settlements without law suits was phenomenally successful. Soon the two boys were astounded to find themselves growing rich.

During the Cárdenas administration, Miguel Alemán, who always said he received

more pleasure from working in law than from making money, decided to try to secure an appointment as judge. His enthusiastic backers asked President Cárdenas to put him on the Supreme Court. Because of his youth (he was still in his twenties), Cárdenas placed him just below the Supreme bench and made him a magistrate in the Court of Appeals. It was not long before he was on the Supreme Court, and from this post he rocketed ahead. He became senator from Vera Cruz, then governor of his native state; later he was appointed Minister of the Interior in Avila Camacho's War Cabinet, and was finally elected President of Mexico.

History-making events took place in the first months of Alemán's presidential term. In March, 1947, President Truman made a state visit to President Alemán in Mexico City. A genial host, the President of Mexico royally entertained the President of the United States. Friendly relations between the nations were reaffirmed and emphasized by both presidents, who were working hard to promote an even better and more sympathetic understanding between the two countries.

In May, 1947, President Miguel Alemán boarded the *Sacred Cow* in Mexico City. President Truman's plane had been sent south to fly the Mexican president to the White House for a visit. President Alemán stayed at the White House one night, was honor guest at a state dinner, and addressed a joint session of Congress while he was in Washington. Then he went to New York City, received a typical New York "ticker tape" reception, and was entertained by important men in government, business and financial circles at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Later he addressed a meeting of the United Nations and emphasized his hope that enduring peace among the nations of the world would speedily be established.

Of great importance to Mexico was President Alemán's inspection of TVA, which he hopes to use as a model for the states of Oaxaca, Vera Cruz and Sinaloa. One of Mexico's most pressing problems, as you know, is the irrigation of arid lands which will add thousands of greatly needed acres for cultivation. For adequate irrigation, Mexico needs new dams, hydro-electric and irrigation projects, railways, roads, and docks. President Alemán discussed borrowing from the United States some of the money necessary to finance his ambitious program to modernize all of Mexico.

From the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Rio Grande, the people of Mexico are again becoming hopeful. Mexico's program for expansion is based on the belief of the nation that the Revolution is over, its major objectives are being attained, and Mexicans everywhere must cooperate in a program of modernization.

The countries on both sides of the Rio Grande have learned through years of experience that ancient grievances must be dismissed and forgotten in order that all may progress. Events in history affirm the old axiom that most men do the best they can, within the limits of their own understandings and beliefs.

Citizens of Mexico and the United States have a great common bond. They are *all* Americans and as such must do everything individually as well as collectively to protect the interests of America.

EPILOGUE

South to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec

LIKE most travelers to Mexico, the Marlowes went back for another visit. They were eager to continue the exciting adventures of their first trip and decided to explore the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in their car. After spending several days in Mexico City, they left for Oaxaca. From here they visited Teotitlán del Valle, an Indian village not far away, famous for its *sarape* makers. They saw how the natives made *sarapes* from the carding of the wool, to the weaving on the loom. Later they took pictures of *los danzantes de las plumas* (plumed dancers), dressed in the costumes and headgear they wore for the fiesta dances held in Oaxaca every December.

When they were ready to leave Oaxaca, Dr. Marlowe said he was a bit uneasy about the long trip south. He had been told that only the buses were traveling over the road because the gravel was so loose in spots.

"If the buses get through, we can too," Mrs. Marlowe persuaded him.

And so the next day they pushed ahead over the rough gravel road, winding around, then up and down, from one summit to the next. The mountain scenery was spectacular, and continued until they were but a short distance from their destination. At last, late in the afternoon, with the hot tropical sun shining brightly, they reached the outskirts of Tehuantepec.

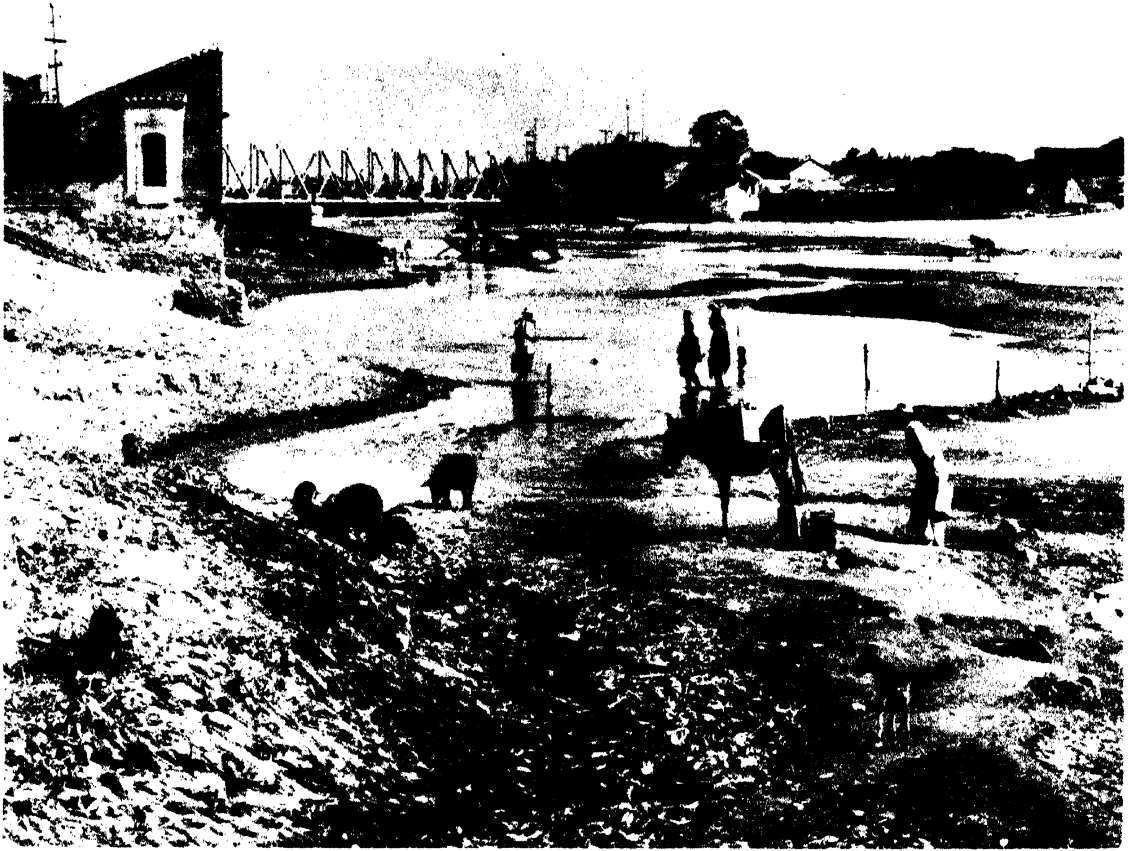
"There's the famous Tehuantepec River and the new bridge that is being built." Dr. Marlowe stopped the car and turned to his wife. "But where is the road that leads into the city?"

"Didn't someone tell you the only way to get there is to drive across the river itself? Now, at the end of the dry season, the water is shallow and we shouldn't have any difficulty doing it."

"You're right, Elise. I remember now." Dr. Marlowe turned the car around and began to drive down a steep, narrow street. Later they discovered that this small community was one of twenty-one *barrios* or precincts, that make up Tehuantepec. After stopping many times to ask their way, they finally reached the river.

"Look, Allen!" Elise Marlowe cried in astonishment as her husband put on the brakes and slowly made the descent to the river's edge. "Over there a family is bathing. Right in front of us two Tehuana women are carrying baskets full of fruit on their heads and holding up their skirts so that they won't get wet while they're walking in the water."

"It's like something from a fairy tale. Stories I've read said the life of Tehuantepec is lived on the river. I always thought the tales were a bit exaggerated. But they



Above: All day long, natives of Tehuantepec are busy along the river banks. Here they bathe, do their washing and get cans of water, so scarce in the Isthmus region. Below: Tehuanas try to outdo each other wearing elaborate regional dresses which they have made famous. At the market place, some carry baskets on their heads, while all stop and visit.



Above Left: Pedro thought his pet duck would add interest to his picture, taken in the tropical garden of the Hotel Istmo patio. Above right: Pretty little Rosalia is a young Tehuana. When the Marlowes asked if they could take her picture, she placed on her head one of the famous "jicaras" (heé-ka-rahs), traditional lacquered gourd bowls for carrying flowers and fruit. Bottom: On the way to the Tehuantepec market, Tehuanas stride along rapidly, carrying baskets of bananas on their heads and other garden products on their hips.

weren't vivid enough. Do you see that oxcart starting from the other shore? And that man carrying cans of water on a pole across his shoulders?"

"Yes, and over there a whole family of shiny black pigs is busy eating. Be careful you don't hit one of them. Isn't that the wonderful new bridge?"

"Yes, it's a beauty and will transform the life of this part of the Isthmus region when it is completed," Dr. Marlowe said as he carefully drove the car through water, then over a sandbar into another stretch of water and finally onto the hard-packed, dusty road leading into the center of Tehuantepec.

They drove around the small plaza to the Hotel Istmo and secured accommodations from the courteous owner, *Señor* Millán.

Like so many small Mexican hotels, the Istmo was built around a *patio*. Here the large, happy family of *Señor* Millán lived and enjoyed the slow, easy life of the tropics with the few guests who came to visit. Rosalia, a lovely young Tehuana, helped the Millán family with the work of the hotel. Cesárea and Noé, two adopted daughters, also assisted.

During their three-day stay, the Marlowes visited Salina Cruz, a small seaport town on the Pacific, Juchitán (hoo-chee-tán), Ixtaltepec and Ixtepec. They learned of the rivalry in local fashions which has existed for centuries between the Juchiteca and Tehuana women; that Juchitán and Ixtaltepec are famed for their straw craft work, while Ixtepec is the metropolitan center of the Isthmus, with a modern airport where planes now arrive and depart daily.

One night Cesárea and Rosalia took their Chicago guests to watch the weekly dance in the village square. Here beautiful Tehuana girls, in colorful native costumes, glided gracefully across the cement floor in bare feet, to the rhythm of a local marimba band.

Before leaving, the Marlowes visited the famous Tehuantepec market, run entirely by women. For centuries the Tehuanas have been the sole managers of the market and no Tehuanos (men) are permitted to interfere. Only the work of agriculture in this community is the responsibility of the men, for the Tehuana women really run the affairs of Tehuantepec.

"Did you enjoy our visit to the Isthmus, Elise?" Dr. Marlowe asked after they had re-crossed the Tehuantepec River and were headed north.

"Every second of it, Allen." Mrs. Marlowe leaned back in the car and sighed. "There was only one thing wrong. With the dust and the strong winds blowing so much during the day, we didn't have a chance to take many pictures. And there is so much more to see than we were able to crowd in."

"I wouldn't worry about that. We'll plan to come back again next year," Dr. Marlowe said as he shifted into low gear and began another climb.

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